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## PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE ANCIENTS.\*

It is pleasant to be recalled by Mr. Grote to the consideration of the long-defunct cosmical systems of the ancients. His instructive pamphlet shows us, perhaps more strikingly than a more elaborate work, the point of departure in modern philosophy from the ancient line of march, and reminds us of the vast accessions made to physical science since its emancipation from an *à priori* way of treatment that was questionable even in metaphysics. We learn from him that several very eminent continental writers are employing their pens upon the cosmical mechanics of the ancients. It may not, perhaps, be unwelcome to some

of our own countrymen to renew their recollection of some of those old-world hypotheses, which, though long since overthrown, have satisfied the inquisitive credulity of mankind, have given color to some of the noblest flights of human imagination, and are to be regarded as a part, though not an integral part, of the mighty edifice of ancient philosophy. Plato and Aristotle thought that the sun moved round the earth. Dante constructed the whole scenery and mechanism of his sublime poem upon the geocentric theory. What has given color to the speculation of such lofty genius retains an interest independent of its physical truth.

The cosmical theory of the ancients, as exhibited in Plato, is very grand. The earth is rotund, not flat, as the earlier poets thought; and is placed in the center of the Cosmos: the heavenly bo-

\**Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth; and Aristotle's Comment upon the Doctrine,* By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. London: Murray. 1860. *The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D. London. 1860.

dies revolve about in various concentric spheres. The outermost sphere is that of the fixed stars; and this sidereal sphere whirls round all the interior spheres, which have their own motions in addition to this revolution. The sidereal sphere was what became known to later philosophers as *primum mobile*, which was supposed to give the diurnal motion to the heavens. It forms the eighth heaven in the *Paradise* of Dante, and has its place in the more imperfect system of the universe, shadowed out by Milton in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*. The whole conception of a number of spheres inclosing one another, of ethereal substance, holding the various orders of stars embedded in them, was found to offer a fair explanation of celestial phenomena. Certain stars were observed to hold an unvarying position to one another: such were supposed to be revolving in the same sphere. Other stars, which shifted their positions with regard to one another, were explained to belong to different spheres, and to move under different laws. Some were observed to revolve at greater speed than others, in consequence, of course, of the various velocity of the several spheres. The heavenly bodies, so far as observation could go, always presented the same side to the earth; it was, therefore, concluded that they had no revolution round their own axis, but were fixed immovably in the sphere which carried them round. Aristotle, who adopted the theory, defends it by an amusing argument. The stars, he says, being globes, are of the form worst adapted for motion; they must, therefore, be carried round by some other power; and it is for this reason that they are fixed in the spheres.

This venerable cosmical theory was adorned, after the fashion of the Greeks, with most beautiful poetical embellishments. Every one has heard of the music of the spheres; few may recall that, in its origin, this music referred not to the spheroid bodies which we watch in their nightly courses through the sky, but to the harmonious motion of the hollow cylinders of ethereal mold, revolving one within another, and bearing round the wandering fires of heaven. These were from of old peopled by the souls of the good; and the loftiest of them and the most happy habitations are in the *Phædo* assigned to those who on earth had puri-

fied their minds by philosophy. After the introduction of Christianity, the spheres were identified with the several heavens in which the faithful were to enjoy the various degrees of eternal felicity. It deserves mention, as an illustration of the spiritual element of Christianity, even in the midst of superstitions, that two new ones were added by the Christian poets to complete the number of the ten heavens; and that the nature of these two was different from the material, though sublimed, substance of the eight mundane spheres. They belonged to the intellectual, not the material world. The lower of them is sometimes apparently confounded with the *primum mobile*, or sidereal sphere; in Dante, it is the angelic sphere, or *Globas Coelestium Ordinum*, divided into nine circles according to dignity, each circle exercising a mysterious influence upon one of the lower mundane spheres. The highest of all was the Empyrean, the abode of purest light or fire, tenanted only by the highest and most sacred intelligences, and next to the throne of Deity. It must not, however, be supposed, that philosophers always contented themselves with the eight spheres assigned by Plato, (in the *Republic*, lib. x. p. 616.) The astronomer Callippus assumed not less than thirty-three. Aristotle adopted his views, with a further addition of twenty-two.

Such was the cosmical theory of the Greeks, which has prevailed, with various modifications, during the greater part of the history of civilized man.

"In orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within orb."

The devout reader of the sublime myths and flights of speculation in which the system is enshrined, can not fail to be reminded of the inspired vision of the wheels within the wheels, with the spirit of the living creatures in them, which came from the north, as one stood by the river of Chebar. But the Greek conception was pantheistic: in the words of Mr. Grote,

"Plato conceives the Kosmos as one animated and intelligent being or god, composed of body and soul. Its body is moved and governed by its soul, which is fixed or rooted in the center, but stretches to the circumference on all sides, as well as all round the exterior. It has a perpetual movement of circular rotation in the same unchanged place, which is the sort of



movement most worthy of a rational and intelligent being."

Bearing this fact in mind, we can not longer be surprised that physics and metaphysics were inextricably mingled in ancient philosophy. In modern conceptions the world of matter stands apart from the world of mind. We have difficulty in realizing the views of a Greek of the Platonic age and temper. Several almost contradictory elements were to be reconciled in his estimate of the sum of things. The popular worship of the gods gave him the idea of personal force exerted upon material things. And yet skepticism inclined him to think lightly of the popular religion. He was driven elsewhere to seek for an account of force, or motion, that necessary premise to an intelligent theory as to how existing things came into being. Where could he find this? If not in the personal agency of the gods, it must be in the things themselves; the universe was its own creator and guardian. No other conclusion was possible. Motion must either reside in personal agents, or be a property of the impersonal things that were moved. But if motion were inherent in things themselves, then these must be full of divine life. Such was the Pantheism into which an intelligent Greek must necessarily have fallen. It was of the completest kind. Divinity not only belonged to, but was inseparable from, the Cosmos: and the present constitution of things was, as divine, so eternal.

This Pantheism Plato attempted to refine and exalt by his great system of the Ideas. The Ideas may perhaps be best understood as a suggestion to explain the divine nature of the Cosmos. The attempt was in a natural direction. Plato included man in the universe not merely as a spectator, but as a participator in the divine life that filled and moved it. In other words, he interrogated the human consciousness for an account of the great causes of the origin and constitution of the world. He investigated what was divine in man's nature; and, having found it, argued that what was divine in the world, must be identical with this. Now the divine in man he discovered to be the ideas of goodness, beauty, truth, which exist within him independently of individual character. He concluded the same ideas to be the divine part or element in the world, by participating in which all

its phenomena are determined. Hence, although it is commonly said that the psychology of Plato was realistic, it would be nearer the mark to explain that the realism of Plato became psychological. He argued from man to the universe, but not until the universe had driven him to man. Philosophy in his hands fully assumed the dialectical or logical character, to which from of old she had been gradually tending. So to say, she became more and more *humanized*. Plato is usually described as a realist. He is so only in comparison with Aristotle. He is far less realistic than any of his predecessors. The distance between him and the earliest speculators is in this respect very great. The Ionic or physical school propounded some element of nature as the cause of things. Plato propounds the ideas of the human mind. The links between the two are Anaxagoras, who, with a foresight which excited the astonishment of Aristotle, laid down *mind* as the author of being; and Pythagoras, who held that numbers are the essences of things. The Socratic doctrine of definition, that the immutable and divine nature of a thing is its definition, may be added as immediately precursive of Plato. How much more comprehensive, as a theory, is the ideal system of Plato, we need scarcely remark; but it is so only inasmuch as the subjective or human complexion is more fully brought out; as the logical character is more fully imparted, and physical conjecture banished; as the truths of the human mind, for investigation of which the same facilities have existed in every age, were more boldly substituted for inquiries into nature, the means for conducting which did not then exist. The mind of Anaxagoras was vague, the numbers of Pythagoras jejune, the definition of Socrates incomprehensible, in comparison of the system of the Ideas, elaborated by the invention, and adorned by the eloquence of Plato. He gave to psychology a transcendental character, by employing it in solution of the mysteries of being; while, in fact, he was employed in subjecting the universe to the laws of human consciousness. This was a mistake, but it could not appear to be any thing but the truth in the age of Plato, investigation having no other open path. We might fairly describe the philosophy of Plato as a transcendental logic. His Dialectic was the method or science which discovers the Ideas; the Ideas themselves

were the divine, external, immutable element in the nature both of men and of things.

It is remarkable that Aristotle uses his most contemptuous expression toward the Ideas of Plato when he regards them as an explanation of the physical universe. He appears to have discovered the weak point in the system to have been that it was no explanation of nature. And yet even in departing from his master, he was only continuing his master's work, as we shall presently observe; and was himself in turn unable to go beyond the limits imposed by the unripeness of his times, or to alter the direction given to thought by previous inquirers. So true it is that the greatest minds are never able to escape from the atmosphere of thought in which they live. If they advance upon some position lying beyond the actual reach of men, it is only because they have been accompanied part of the way by their fellows; they are but, as it were, a stone's throw or a bow-shot beyond the rest; the forlorn hope could not go forth alone, without the camp, to the assault, had not the whole army sat down before the hostile towers. Or, to borrow a figure from the sublime conception under which these very sages explained the visible universe, the brightest stars of human intellect can but rotate in the impalpable ethereal sphere of general human attainment and thought where they have been placed; they have no motion nor brightness apart from this; they can not rise beyond its height, nor escape from its circumambient grasp; music of other spheres they shall not hear; nor, if they would rebel against this law of the intelligential universe, shall they have other fate than that of the Son of the Morning, bright meteoric catastrophe and quick extinction.

Plato, then, as well as Aristotle, to whom we have not yet come, was the servant of all, because greatest among them. He embraced, whilst he amplified, the conjectures of his eminent predecessors, Anaxagoras and Pythagoras, and probably did more justice than he could make appear to the calmly abstract conception of the latter. But there was another element of common thought which had to be represented in his philosophy. The intelligent Greeks of his day, however skeptical as to the popular culture of the gods, could never eliminate the notion of personal causation

derived therefrom. Plato never thoroughly cleared his philosophy from the same conception. Although, therefore, his basis is logically Pantheistic, and he regarded the different parts of the universe as gifted with divine motion, and the whole as a mighty, living, and self-subsisting mass, yet he assigns a place to the agency of the gods, and we find in his severest speculations a continual slipping back into the forms of popular belief. Hence the great importance to be attached to his mythes, which occur usually as a kind of summing-up of his arguments—at the end of a discussion, for example—and held the important office of reconciling his own opinions, so far as may be, with those of the general public. Whether the mythes of Plato were of his own invention, or, as is more likely, adopted with alterations from some great cycle of imaginative tradition which may have marked the passing of poetry into philosophy, they are of immense value as expositions of the convictions of the day. They are also remarkable as monuments of a thing that has struck ourselves—the way in which the faith of mankind has been dependent on imagination. Imagination shaped the creeds of primeval date; and when philosophy arose, it was the legitimate function of that awful faculty to explore the secrets of the human spirit, and lay the foundation of psychology. But in the share occupied in the physical theories of the ancients, imagination exceeded her just limits, and took the place of rigid observation.

Perhaps the finest and most highly-wrought of the Platonic mythes is that which relates the experience of Er, the Armenian, in the other world, from which he had been permitted to return among men. It refers in the main to the rewards and punishments of souls after death; but contains besides an account of the appearance presented by the physical Cosmos from a superior position. As we shall have occasion to refer to this part of the myth again, we will quote in this place the most important sentences in it:

"After four more days, they reached a place where they saw stretched out from above, across the whole heaven and earth, a line of light like a column, very much resembling a rainbow, only more bright and pure. They reached this object itself next day; and there,

in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the extended bands of heaven, appearing from out of it; for this light is the band of heaven, and holds together its whole circumference, like the undergirth in ships. And out of these ends proceeded, in a lengthily produced line, the Spindle of Necessity, by means of which all the revolving bodies perform their circuits. The shaft and winch of the Spindle are of adamant, while the spool is composed of this and other substances. The shape of the spool resembles what we employ; but, according to Er, we are to conceive of it as though one large spool was scooped out so as to form a hollow cylinder, and within this another such like one, but smaller, were adjusted, like barrels that fit into one another; within this again a third, and so a fourth; and after them four more: so that there are eight spools in all, inclosed one within another, presenting circular edges from above, but an unbroken surface, as of a single spool, around the Spindle, which goes right through the center of the eighth.

"As the cylinder turns, a revolving motion is communicated to the whole. But while the whole is revolving, the seven interior circles slowly rotate in the opposite direction. Of these, the eighth is the swiftest in motion, next to this the seventh, sixth, and fifth, all with the same velocity; thus, as it seemed, the fourth, the third, and, lastly, the second. The Spindle turns in the lap of Necessity. And carried round with the circles, one resting upon the upper surface of each, and uttering one single note, were Sirens, whose eight voices together compose a harmony. Moreover, at equal intervals around, sat, each upon a throne, in white robes, and with chaplets on their heads, Necessity's three daughters, the Fates, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos; and to the harmony of the Sirens, Lachesis sang of the Past, Clotho of the Present, Atropos of the Future. And at times Clotho turned the uttermost circle round the spindle by a touch of her right hand; and Atropos, in like manner, with her left hand turned those within; while Lachesis, with either hand, touched both in her turn."—*Republic*, x. pp. 616, 617.

In this passage we have the geocentric theory set forth with the utmost splendor of imagination; and it is remarkable to what an extent Plato permits his representation of a philosophical system to be adorned by the popular creations of imagination. The system is complete in itself, without investing allegorical personages with motive powers. But the system is in itself an allegory, a mystical representation of a theory; and there is, therefore, no defense against its becoming allegorical in form. The spindle had been termed in the outset, "The spindle of Necessity:" from this phrase presently arises an impersonation

of Necessity, and the spindle revolves in her lap. Then come the three daughters of Necessity; and to them, rather incongruously, the Sirens are added. The provisions for moving the cosmical spheres and axis are thus made more complicated than the scheme itself of the Cosmos. All is quite characteristic of the mode of thought in vogue in Plato's time.

A question of some moment is discussed in the pamphlet of Mr. Grote. Did Plato admit the revolution of the earth around its own axis? If so, how did he reconcile this with the general revolution of the spheres around the earth as their center? We had better allow Mr. Grote to give his own statement and elucidation of the question. He says in the next words of the passage already quoted:

"The revolutions of the exterior or sidereal sphere (circle of the same) depend on, and are determined by, the revolutions of the solid cylinder or axis, which traverses the Kosmos in its whole diameter. Besides these, there are various interior spheres or circles, (circles of the different,) which rotate by distinct and variable impulses in a direction opposite to the sidereal sphere. This latter is so much more powerful than they, that it carries them all round with it: yet they make good, to a certain extent, their own special opposite movement, which causes their positions to be ever changing, and the whole system to be complicated. But the grand, capital, uniform, overpowering, movement of the Kosmos consists in the revolution of the solid axis, which determines that of the exterior sidereal sphere. The impulse or stimulus to this movement comes from the cosmical soul, which has its root in the center. Just at this point is situated the earth, 'the oldest and most venerable of intrakosmic deities,' packed round the center of the axis, and having for its function to guard and regulate those revolutions of the axis, and through them those of the outer sphere, on which the succession of day and night depends—as well as to nurse mankind.

"In all this we see that the ruling principle and force of the Kosmos is made to dwell in and emanate from its center."—P. 34.

If the earth be "closely packed" round a revolving axis, it must partake in the revolution; if the word be taken in its other sense, the question is at once answered in the affirmative. Plato took the conception of the revolution of the earth around a central point from the old Pythagorean doctrine of a central fire, round which the earth and sidereal spheres alike revolved.

Not to weary the reader with the conflicting authorities collected by Mr. Grote for and against himself, we may sum up by saying that this is a contest of probabilities. Is it more probable that Plato believed in the immobility of the earth, or that he maintained its rotation in the face of an inconsistency patent to a modern tyro, but of which he appears unconscious? We believe that the latter is the true opinion. To us the authority of Aristotle is in itself conclusive; and not only did Aristotle fail to perceive the obvious flaw, but every commentator down to the present day has omitted to notice it. A living philologist, the great Boekh, has been the first to point it out. But it would be well, before dismissing this part of our subject, to refer to one or two passages in Plato himself.

The passage in *Phædo*, (p. 108,) which some commentators have supposed contradictory of the one quoted from the *Timæus*, can not be fairly regarded as such. Plato is there discussing the causes of the earth's stability in absolute space, as the center of the universe, and does not say enough to decide the question of axillary revolution. Others, however, have alleged it as going against the mythe in the tenth book of the *Republic*, because it contains no mention of the solid cosmical axis, which plays so conspicuous a part in the latter passage. But Plato never conceived of the axis as a means of support, but as a center of revolution; and therefore naturally made no allusion to it in a discussion of the centric stability of the earth.

The mythe in the *Phædo* shows conclusively that revolution, carried out in every part of the universe, was the fundamental physical idea with Plato. Revolution is not confined to the ethereal verticilli, but is conceived to be continued, so far as the nature of things will allow, beneath the crust of the solid sphere of the earth. His conception of the interior of the earth seems to have been, that it is divided into a series of regions, contained one within another, just as the cosmical spheres are, and communicating with one another by pits or chasms; and these regions are for the most part filled with flowing rivers of water or of fire. We may quote one or two of the more characteristic sentences:

"But all these (regions) are in many places

perforated one into another under the earth, some with narrower and some with wider channels, and have passages through, by which a great quantity of water flows from one into another, as into basins, and there are immense bulks of ever-flowing river under the earth, both of hot and cold water, and a great quantity of fire, and mighty rivers of fire, and many of liquid mire, some purer, some more miry. But all these move up and down, as it were by a certain oscillation existing in the earth."

This oscillation proceeds from the bottomless chasm, commonly known as Tartarus, which is described as a perforation through the entire earth, containing a mass of fluid material, which rises and sinks by the action of violent winds, and alternately floods and leaves the river channels of the several regions that open into the sides of the chasm.

"When, therefore, the water rushing down descends to the lower regions, it flows through the earth into the streams there, and fills them, just as we pump up water. But when again it leaves those regions and rushes hither, to the region inhabited by man, it fills our rivers, and forms seas, lakes, and fountains. Then the rivers, sinking again beneath the earth, some of them having gone round longer and more numerous localities, others round fewer and shorter, again discharge themselves into Tartarus, some much lower than they were drawn up, others only a little so; but all of them flow in again below the point at which they flowed out. And some issued out directly opposite the place by which they flow in, others on the same side; there are also some, which, having gone round altogether in a circle, folding themselves once or several times round the earth, like serpents, when they had descended as low as possible, discharge themselves again; and it is possible for them to descend on either side as far as the middle, but not beyond, for in each direction there is an acclivity in the streams both ways"—P. 112, etc.

Plato theorized respecting the constitution of the earth by applying the same conception as had already been admitted in explanation of the celestial regions. We think that this passage from the *Phædo* has considerable weight as an indirect proof of Mr. Grote's sagacity in hitting upon the opinions of the Greeks; and are surprised that he omits a reference to it in his pamphlet.

Aristotle adopted the prevailing geocentric theory, with some remarkable variations. We can not do better than allow Mr. Grote to state the outline of his cosmical system. With the earlier philosophers, as we have seen, the ruling principle and motion of the Cosmos was



made to dwell in and emanate from the center:

"When we come to Aristotle, we find that the ruling principle, or force of the Kosmos, is placed not in its center, but in its circumference. He recognizes no solid revolving axis traversing the whole diameter of the Kosmos. The interior of the Kosmos is occupied by the four elements, earth, water, air, fire; neither of which can revolve except by violence, or under the pressure of extraneous force. To each of them rectilinear motion is natural: earth moves naturally toward the center; fire moves naturally toward the circumference, away from the center. But the peripheral substance of the Kosmos is radically distinct from the four elements: rotatory motion in a circle is natural to it, and is the only variety of motion natural to it. That it is moved at all, it owes to a *primum movens immobile* impelling it; but the two are coeternal, and the motion has neither beginning nor end. That, when moved, its motion is rotatory, and not rectilinear, it owes to its own nature. It rotates perpetually, through its own nature and inherent virtue, not by constraining pressure communicated from a center, or from a soul. If constraint were required—if there were any contrary tendency to be overcome—the revolving periphery would become fatigued, and would require periods of repose; but since in revolving it only obeys its own peculiar nature, it persists forever, without knowing fatigue. This peripheral, or fifth essence, perpetually revolving, is the divine, venerable, and commanding portion of the Kosmos, more grand and honorable than the interior parts or the center. Aristotle lays this down (*De Caelo*, ii. 13, p. 293, b. 10) in express antithesis to the Pythagoreans, who, like Plato, considered the center as the point of grandeur and command, placing fire in the center for that reason. The earth has no positive cosmical function in Aristotle. It occupies the center, because all its parts have a natural movement toward the center; and it is unmoved because there must be something in the center which is always stationary, as a contrary or antithesis to the fifth essence or peripheral substance of the Kosmos, which is in perpetual rotation by its own immutable nature."—P. 35.

We have said that Plato was less realistic than his predecessors, that is, less apt to confuse the notions of the mind respecting things with the essential nature itself of things. In the same way Aristotle was less realistic than Plato. He saw clearly the difference between the unprofitable pursuit of universal conception, and the study of the actual facts of nature. He was the first to attempt any general division of the map of philosophy, to separate the sciences, and determine the method in which they were to be pursued.

That he sometimes made mistakes renders his greatness, his general correctness, only the more exalted in the eyes of all good men; he succeeded to Plato in conducting one stage further that illustrious march of philosophy which is subjecting to man's dominion the realms of the spiritual and material universe. He has been contrasted with Plato; but, in fact, he perceived and carried forward Plato's work. Bacon has been contrasted with him; but, in reality, Bacon has received his mantle, and built upon the foundation laid by him.

The earlier philosophy had been limited in use to contemplation. It furnished the mind with an instrument or art—called by Plato Dialectic—by which it might contemplate the universe. Aristotle conceived of philosophy under two additional points of view, as embracing the principles of art and of human action. In accordance with this view, he made his great threefold division of philosophy into Theoretic, or Contemplative, Efficient, and Practical. It is a division which may be safely adhered to, and has never, in fact, been superseded. But the progress of philosophy has altered many of the subdivisions included by him under each of these great leading divisions. Under the Theoretic Philosophy he includes Physics, Mathematics, and Metaphysics; under the Efficient Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, and Poetry; under the Practical Philosophy, Ethics and Politics.

It will strike a modern philosophical student with surprise to find Physics and Metaphysics included by Aristotle under the same division; but he will not condemn the Greek for want of penetration, even if he exult over his lack of knowledge. To gain an accurate view of the nature of physical science was the one thing impossible to Greek philosophy. There was no certain knowledge of a spiritual world, or of a personal Deity as the Creator of matter; the inconsistent notion of personal agency in the work of creation and succession, borrowed from popular worship, was daily more and more discredited as a philosophical expedient. Force, or motion, was consequently regarded as inherent in objects themselves; and while the philosophy of Aristotle was far less implicated in popular religion, or views derived from it, than that of Plato, it had only attained to a more pronounced Pantheism from the change. There is a uniformity and magnificent un-

interruptedness in the successions of nature which does not belong to the cycle of human action; and this character induced Aristotle to regard nature, or the universe, to use the ancient expression, as divine and eternal. Bacon, a Christian in all his thinking, could regard the physical universe as arising from a creative fiat, and preserved in its succession by laws imposed by Omnipotence. He could, therefore, disjoin the one from the other study; and, while in his *Advancement of Learning* he assigned a separate place to theology, could prosecute physics on an entirely independent basis. But how was it possible for Aristotle to avoid Pantheism? The maxim, "Nothing can come of nothing," may, perhaps, be regarded as the foundation of all ancient philosophy. In the absence, then, of a revelation respecting the preëxistent Deity, what was there to prevent the conclusion that matter was eternal, and, if eternal, divine; that nature, or the universe, was itself the originator of succession? Hence we find Aristotle, the most exact of all philosophers, including physics in his theoretic philosophy; subjecting it to the same treatment as metaphysics, and even regarding it as a branch of the latter.

It is through his erroneous views upon physical philosophy that Aristotle has been frequently called to question in modern times. As he is often compared with Bacon, the glory of England, it will not be without use to point out a few of the particulars in which the two differ each from other. But we must premise that to consider Bacon as diametrically opposed to Aristotle is as great an error as to consider Aristotle diametrically opposed to Plato. The teaching of each of these great men was legitimately developed from that of his predecessor. And we suspect that the mental similarity between the three was much closer than is usually supposed. All three had the same encyclopedic grasp of all that was known in their own times, combined with the power of recognizing and identifying themselves with the onward movement of human thought. They all attempted the same great task, that of giving to their age an arrangement of science, and a method for pursuing investigation. They all possessed immense constructiveness; they all applied this power to the reorganization of society, shadow-

ing out the duties of the human race, extending the rule of man over the realm of nature, and, at the same time, giving him "counsels of perfection" in regard to both his moral and social character. Besides these three, we know of none who have attempted the same work with the same combination of originality with reverence for the past. But it may excite surprise to find the first of them included with the other two as an exact writer on scientific subjects. It is often said that before the *Organon*, *Ethics*, and *Rhetoric* of Aristotle there were no exact treatises on the laws of thought, morals, and art. This is in one sense correct; but it should not be forgotten how readily the Dialogues of Plato might be named after the leading subject of each among them. For example, the *Philebus* and *Theætetus* might be called the Logic or Dialectic of Plato; the *Gorgias* his Rhetoric; the *Republic* and the *Crito* his treatise on Political Science; the *Phædo* and the *Phædrus* his *De Animâ*. Before him we know of no attempt to eliminate special subjects from the mass of speculation, except in the case of mathematics; and his exactitude was as much greater than that of earlier thinkers as it was less than that of Aristotle.

Unfortunately, it was the weakness of Aristotle to exaggerate the differences between himself and Plato: and the eulogists of Bacon have endeavored to depreciate the *Stagyrite*. The points of resemblance between the three we conceive to have been essential; those of difference to have depended in a great degree upon accidental circumstance: and with this proviso we shall briefly endeavor to exhibit several important discrepancies between the two latter of these great men, confining ourselves to cases in which their nomenclature was similar, but their conception different.

The original discrepancy lay, as has been pointed out, in the Pantheism of the one as contrasted with the Theistic foundation on which the other was enabled to build. In close connection with this arises another most important point, the different idea entertained by each of the use of induction. The nature of the inductive process was nearly as well understood by Aristotle as by Bacon himself. But Aristotle applied it to the clearing up of human notions; Bacon

applied it to the ascertaining of natural laws. The major premise of the philosophic syllogism always is with Aristotle that the human conception on any subject is right. With Bacon the fundamental maxim was that a preconception, on physical philosophy, at least, is probably wrong; that laws are only to be established from careful examination of facts. Whenever his conceptions have been founded upon facts, of which the state of knowledge in his age permitted a thorough investigation, Aristotle has attained a truthfulness which has never been gainsaid. His definitions of abstract notions in ethics, for example, have continued in force up to the present. Human nature could be brought sufficiently within his cognizance to enable him to form a conception adequate to the truth. Thus his definitions of justice, courage, prudence, can hardly be impeached. But when he comes to attempt to define general laws of nature, such as, for example, *light*, or *heat*, then it is discovered that he is employing a general conception to interpret facts, instead of investigating facts to form his definition. He endeavors to define the nature of heat exactly, as it differs from all other natures, giving an accurate analysis of what is thought about it, and rejecting every notion common to other things. The definition remaining after such rejection he considered to be expressive of that principle on which the whole nature of heat depends. Bacon (*Novum Organum*, ii.) examines facts concerning heat, distinguishes those which really belong to it from those which do not, and from the remainder forms a general affirmation respecting it. There can be no question which of the two is the sounder method of proceeding: but it should be always borne in mind that in regard to the amount of positive discovery, Bacon could no more, by his improved method, forestall the gradual progress of science than if he had been working with the defective instruments of Aristotle. His own definition of heat is quite erroneous, though he attempted to reach it in the most elaborate manner: modern science has overthrown it, and it is even regarded as a curious instance of hasty generalization. It was, in fact, a definition subject to correction; science was not then (and is not

yet) in a state to yield the ultimate principle of heat.

Another important term used, both by Aristotle and Bacon, is the word "form." Aristotle employs it to designate the definitions of things obtained by his own process of definition. Bacon disliked the word, (*Novum Organum*, i. 51-65; ii. 1.) but adopted it, on account of its wide acceptance, to designate the general laws gained by his inductions. It is much more descriptive of the former than of the latter. "Form" is the Latin version of the Greek word *appearance*, or *that which is seen*, (*species* is another Latin version of the same word,) and is more applicable to the definitions which arise from considering *what appears* to be the exact notion to be entertained of the thing that is to be defined, than to the general law gained by examining a number of instances in which that law occurs. It plays as important a part in the *Physics* of Aristotle as in his *Logic*; and its introduction into both is due to the celebrated Aristotelian doctrine of Cause. We must, therefore, glance at this, though only in connection with the physical philosophy of Aristotle, and so far as it affords an instructive contrast with that of Bacon.

It is well known that Aristotle describes philosophy as a search after the causes of things; and that he divides causes into four kinds—the material, the formal, the efficient, and the final.\* An object of investigation might, according to this scheme, be viewed, either (*a*) with respect to that from which it has originated; or (*b*) with respect to its own characteristic essence; or (*c*) with respect to the power by which it has been produced; or (*d*) with respect to its tendency, or the end fulfilled by it. A completely philosophical account of any subject would include all these. For instance, a completely philosophical analysis of justice would tell us from what it originated, (suppose we say, from the constitution of the human mind,) which would be its material cause; it would also tell us its essence, or definition, or formal cause; and the power which produced it, or its efficient cause, (say, the freedom of the human will;) and, lastly, the results to which it tends, namely, the performing of just actions, which is its final cause.

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\* *Meta.* i. 3.

We said that a completely philosophical account of any object would be one which described it under each of its causes. But there are very few objects of science which, in the imperfect state of human knowledge, can be fully treated in accordance with every principle of investigation. Some, therefore, are treated more in accordance with one principle, some more in accordance with another; and a division of the various parts of philosophy may be made, founded upon the principles of which each is susceptible. Thus, metaphysics, considered as the science which endeavors to penetrate the mysteries of existence, takes cognizance of the formal cause. Logic and rhetoric direct how certain effects are to be produced, and therefore proceed upon the efficient cause. Moral philosophy, which embraces the ends of human action, is treated by the method of final cause; and, according to modern views, physical philosophy, having for its subject-matter the phenomena of nature, and their invariable sequences, would as certainly be conversant with the material cause.

We return to our point when we say that Aristotle, however, regarded physical science as inquiring into the formal cause, or essence, of things; not as having fulfilled its work when it has simply pointed out the invariable antecedents of the phenomena which may be under discussion. This was consistent with his belief: first, that every natural object had one particular essence or definition, and no more; secondly, that this was discoverable. Bacon, more correct in his conception of the sphere of physical philosophy, was by no means so consistent in his nomenclature. His discussion of the Aristotelian doctrine of the Four Causes, at the opening of the second book of the *Novum Organum*, is confused and unsatisfactory. He says very truly, that the discovery of form, or essence, may be considered desperate; yet, in deference to ancient usage, he adopts the word "form" to designate the function and method of physical philosophy. His value as a philosopher consists in having clearly perceived that physical philosophy takes no account of the essence or complete nature of things in themselves; but that, having traced an invariable sequence in certain classes of phenomena, it has accomplished its utmost, and can only register its observation as a law of nature.

Nothing, he observes, exists in nature except individual bodies, exhibiting clear individual effects, according to particular laws; and in each branch of science this law is to be ascertained, in order that it may become the foundation of future theory and practice. It is to be regretted that he chose the inappropriate word "form" for the law of nature. But Bacon was by no means free from the metaphysical tendency of Aristotle; and (in *Aph.* 4. lib. ii.) almost immediately after identifying the term "form" with "law of nature," in the modern signification, he describes its meaning in words only suitable to its Aristotelian sense. Yet the inconsistency may be pardoned even to the mighty intellect of Bacon; for the limit that separated physics from metaphysics continues to advance and recede to this day; and the question is still agitated, What is that common nature by virtue of possessing which individual objects are grouped together in classes? In other words, What is species?

The discovery of "form" was, then, the object of physical science, according to both Aristotle and Bacon. "Form" was, with the latter, identical with law of nature; with the former, it was identical with the conceptions of the mind as to what really exists in nature. Nature, therefore, was with each of these great thinkers, so to speak, the material on which physical science was to be exercised, the antecedent to the existence of physical science, and the foundation of the mighty edifice. It remains, therefore, to inquire into the conception which each of them had of nature. That of Aristotle was the wider of the two. One of the applied significations of the word "nature," in his works, makes it identical with the term "being." The investigation of "being" is, according to him, the object of metaphysics.\* The investigation of "being" is equally the subject of physics — the difference between the two sciences consisting in their manner of regarding the subject matter. But elsewhere he says that "things that have their being *by nature*" are the object of physical philosophy.† Did he then regard "being" as coextensive with "nature," or not? It seems easy to answer, that he regarded "being" as the wider term; nature as "being" under modification, as

\* *Metaphysics*, iii. 1. † *Physics*, ii. 1.



conjoined, for example, with matter.\* He did so logically, no doubt, but not actually; and his reader finds in him the extraordinary incongruity that, whilst he declares the object of metaphysics to be "being" in its highest abstraction, eternal, immutable, necessary, intelligent, separate from matter, and consisting in "pure action;" whilst he terms it "Deity," and the science itself "Theology," he does not conceive it to have any existence beyond and outside of the universe. Here the pantheism, from which he could not escape, came in the way, and prevented him from perceiving that personal existence, beyond the limits of time and space, is indispensable to any coherent account of the origin of things, that is not grounded on the assumption of the eternity of matter. Without revelation, Aristotle had no alternative; and assuming the eternity of matter, of course, he consistently denied the supra-mundane existence of the "great First Cause." He endeavors to reduce "being," as the object of metaphysics, to a very high state of abstraction, but can not entirely separate it from a material existence. Consequently his account of the respective objects of metaphysical and physical philosophy is liable to inevitable confusion.

It was different with Bacon. The Christian religion enabled him to stand on higher ground; and it is not too much to say that the whole Baconian philosophy is rooted upon the revelation of the Deity as the Infinite Person. Nature became limited to the creation of God, and the province of physical philosophy determined.

Let us now rapidly go over the ground traversed in this comparison of Aristotle and Bacon. Philosophy, with each of them, was an inquiry into the causes of things. They both termed the cause which accounts philosophically for an object being what it is, the "form" of that object, although they did not attach the same meaning to that expression. They both regarded nature as the province of physical philosophy; but the Greek conception of nature was wider and vaguer than the modern conception.

One further point of comparison remains; but our article has already reached so considerable a length that we can scarcely do more than institute and leave

it. We have seen that Aristotle and Bacon agreed closely in their views of science; but there lay one remarkable difference between them. The one began where the other ended. The one started from the highest abstractions, the other from the lowest facts, both dealing with the same object matter. Now, what was the method of each? They were both seeking for the forms of things—how did they seek? They were both dealing with nature—in what way?

Aristotle lays down the three most abstract principles under which we can conceive of an object; and two of these three are his instruments in the discovery of "form." Since "form" was, in his eyes, the complete mental and abstract conception of an object under inspection, it was consistent to investigate it by mental and abstract methods. His three principles are, matter, form, privation. These are the ultimate conceptions under which the mind can contemplate the objects of the sensible universe. Matter, which is expressed by various phrases in his works, is simply that antecedent without which there could be no form. It means simply—given subject of investigation. Now every subject in the universe is under the influence of the other two principles, form and privation. Form is its actual essence; privation is the essence or essences of the possibility of assuming which it has been deprived by taking the form that it has. This doctrine originated with the Pythagoreans.\* How futile it was as an instrument in discovery Aristotle himself seems to have perceived.

But let us interrupt ourselves to compare these famous principles with those of Bacon. Matter, or subject, would seem to correspond with tolerable accuracy to the "*instantiæ*" of the great Englishman; which, as all the world knows, were specimens of the individual objects in which the form or law under investigation was supposed to occur, enumerated and arranged according to particular directions. Privation, again, is analogous to the "*abscissio infiniti*" of modern inductive philosophy. The latter term expresses a process of continued rejection of characteristics which do not contain the proper nature of a subject; and the attaining of an ultimate fact.

\* *Metaphysics*, iii. 1.

\* *Arist. Met. A. 5; Eth. Nic. i. 4; Phys. vi. 2.*

To return, however, to Aristotle. He perceived, we say, the futility of the ancient doctrine of form and privation in giving an account of the essence of things. He, therefore, refined upon it. To interpret nature he again appealed to man and human affairs. He knew that what was the essence of the character of man, as an individual, at one time ceased to be so at another. Disinterested heroism was at first an essential characteristic of Dion the Syracusan; afterward he lost (privation) that characteristic, and in becoming an usurping tyrant acquired another. So of societies. Barbarism may at one time be characteristic of a state; but the same state may advance to civilization. Aristotle applied this theory to nature; and argued that forms in nature are not attained at once; nor do necessarily remain always the same. Philosophy, therefore, should be able to enumerate the various steps of progress made by nature in attaining forms; to catalogue the various conceivable kinds of change. Hence his endless disquisitions on "motion" and "change;" and their subdivisions into generation, dissolution, alteration, mixture, and other varieties; which it would be alike tedious and profitless to recapitulate. Hence his definition of nature itself as "a principle of motion."

Such an explanation agreed with Aristotle's pantheistic conception of nature. He regarded nature as self-moving and self-supporting; and tending by continuous instinct to obtain by degrees the best forms of life in each case. But its abstractedness rendered abortive this last attempt of the Stagyrice to erect a physical philosophy. He had only given the world a dictionary in which the different words denoting change or motion were accurately distinguished from one another. He had not given the means for detecting a single form in nature. An observer, finding, for example, that a piece of copper wire had suddenly become possessed of magnetic properties, and applying to the Aristotelian for explanation, would not have been aided. He would have been told under what species of change such a phenomenon was most accurately to be included; but, on turning to the records of that species of change, would have found no positive assertions about its properties, but merely the marks by which it was distinguished from other species of change as a concep-

tion of the mind. There is something analogous to "change" in the Baconian philosophy; but this has been fruitful of discovery. Bacon knew nothing of an universal instinct in nature to perfect herself; but he knew that trees grew, that stones and rocks changed their contours, that the stomach assimilates food, that one substance is sometimes transformed into another. He, therefore, affirmed a general law of nature, applicable to all such cases, which he terms the "*latens processus ad formam*," or, "the gradation of movements in the molecule of bodies when they either keep or change their form." This kind of inquiry, he truly says, is of greater promise than the ancient one: "For all their investigations take into consideration certain particular and special habits of nature, and not those fundamental and general laws which constitute form."

We have been led into these remarks from a contemplation of the most celebrated cosmical theories of the ancients. That they should have created and earnestly believed in a cosmical theory with such small means of observation as they possessed, is an illustration of the impatience of the human understanding under imperfect knowledge. The swift conception fills the gap of the uninvestigated or unascertainable fact; and a splendid temple of science is raised, where men worship the work of their own hands. And better so than no worship at all.

Aristotle approaches nearer to Plato in his *Physics* than in any other part of his philosophy. He felt the vortex of dialectic drawing him into it. As Plato diverted attention from nature itself to the ideas of his intellectual world, so Aristotle, looking into the human mind for the primary principles of the sciences, rather than into the phenomena of each, overlooked their real difference in his mode of treating them. It is curious to find how widely these great thinkers departed in physics from ascertained facts.

On the other hand, Bacon raised no theory. He sharpened instruments, and threw out hints. He did not build a house upon sand; he only laid a foundation, but it was upon the rock. The edifice is still building, will always be building; and there are more laborers peacefully engaged in raising it than ever wrangled over the ashes of the ancient masters.

From Chambers's Journal.

## B E E S   A N D   W I L D   H O N E Y .

FROM time immemorial, the honey-bee has been the symbol of industry, of thrift, of multitudinous and hived-up sweets, of pleasant labors; and her name is associated in poetry, in prose, in the vocabulary of the husbandman and the savage, with the bloom of flowers, with the dews of the morning, with the sunshine and odor of summer fields. Few things in nature terrify her. Through shadowy and devious ways, she plunges into the depths of forests alive with serpents and wild beasts, sucks the flowers on the edge of the tiger's lair, unscared by his roaring, and wholly regardless of his fangs. In the dead of night, she goes forth in search of her winter's sustenance, and when at a loss for a suitable place wherein to deposit her treasures, she will sometimes select localities to our imagination revolting, such as the carcass of a wild beast, or the confined skeleton of a child. Possibly these strange selections of a dwelling may be considered, even by the bee-race themselves, as marks of eccentricity, since, as a rule, the little buzzing honey-makers love to locate themselves in pleasant places, such as the hollows found in lofty and picturesque trees, or the dry cavities of rocks, on sheltered eminences, whence the oldest poet in the world speaks of them as issuing forth impetuously to disperse themselves over the meadows in spring.

Some creatures, as the robin-redbreast and the sparrow, invariably prefer residing in the neighborhood of man; but the bee, when left to follow her own instincts, flies away to the waste places of the earth, where, in silence and solitude, she constructs her dwelling. Still, she does not by these means escape the invasion of the all-devourer. No place is inaccessible to human audacity. Wherever, therefore, the bees may build their nests—in rocks, in caverns—in the summits of lofty trees—in the faces of cliffs apparently inaccessible—thither, attracted by their wax and honey, man pursues

them, to convert their labor to his own use, and rob them of their hoarded treasures. History, restricting too frequently its attention to the pomp and pageantry of kings—to the deliberations of senates, or the marches and conflicts of armies—omits to notice the relations subsisting between man and the inferior animals, though we occasionally obtain glimpses of the way in which the bee, for example, influences the condition of civil society. The barbarian in search of intoxication, has, in all parts of the world, obtained, through the honeycomb, the enjoyment of a brief but delicious delirium. Mead, Metheglin, Hydromel, were of old to the Celt, the Gael, the Scandinavian, and the Greek, what Burgundy, Montepulciano, and Tokay are to the opulent wine-bibbers of the present day. We can accordingly feel little surprise that man has generally found himself solaced in a double sense by the hum of bees—first, as it is associated with woods and fields; and second, with the cask, the cellar, and the festive board.

Wherever serpent-worship prevailed in the ancient world, the bee was an indispensable member of the social system, the primary offerings to the Agathodæmon nearly always consisting of honey-cakes. Thus, the old Egyptians peopled the banks of their beautiful river with those minute denizens of their body-politic, whom Swift used jocularly to call the Hivites; and still as we follow interiorly the course of the Nile, honey in great abundance meets us—sometimes light and transparent, though elsewhere it is of a blackish hue, and strongly narcotic in its properties. The reason, we are told, is that the flowers of the sant—a delicate species of mimosa—are strongly impregnated with bitter and lethargic qualities. Of the sant, the Arabs have many unflattering things to say, denominating it, for example, the type of a false friend. "When you behold it," say they, "its fair white blossoms and green leaves

smiling on you from a distance in the desert, you are deluded into the expectation of pleasant shade; but when you reach the foot of the tree, there is none;" alluding to the scantiness of its foliage. But the little winged salamanders, whose achievements we are commemorating, by no means agree with the Arabs. To them, the sight of a sant in blossom—and it blossoms nine months in the year—is pre-eminently welcome. They alight upon it in clusters, and hum and buzz through its foliage like epicures at a feast; so that to sit beneath it in a morning, when they are busy at their work, gazing at the great river which rolls northward at your feet through a fringe of variegated flowers, is one of the most genuine pleasures of a desert-life.

In India, the bee-hunters form a distinct caste, and pay a considerable tax to government for the privilege of carrying on their operations in the forests and mountains. To escape the persecution of these people, the bees in one part of the Deccan have selected for their habitations a series of small caves, fashioned no one knows how, or when, about half-way up the face of a perpendicular cliff, from five to six hundred feet in height. As far, however, as the safety of their hives is concerned, they might as well have formed their nests on the ground. The bee-hunters divide themselves into two parties, one of which takes up its station at the foot, the other at the summit of the cliffs. They who are below then kindle numerous fires along the rocks, and when the flames begin to burn fiercely, throw upon them the leaves of certain trees, which emit a smoke so pungent and acrid that nothing which has life can endure it. As the destructive and noisome vapor ascends in dense clouds, which spread over the face of the precipice, the bees take to flight, upon which one of the adventurous hunters from above, armed with thick pads of leather on back and chest, places a rope under his arms, and with a pole in his hand, is let down by his companions. Ere the smoke has entirely dispersed, he knocks off the nests, which fall into the valley below, and he is then immediately drawn up, for should the bees return before he has effected his escape, they would sting him to death.

There are, in Southern India, four kinds of bees, which locate themselves in very different places. Some fabricate their

combs about the branches of trees, which, being easily accessible, are constantly robbed; but there is a very small bee which, for the protection of its property, penetrates into the deep cavities of rocks, where its haunts are generally beyond the reach of man. When, however, by any lucky chance, the bee-hunter finds it practicable to reach the nest, he is rewarded for his perseverance by twelve or fifteen pounds of the purest and sweetest honey, with a proportionate quantity of wax. In the same part of the country is found a peculiar species of this insect, obviously less intelligent than its neighbors, since it chooses for its residence one of the deserted nests of the white ants. These extraordinary structures, five or six feet in height, and resembling so many trunks of decayed trees, are often beheld rising in great numbers on plains of reddish earth or clay. When their builders forsake them, they are commonly taken possession of by snakes; but occasionally the bees, finding near at hand no other convenient quarters, settle in these diminutive hillocks, where they are easily robbed of their treasures. Among several Hindu castes, as in ancient Greece and Egypt, honey is still used in sacrifices to their rude divinities. Occasionally, in India, as well as in some parts of Russia, a species of bees-wax is found as black almost as ebony, which, being thought to be of much use in medicine, is eagerly sought after by the natives.

In the islands of the Indian Archipelago, a tenth part of whose productions can hardly be said to be yet known, wild bees abound in great numbers in the woods, where they fabricate their airy citadels with the same skill and intrepidity as in other parts of the world. The natives who undertake to search out their haunts leave home toward the end of summer, when the combs are generally complete, and overflowing with honey. As they advance from station to station, they build themselves huts of boughs, in which they store up the spoils of the bee till their return, when they collect the wax and honey, and bear them for exportation to the coast. Throughout China, the bee is likewise found, and there, as in India, the wax is employed in medicine, while the honey enters into the food of the inhabitants.

No where, however, do we observe



more curious and interesting circumstances connected with the history of wild-honey than in the countries bordering upon the Cape, in which, from time immemorial, the bee appears to have established her favorite quarters. The reason, of course, is to be discovered in the multitude of odoriferous flowers, to be found every where along the streams and brooks, dotting the hillsides, and even spangling with their glowing tints the sands of the desert. An old traveler relates with enthusiasm his meeting by chance with an entirely new flower in the recesses of the wilderness, whither he had proceeded in search of game. Being weary, he sat down on the banks of a river, when his attention was immediately excited by a most fragrant odor, proceeding he knew not whence. At length, environed by tall bushes, he found the true source of the perfume—a large flower, with white chalice, like a lily, invested on all sides with deep-green leaves, and resting on a stem nearly four feet high. As its bell bent to and fro in the wind, it threw forth at every motion floods of sweets which might almost be said to lie heavy on the atmosphere, through which they were diffused to a considerable distance. In the neighborhood of clumps of such flowers, the wild-bees love to build their nests, selecting, in preference to all other situations, the summits of lofty rocks, where they at once enjoy a pure air and a commanding prospect over the whole country round. It was formerly deemed uncertain whether, in her choice of pasture, the bee is directed by the sight or the smell; but since she carries on her labors equally by night and by day, the question may, by that circumstance alone, be admitted to be set entirely at rest. Nothing in the natural history of the honey-maker is more replete with interest than her nocturnal operations as watched with a lantern in a glass hive. As a rule, the squadrons move about very silently in the dark, merely uttering a low murmur as they ascend from the perfumed chalices, and by way of giving notice as they draw near the hive. When they alight on the polished esplanade in front of the portal, they pause a moment, and then advancing rapidly, enter the gate, and proceed up the gangway till they reach the space left open for them to mount to the upper cells, which they

always fill first. When one of these little compartments is found capable of receiving no more honey, the bee takes a little wax, and closes the aperture, which she then smooths with her proboscis like a trowel. All the inmates of the hive know their own department of work, and advance and retire in files like soldiers during a review, never in the least obstructing each other. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking than to notice the entering and retreating columns performing their evolutions with an order and regularity which resemble more the movements of machinery than the action of living and thinking beings. Persons gifted with a keen sense of smell become conscious of the approach of the bees, while they are yet a little way off in the dark air, from the delicate sweets they shed around them in their passage.

Connected with the Cape bees, we notice one of those extraordinary relations which exist between different tribes of animals. As all creation lives by mutual destruction, the bees of Southern Africa have among the birds a determined enemy which studies their motions, searches out their retreats, and then, by betraying them to the universal enemy, man, obtains its share of their spoils, which are the eggs deposited by the queen for the production of future swarms. Of course, the sympathies of the Hottentots are not with the honey-makers, but with their foe, by whose craft and treachery they profit. This bird, which is called the Honey-Guide, having discovered a nest, flies toward a kraal, and perches on some tree, till, by his peculiar cry, well known to the Hottentots, he is able to attract the notice of some inhabitant of the village. The man, who understands his business as well as the intimations of the bird, gets together the necessary apparatus, and immediately follows his conductor, which flits before him from tree to tree, screaming all the while, his cries becoming more loud and piercing as he draws near the nest. As soon as he perceives that the Hottentot has discovered what he is in search of, the guide ceases from his clamors, and sits tranquilly on a neighboring bough, till the bees have been driven away, and the combs withdrawn, from which the portion most coveted by the bird is carefully set aside, and left upon a stone or fallen tree for his entertainment. If this equitable di-

vision of the spoil were neglected, the guide, it is believed by the Hottentots, would cease to report his discoveries; so that their labors in the search after honey would be greatly augmented.

All along the western coast of Africa, from the Cape upward to the confines of Morocco, we discover numerous colonies of the wild-bee, generally in forests, where she finds abundant materials for her subsistence and the construction of her combs. Across the whole continent, indeed, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, wild-honey is gathered by the inhabitants, especially toward the eastern extremity of the Mountains of the Moon, which extend their spurs toward Abyssinia, where the bees build their nests, and fabricate their delicate white wax in the roofs of the houses.

In America, where all nature displays peculiar characteristics, there are stingless bees, though it is a mistake to imagine, as some have done, that all the kinds found in that continent are thus innocuous. In many parts—as, for example, in Brazil and Paraguay—they sting fiercely, and are so untamable, that no art or contrivance can reconcile them to live in hives, and be under the dominion of man. Elsewhere, there is a species of bee, which, instead of depositing its honey in cells, fabricates a little oblong globe of wax, about the size of a pigeon's egg, in which the honey is preserved clear and pure. One of the bees' enemies in this quarter of the world is the monkey, which, when it succeeds in breaking into a nest, soaks up the honey with its long tail, and then retires to a tree to suck it. The sugar-planters of Cuba discovered, after the introduction of the European bee into the island, that when it was located near the plantations, it despised the labor of collecting honey from flowers, and attached itself to the sugar-factories, the produce of which was sensibly diminished by its thefts. In the western States of the Union, the farmers dwelling along the edge of the wilderness used formerly to be much perplexed as well as annoyed by the tendency of their bees to swarm away into the forests, where, free from troublesome neighbors, and exposed to fewer thefts, they built their nests in the tops or on the boughs of lofty trees.

In Eastern Europe and the neighboring parts of Asia, bees have always com-

manded considerable attention from husbandmen. The Ten Thousand, in their retreat from Mesopotamia, in traversing the mountains of Armenia, imagined themselves to have been poisoned by the honey they found in the villages; for when they had eaten of it, they experienced an insupportable nausea, and losing all their strength, as during the worst accesses of sea-sickness, threw themselves in despair on the ground to die. The sickness thus induced continued during twenty-four hours, after which it passed away, and they recovered their former strength. A modern botanist, while traveling in that part of Asia, made diligent inquiry respecting the honey now produced there, and was assured by the inhabitants, that in nearly all the branches of the Caucasus a honey is still found which, if eaten in any considerable quantity, makes men mad, though only for a short time. Nothing in the character of the flowers presented itself to account for this strange phenomenon, though it has been inferred, from the great prevalence of the rhododendron, that the honey derived its noxious quality from the juice of its blossoms. In Circassia and the Crimea, large quantities of wild-honey are found generally in caves of the rocks. Throughout Russia and Siberia, where the bees were formerly supposed not to exist, they nevertheless flourish in great multitudes, especially in the forests near the Volga, on the hills of the Ural chain, and among the slopes of the Altai Mountains, where a rich and variegated flora supplies them with inexhaustible nourishment.

Though it can not be said that modern naturalists have neglected the history of the bee, it is certain that we have applied ourselves less assiduously to the study of its manners and peculiarities than the philosophers of ancient Greece. One of those quaint originals, who obtained from his habits the name of the wild man, forsook human society altogether, to bury himself on a large and wild estate which he possessed, among the hives and haunts of the creatures whose ways he delighted to study. Here, amid their soothing murmurs, and in the midst of the most brilliant and fragrant flowers, he spent fifty years of his life, collecting materials for his great work on the bee; the loss of which is not one of the least to be regretted of the

disasters which have befallen Grecian literature. No honey, perhaps, ever produced has equaled in all respects that which was fabricated by the bees on Mount Hymettus, from the blossoms of the wild thyme and other delicate flowers of Attica, for even the produce of Hyblæan hives, though greatly celebrated by the poets, could hardly have exhaled that fragrance which characterized all the vegetable productions of the Attic soil. It is still thought among the best judges, that the honey of Attica can be distinguished from all other honey by the smell; nor is this at all paradoxical. In the swamps of Africa, for example, and in nearly all parts of Asia, flowers, though magnificent in their development, are coarser and more rank than in Greece. Even in the various districts of Syria, we

observe a great difference in the quality of the honey; that produced on the steep acclivities of Lebanon and Carmel being much more transparent and odoriferous than what is found in the valleys of the Jordan and Orontes, and on the fat plains about Antioch. Nearest, perhaps, in delicacy to that of Attica is the honey of the Cyclades, which, being extracted from flowers growing on a dry and rocky soil, has much of the lightness and fragrance remarked in the productions of Hymettus. About the Copaic Lake, in Bæotia, where the soil is rich, and the meadows studded thickly with flowers, the bees make an abundance of honey; but its inferiority to that which is manufactured on the other side of Mount Cithæron is immediately perceptible, both by taste and smell.

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From the North British Review.

## SPAIN IN ITS PRESENT ASPECTS.\*

THERE has suddenly arisen almost throughout Europe, a deep interest concerning Spain. All men—for Mr. Buckle and his theories may be left out of account—regard her as a rising, or rather as a reviving state. They see her developing herself more stealthily and slowly, but not less surely, than Italy. Many, more sanguine than the rest, or whose watches, as Talleyrand would say, go faster than those of others, declare that she is about to become a Great Power. This may be an exaggerated expectation; but it has a substantial basis of truth. Forty years ago, Byron's saying, "There is no hope for nations," was deemed trite enough to be a truism. Now, on the contrary in 1861, the revival of nations has become too common a fact to allow the theory of their new birth to remain a paradox. National resurrection has thus become a leading article of the faith political.

Spain, then, is a clear instance of the operation of this principle. "This great, and now at last free people," says Mr. Mill in his *Representative Government*, "are entering into the general movement of European progress with a vigor which bids fair to make up rapidly the ground they have lost. No one can doubt what Spanish intellect and energy are capable of; and their faults, as a people, are chiefly those for which freedom and industrial ardor are a real specific."

The civil government of Spain, till lately long tyrannical, has become comparatively free. Her ecclesiastical tyranny, the last bondage to be relaxed, is growing less and less severe. Her disorganized bandits, who never lost the name of an army, are regaining some show of discipline and military science. Ships of war of considerable magnitude are being built both in Spanish dockyards, and in English dockyards for the Spanish flag. The foreign trade of the country is fast increasing. The domestic production and

\* *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*. 1860.  
*Miscellaneous Papers published by the Spanish Government.*

the domestic consumption of the country are also increasing, and at much the same pace. The want of money for improvements has been supplied in part by the sale of church and crown lands. Roads are thus being bestowed on a country which, until lately, possessed few, and railways\* on a country which had none. Productive mines are being worked meanwhile chiefly by English capital, as railways are being constructed in great measure with French capital. In addition to this, Spain has, for the first time, a strong administration under a representative polity.

The "rise of Spain," of which we now hear so much, is but a deduction from these facts. Much as the result has startled Europe, it would have been more surprising if such a result had not taken place. Yet Spain used to be called a doomed country, as the unfortunate wits of Vienna were wont to call Italy a geographical expression. But why? Apparently for no other reason than that Spain experienced during this century, first an era of foreign rapine, next an era of domestic tyranny by both State and Church, and finally an era of civil war. But as revolution was the natural result of tyranny, and civil war of revolution, so the cause for which the civil war began tended to wear out the civil war itself, and to institute in place of it a system reflecting its own principles. Hesiod's Erebus and Night, which sprang from Chaos, produced Air and Day in their turn.

The truth is, that Spain has never required any thing but good government to render her one of the first nations of the earth. A national legend shows that this has long been a general notion in the country itself. When Santiago presented Ferdinand III. to the Virgin after his death, the spirit of the sainted king pleaded various requests on behalf of his country. These were freely conceded, until the soul of Ferdinand at length prayed that Spain might enjoy a good administration. But the Virgin peremptorily refused this demand, alleging that, if it were granted, "not one angel would remain a day longer in heaven." This tradition, so consolatory to the egotism of the national mind, has its mixture of

truth. In Spain, while there exists every thing to constitute at any rate a Mohammedan's paradise, there is every thing to develop material prosperity. The elements of wealth lie every where profusely around the steps of a traveler. But he sees either the elements only, as in some parts of Spain, or the elements half applied, as in others. The country is, however, though differing greatly in different provinces, on the whole the most productive by nature—that is to say, the most susceptible of production—in Europe. The soil is commonly as fertile as in the Christian principalities of European Turkey, which have fed Europe in nearly all ages of her history. It is more amply intersected by navigable rivers, running into different seas, than any other country of the same area and configuration. Its shores command the Bay of Biscay, the immediate Atlantic, the channel which divides it from Morocco, and the Tyrrhene Sea which divides it from Italy. Here are all the elements for great power of production, for great recklessness of consumption, for extensive foreign commerce by sea, both in its yieldings and in its wants, for a great commercial navy, and for a great military navy. But these results, nevertheless, have not been attained for want of industry and due administrative direction. God made seas and rivers, but man makes roads and railways.

This is more or less true of every age of Spanish history. Spain, as every one knows, once had a considerable navy of both sorts; and both during this century, pretty nearly disappeared. But she never possessed a great trade in her own productions and consumptions. On the contrary, the interchange between Spanish and foreign shores was comparatively insignificant. The chief wealth of Spain was obtained by her as a maritime carrier for other nations. Thus, when such nations began to compete for the carriage which Spain was for a while monopolizing, and she had no intrinsic wealth of her own to support her commerce on the sea, it was quite as likely that they would rob her of it as not. This may be taken as some indication of the truth, that the commerce of Spain in former periods, which a superficial glance seems to detect as magnificent, rested all the while on a precarious basis, and was almost altogether extrinsic.

\* In 1853 we traversed Spain extensively, and found but one railway, twenty-eight miles long, from Madrid to Aranguez.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.



No reader can require that we should trace historically the fact, that the normal condition of Spain has been a warlike condition. That country has been so continually harassed by hostilities, that any great development of industry had become impossible. Wars between the Christian princes and the Moors—wars between the different kingdoms of which Spain long consisted—wars with foreign powers, waged in the name of the Spanish succession on the Spanish soil—domestic wars waged on the same principle, or for the same pretext—have followed each other much too quickly for either confidence to be restored, capital applied, or reforms worked out. This is the simple explanation of the fact, that while the cities and open country of France and England have advanced so rapidly, the condition of the interior of Spain has been more or less stationary. Meantime prosperity was confined to the sea-board; and as there was little sent from the interior to be exported, the enterprising inhabitants of maritime cities sought to be carriers of the wealth which their own country neither produced nor required.

If, then, the government of Spain long continue as firm and as peaceful as it now is, it is likely that the country will become intrinsically more wealthy and prosperous than it ever has yet been. Spain may never regain that maritime monopoly which she once wrested from the backwardness of other states; but she may accumulate far greater domestic wealth than she possessed in the greatest periods of her seafaring history. All this now depends on her possession of a government at once intelligent and strong—one which will adopt the most expansive policy, and is able to carry out its own will. The O'Donnell Administration bears some promise of fulfilling this double condition. Its campaign in Morocco has given it a prestige, which places it in a position altogether distinct from every previous administration of Isabella. The Prime Minister of Spain was the victor in the field of battle, and the captor of Tetuan. O'Donnell is now apparently beyond the reach of hostile majorities in the Chambers, and of hostile camarillas at the Palace. The country has imbibed enthusiasm from the result of the campaign, and entertains every disposition to confide the future of the State to the Marshal Duke of Tetuan. An important reëquisition

of the Spanish Crown has since been made; one half of St. Domingo has fallen again to the House of Castile. And what does it propose now to do in Mexico?

But it will be very long before Spain can return to the position of one of the Great Powers of Europe. In order to stand upon even a conventional equality with Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, or Russia, she must be a great maritime state. Her fleets must be at least equal to those which she possessed before the battle of Trafalgar. The reason is obvious, for it is simply a geographical one. Her configuration cuts her off from all territorial communication with the rest of Europe excepting through France. And the French military power is so great, and the frontier afforded by the Pyrenees so strong, as nearly to destroy the political influence of any military force that it would be possible for Spain to acquire, except, indeed, in the improbable event of a European coalition against France. Spain is nearly as much isolated by the Pyrenees as England is by the German ocean. Spain could be no more influential in Europe from her military organization, without a navy, than England. With a powerful fleet, on the other hand, she might not only threaten every coast by sea, but land her armies wherever she had an injury to avenge. But without such a navy, those armies, let them be what they may, would be liable to be cooped up in her own dominions during any war that she might wage. The time must be distant before Spain can rebuild the fleets which she has lost. But the sea is the theater of her contingent strength; and no military armaments will ever afford her even one half of the European position that is now held by the cabinet of Turin.

There is another and more solid cause, at present unnoticed, of the long want of prosperity in Spain. Wars and revolutions have been rather effects than causes. The want of union, the want of nationality, or, more correctly, of a nationality coëxtensive with Spain, have produced the disorders, which in turn have borne adversity as their fruit. The truth is, that in order to form a due conception of what Spain has always been in her internal relations, we must look upon her as a cluster of petty nations. Regard Spain from what point of view you will, and the same conclusion substantially presents itself. In a national sense, a

Spain has never—or never hitherto at least—existed. A presumptive instance of this may be taken in the fact, that nowhere is there any national capital of Spain. Russia has her Moscow, France her Paris, Italy her Rome, Poland has her Warsaw. But Madrid is a modern city, without traditions, without veneration, without being popularly recognized as a capital even in Castile. Nor is there any city to supply, as it were, the wants of Madrid, as Moscow supplies the wants of St. Petersburg. The national capitals of Spain are the chief cities of so many provinces. They are centers of nationality, but the nationality not of Spaniards, but of Catalonians, of Valencians, of Andalusians, and of Galicians.

Indeed, political union has long existed amid the most marked social and national disunion. The polity of the state has been too comprehensive for the public feeling. Spain has been no more a homogeneous state than Austria herself. The provinces have resented their bondage under a common monarchy. They have continually endeavored to break in upon the centralization of the Spanish government, and to be ruled by a king in Navarre, a king in Aragon, and a republic in Catalonia. This state of feeling in the different provinces of Spain simply represents the fact, that intercommunication has not advanced far enough to lay the basis of an effective centralization. In France, very much the same state of things once obtained that we have in our own day witnessed in Spain. But in the former country, intercourse has worn out these distinctions; and France has long been essentially the one and indivisible nation, which even she was not during the Middle Ages. But the provinces of Spain have meanwhile been separated from one another by mountains, by a want of roads, by an inverse prevalence of robbers, which have together nursed all their social idiosyncrasies and their historical antipathies. Hence the disunion, the domestic wars, and the incapacity to resist their common opponents, which have transformed modern Spanish history into a calendar of revolutions.

But there are already signs that these rigid social and national demarkations between the different provinces are slowly passing away. The civil war itself, without effacing them, certainly did much to

reduce their importance. There was one party to acknowledge the Carlists, and another to acknowledge the Queenites, in almost every province. The partisans of each cause found allies beyond the limits of their particular province. Besides this active sympathy while the war continued, the governments of Queen Isabella afterward established throughout the country a uniform system of polity, which violated historical traditions, and assimilated political idiosyncrasies. Even in Spain, too, education has done something. It has tended to lessen national intolerance as well as religious intolerance. The centralization of the government is now contributing to the same result; and the increase of roads and railways, which present the labor of the last few years, is working out the same aggregating influence which its presents elsewhere.

The picture, therefore, of government and of nationalities which we have drawn, must now be regarded as having undergone considerable modification. Spain certainly is not yet a homogeneous nation; but the component nationalities of that kingdom no longer present the sharp contradistinction which existed between them twenty years ago. The progress of the country has since been conspicuous enough to warrant a belief that, in the lifetime of some of the present generation, the inhabitants will find themselves one people. It would at this day be a fair comparison to describe Spain as a country that has advanced, in point of national unity, midway between the Austrian empire, on the one hand, and the Italian kingdom, on the other. The Spaniards are no longer marked by the violent international antipathies that exist in the former state, while they have not yet arrived at that spirit of common patriotism and desire for fusion into one nation, as well as into one government, that already marks the other. If Andalusia deemed the court of Madrid slighted by a foreign power, jointly with Castile, she would make common cause with Castile; but a large proportion of her inhabitants would still desire a Parliament of their own.

Our object hitherto has been to trace the course by which Spain has risen from her revolutionary degradation to the comparatively dignified position which she now holds. The political system established by the termination of the civil war was widely

different in practice from what it was in theory. What we commonly understand by the very inaccurate term, constitutional government, was nominally recognized; and the different constitutions already experienced during the reign of Isabella have not been wanting, like the mock representations of the Bonapartes, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollerns, either in the scope of the constituency or the freedom of their choice. It was scarcely, therefore, the direct agency of the crown which so often debarred the Spanish representatives of the free exercise of their rights. The chief source of political insecurity was to be found in the army and in its leaders. The victorious generals who had subdued the Carlists aimed next to conquer the revolution itself. Each military leader who could rely upon a considerable body of troops—and the whole Spanish army, until lately, did not exceed eighty thousand men, this being considerably less than the army of Belgium is now—aspired to effect a loyal usurpation, to dissolve the existing administration by a dash at the capital, to become President of the Council, and to rule in the name of the Queen. No sooner had these generals achieved in turn this sort of subordinate revolution, than they bribed a majority of the Chambers—some with offices, and some in cash. Or, if the Assemblies were either more truculent or less venal than the usurper of the hour had anticipated, he cut the Gordian knot by the rough expedient of a dissolution. There could be no national progress while the government was in the hands of an army who were perhaps neither fillibusters, banditti, nor pirates, but something between the three.

The recital of a very few figures will suffice to afford a pretty clear view of the revolutionary state of the country, even where the throne of Isabella was not in dispute. Since the establishment of the present dynasty in 1834, there have been four constitutions and twenty-eight Parliaments. There have been in the same period forty-seven Prime Ministers, five hundred and twenty-nine Departmental Ministers, and seventy-eight Ministers of the Interior alone. These changes serve as an earnest of the truth, that the history of Spain during our own day has been a history of intrigue, military revolt, factious opposi-

tion, factious triumph, political insecurity, and moral degradation.

Thus far we have described the changes that have taken place at the capital, and the relations of the provinces toward the ruling power, if the phrase be not altogether a misnomer. But, at the same time, an equally important change was slowly and silently taking place in the social character of the people themselves. The soil was being subdivided into infinitesimal estates, much as the French soil had been subdivided a generation or two before. The same mania for what continental nations term proprietorship, that was prevailing in France and Prussia, began to prevail in Spain also. It would, however, be impossible to attempt to state the number of landowners with accuracy, although Spanish statistics are not wanting for the purpose. These statistics fix the number at five millions; but as the population of Spain, according to the census of 1857, amounts to barely fifteen millions and a half, the ratio of landowners would be greater than the ratio of the adult male population to the total population. Such figures are obviously absurd; but it is just possible that the returns of proprietorships may have been furnished by the *alcalde* of each village, and that the careless statisticians of Madrid may have published the total of these returns of separate proprietorships as equivalent to the total number of proprietors. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the number of the peasantry in possession of the fee-simple of the Spanish soil is already immense, and is still increasing.

While, however, Spain has thus followed the example of France, she still possesses a considerable landed aristocracy, almost unknown to France. Toward this body, her successive governments, inconsistent with each other in almost every thing else, have acted with consistent impolicy. They have studiously withheld from them nearly all the great offices of state. No doubt, a considerable portion of the landed and entitled aristocracy were compromised by participation in the Carlist cause. But many, again, were on the side of the Queen. Yet the offices which our own government reserves for the leading members of our aristocracy, the Spanish government almost invariably conferred on

the most noisy delegates in Chambers of Deputies. Territorial influence in the provinces ceased to be a qualification for what we term the lord-lieutenancies of counties; but political influence in the Chambers was a certain one. The office of *Gefe Politico*, or political chief of a province, fell to the lot of the most clamorous Republican—perhaps without an acre of land in his possession—that such cities as Cadiz or Barcelona could send to represent them in the Chambers. To suppose Mr. Bright Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, or Mr. William Williams Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, would be to institute an imaginary comparison that would fall far short of the mark. British parliamentary democrats (if we except the gentlemen of the Brass Band) are commonly men of capital—let them agitate as much as they may. But the *Gefe Politico* was commonly, not only an agitating democrat, but a man of straw into the bargain.

This cardinal error of Spanish administration is closely connected with the absence of the large landowners, of which we have heard much. The successive ministries of Spain have defended their choice of *Gefes* on this fact; and if the plea could be sustained, their defense would, no doubt, be satisfactory and complete. But, except as regards the exiles of the revolution, they simply put the cart before the horse. That portion of the Spanish landed aristocracy that were not affected to the Carlist cause, never ceased to have their choice whether they would live upon their estates or not. There can be no doubt that, if they had been treated with the consideration which they regarded as due to their position, they would have had every reason to remain in the country, and to divide their year between Madrid and the province in which their lands lay. But they were too proud to witness poor and corrupt demagogues placed in the viceregal positions that their order had before filled. They accordingly expatriated themselves, and a great proportion of them lived in foreign capitals. They surrendered their country to what they deemed the orgies of a revolution that they could not stay, but, at the same time, they took care to draw their revenues from their land. Thus they became known in the provinces only by the exactions committed by their agents in their names. An ab-

sent landlord, too, rarely thinks of expending any portion of his income on the improvement of his property; and thus, while the tenants were ground down, the land deteriorated. As the landlord, through his agent, grew more rapacious, the tenant grew poorer. In this way, of course, the very principle of aristocracy became hateful to the people.

But a few years ago we returned from a visit to Spain with the deliberate conviction, that that country had yet to become the scene of the great French Revolution. Nothing then struck us as more probable. The peasantry seemed about to rise against the common pressure of a present government and an absent aristocracy. The towns, meanwhile, were growing apparently more and more democratic. Taxation rose, and wealth declined. Honest men detested the government for crimes that were as true of one administration as of another. Men who cared only for their mercantile gains were equally opposed to a system which destroyed confidence in commercial transactions. We believe that, if it had been possible for Spain to have possessed the communications that France possesses now, or even her roads without her railways, and yet to have remained otherwise in the same social and political condition, the event referred to must have happened before the recent reforming policy of the government had begun. The sympathy between the provinces and the great cities wanted only the development of rapid unity of action—and that unity of action was defeated only by a want of rapid communications. In this way the provinces and the great cities continued to be isolated, and the government contrived to defeat a hostility that had no national organization.

We have already glanced at the change of public life that has defeated this expectation. The moment of reform was a critical one for the existence of monarchical institutions; but we believe that the danger of revolution has principally passed away; and it is now a more apposite, as well as a more grateful task, to trace the capabilities than the dangers of the country.

We must clear the way by a word touching territory and population, which rank among the main conditions of all national development. The area of Spain is little inferior to that of France; and the



soil, as we have already indicated, is commonly more fertile, almost beyond comparison, although there is in the former country an extent of mountain and other waste land unknown to the latter. But with all this approach to equality of Spain in point of area, and this general superiority in point of fertility, the Spanish population continues to be less than one half of the French. Indeed, Spain is remarkable for having been one of the most stationary of countries in the number of her inhabitants. It appears, from tolerably authoritative figures, that the Spanish population in 1768—now ninety-three years ago—was 9,151,999; and some twenty years afterward, in 1786, it had risen to 10,268,150. Yet, during the sixty years that followed, 1786—1846, the numerical increase was less than twenty per cent. In the latter year it had reached only 12,162,000; and, indeed, this census is less by one hundred thousand than that which was returned before the civil war began. The losses in battle, and the pauperizing influence of civil commotion, may, in some degree, account for this result. But in 1857, the census, as we have said, was returned at 15,464,000; and, though strict accuracy can not be insisted upon in these documents, they may be taken to indicate pretty nearly the gradual increase of the population.

But the Spanish soil, if well cultivated, would probably find itself able to support four times these numbers. Were Spain as populous as Belgium in proportion to her area, her inhabitants would number 70,000,000. Nor can any one doubt that the Spanish soil is commonly quite as fertile as the Belgian; while both the indigenous and imported products are quite as conducive to agricultural and manufacturing industry. We may, therefore, assume that the only intrinsic limit to the growth of the Spanish population within those figures is to be found in the conduct of the people and the government; and that, so far, the national activity must be the measure of the increase. We must not forget, however, that the French population presents at this moment a remarkable exception to the commonly accurate doctrine, that the population of a country tends to be regulated by its means of support for them.

Spain and Portugal are at this day the two most imperfectly peopled countries

in the west of Europe. They together contain fully the area of France, yet they possess together barely half her population. The area of Spain alone is far larger than that of Italy and Sicily, yet it contains but three fifths of their population. The Low Countries, without one sixth of the area of Spain, possess two thirds of her population. It is quite conceivable that Spain may yet become a formidable nation in point of numbers, as well as of production, commerce, and armaments.

We shall here offer some analysis of these fifteen millions and a half, so far as figures are reliable. The clergy, in the first place, have been greatly reduced by successive enactments—some of them long previous to the Carlist Revolution. It appears that, a century ago, the regulars and seculars together amounted to not less than 209,000. This almost incredible number was reduced at the period of the French Revolution to 180,000; yet, whatever were the further reductions during the French invasion of Spain, the numbers were soon restored under the superstitious reign of Ferdinand VII. But the anti-Carlist Revolution gradually uncloistered the regulars and diminished the seculars, until the Spanish Concordat of 1858 with the Papal See more or less precisely fixed their future number. Since that time there are computed to be about 42,000 ecclesiastics of all classes.

It is laid down in the statistics which we have already challenged, that there are two million and a half owners of land in country districts, and two million owners of house-property in the towns. But, for reasons already stated, we believe these numbers to be fully double of the truth; and the total number of proprietors to fall short of two millions. Probably among them the computation of 800,000 owners of flocks is not exaggerated; and the number of peasantry who are not possessed of the fee-simple of the land, which has been reckoned at no more than 600,000, amounts more nearly to 1,000,000. The merchants of all classes amount, we believe, to as many as 120,000; but in this generic description we must include that undignified class who are little above the rank of peddlers. The skilled artisans may be some 60,000; and the factory men, engaged either in Barcelona or other cities of Catalonia, may number 150,000.

The nobility have undergone much the

same modification as the clergy. Formerly they numbered one twelfth of the whole population. They were exempt from taxation, and held other privileges. Imagine a country in which one man in twelve was a noble—he being probably the only rich man among the twelve—and he alone exempt from the public burdens! It appears that at the period at which the clergy exceeded 200,000 the privileged laity amounted to 844,000. Of these, some 90,000 were free of taxation on account of their offices in the state, and a few more as the servants of the Inquisition; but there were not less than 750,000 free from taxation on the ground of nobility. At this day, however, the number of entitled nobles is in no great disproportion with those of the United Kingdom. This number, erroneously computed by the number of titles extant, has been stated to be 1456; and to consist of 81 dukes, 675 marquesses, 539 counts, 73 viscounts, and 61 barons. But, as many of these peers hold several titles each, it is probable that the Spanish entitled aristocracy does not exceed 500, or at the utmost 600. Privilege in respect of taxation is now extinct.

This rapid view of the social constitution of Spain at the present day gives us the picture of a half-aristocratic, half-republican society, which has realized one great condition of freedom by destroying the unjust exemptions of particular classes, and has advanced even toward democracy by parting out the bulk of the fee-simple among the peasantry. But although the territorial subdivision, which has formed a large part of the change of which we now speak, has been carried to a degree injurious to the interests of agriculture, there can be no doubt that there results from these reforms an immense balance of advantage; and now that government at once firm and free has been in great measure established, the question of the immediate future of Spain is more than ever a financial one. Money is the great want of the hour. Whatever is done, must be done more or less by the state. The poverty of the landowners compels the state to assume a large part in the agricultural improvement of the day, as though it were joint-tenant as well as lord paramount. The primarily unremunerative character of railway enterprise requires the state to give either guarantees of interest or capital for con-

struction. Even the roads—which are such that Queen Isabella, who left Madrid last year for Burgos to see the eclipse, was compelled to turn back and relinquish her intention—are only to be adequately repaired by public aid.

Spain has, for a long period, been constructing additional roads. It is calculated that, during the last half-century, the government has expended, on an average, £160,000 a year upon them. Yet Spain is even at this day a country but half intersected with means of communication, and those that exist are, as we have already said, with but few exceptions, of the worst description. The roads radiating from the capital amount to forty-five hundred miles, the transverse roads to another one thousand, and what Spanish statisticians distinguish as "local roads," to about eight hundred more. In addition to this, there are roads to the extent of four thousand miles either in course of construction or in design. But the distinctions drawn in respect of these additional four thousand miles of road are ludicrous enough. We are told that there are so many miles "in construction," so many "in project," so many "in course of design," and, finally, so many "not yet in course of design"! It may be assumed, therefore, that a long period will expire before the whole of this addition to Spanish communications will be complete. The estimated expenditure for the four thousand miles is six hundred and fifty millions of reals, or about £8,000,000 sterling; but a great proportion of the charge is to be defrayed by local charges, the executive apparently not being at present responsible to the extent of more than one third of the whole.

Meanwhile, however, the railway movement has altogether surpassed the progress of the new roads. But a few years ago, there was scarcely a single railway throughout the Spanish dominions. We now find, however, that at the beginning of this year there were fully fifteen hundred miles of railway in actual working, and nearly eight hundred more in course of construction. Over and above these twenty-three hundred miles concessions had been made by the government to the extent of sixteen hundred miles. The estimated expense of this total of some four thousand miles of railway, in working, in construction, and in design,

is nearly five milliards of reals, or five times the amount which the Spanish government have set apart under the sale of the lands in mortmain. Judging, moreover, from the history of nearly all railway enterprises, there is reason to apprehend that the actual expenditure will largely exceed the estimate. Railway construction is, for obvious reasons, unusually expensive in Spain. That country is probably more intersected by mountains than any other in Europe. If the original system of railway construction, which required a uniform level, had not been now exploded, long and uninterrupted lines, in that country, would have been impracticable. It is now, however, found possible to work railways at inclines equal to those common in many mail-coach roads; and the line between Vienna and Trieste is a remarkable instance of the degree of incline of which railway communication is susceptible. But the majority of the great continental railways with which our countrymen are familiar pass through flat countries. France and Germany, generally speaking, possess a nearly level surface. From Ostend or from Calais, for instance, you may travel to Berlin, or even into Poland, almost without encountering an appreciable undulation in the soil. We anticipate, therefore, that the railway network now in course of weaving in the Spanish peninsula will involve a cost far more than proportionate to the ordinary cost of continental railways, although labor is cheap and timber abundant.

Spain is greatly restricted in commercial enterprise by two leading circumstances—the still exorbitant tariff which it imposes, and the indisposition of the better classes in most provinces to engage in trade. The Catalonians, the Valencians, and the Galicians are the only really enterprising nations of the country. The former, it is well known, are the cotton manufacturers of Spain; and the high duties still imposed on Lancashire produce are dictated by the same protective illusion with that which we have just seen dissipated in France. But the higher the duty, the more remunerative the smuggling; and Spain is, of all countries, the least adapted to restrain illicit trading. It is commonly believed that, independently of professed importations from Liverpool, Spaniards annually buy, as Barcelonese cotton goods, three times

the manufacture of all Catalonia. A similar impolicy of the state restrains the cloth and silk manufacture, though Spanish wool is the finest in Europe, and the indigenous silk crops are very large. The long cloth cloak which almost every Spaniard wears more often comes from Yorkshire than from his own manufactories, and much silk is imported from Italy and elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that these Spanish manufactories are yearly sharing the general improvement; but they are too much restricted by bad laws to advance *pari passu* with other objects of industry.

Public attention has lately been called to the colonial empire of Spain by two circumstances, neither of which do credit to her government. We allude to her reacquisition of one half of St. Domingo, and to the increasing encouragement she has given in Cuba to the slave-trade, which she had contracted with ourselves and with other countries to abolish. No one now believes for a moment that the Spanish Dominicans recalled the Spanish authority by their own deliberate act. There was, no doubt, a party in Domingo for the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons, as there is at this moment even a party in Calabria for the restoration of the Angévine branch of the same House. But whether that party even acted spontaneously in the movement which they made for this object, or whether they were the paid emissaries of the viceregal government at Havana, is by no means clear. What, however, is now morally certain is, that they represented the views of an insignificant minority. And it is equally clear that the Cuban government were convinced of it; for they at once dispatched a considerable military force, the commander of which, on effecting a landing, immediately established a military despotism. It is hardly less certain that the authorities at Havana would not have ventured on a course which might have brought the Court of Madrid into collision with other governments, without instructions from their superiors; and there can be no doubt that such instructions, if sent to Havana at all, must have anticipated the alleged popular revolution in St. Domingo itself; for the interval between the revolution and the landing of the troops did not admit of a reference to Madrid. We look, therefore, upon the acquisition of Spanish Domingo as sheer filli-

bustering, such as the Spaniards themselves have long been deprecating at the hands of the Americans. It is needless to multiply arguments where the presumption is already strong; but it would seem that the issue of the Moroccan war gave the Spaniards the requisite courage, and that the American civil war gave them the opportunity. The three other Powers chiefly interested in this question are Great Britain, France, and the States of North-America. But the latter are otherwise engaged; France is disinclined to resent an acquisition that offers to her a pretext for the seizure of the other half of the island, which she before possessed and colonized, as Spain colonized the half which she has now reacquired; and the British government is probably unwilling to interfere alone between the Spaniards and the Dominicans, whom, on a fair ground of non-intervention, to which international law is growing more and more attached, she leaves to settle their own disputes, however convinced that the weaker party must go the wall.

The sufferance of this country, however, yet depends on the fulfillment by the Spanish government of the pledge which they have given, that they will not introduce slavery into St. Domingo. In support of this pledge, they have advanced the plausible but callous argument, that the extent of free labor at the command of planters renders such a course unnecessary. Otherwise, the pledge would be worth no more than the treaty which they are openly violating in Cuba. But it is not in Cuba alone that the Spanish government maintains slavery. There, indeed, they have a population of three hundred and seventy-three thousand black slaves, or one third of the whole population of that island, which does not exceed one million one hundred thousand in all, white and black, slave and free. But in Porto Rico also there are not less than fifty thousand slaves; and we know of no reason for their inutility in St. Domingo that is not equally applicable to Porto Rico.

It is as remarkable as it is deplorable, that a country which certainly cherishes the principle of political liberty at home, should exhibit the bigotry and intolerance, in matters of religion, that have provoked so strong and so just a con-

demnation in our own Parliament. It is a striking example, on a broad view, of the remaining influence of the Papacy, that the country in which all Church property is being fast alienated, is the country in which the most intolerant principles still prevail, and in which alone, of all the states of Europe, they who do not conform to the established faith are liable to be denied the right of Christian burial. Between the increasing numbers of foreigners whom the increasing trade of the country is attracting to its shores, and the zealous exertions of Protestant societies, (which, however, the priesthood, through the government, is doing its utmost to repress,) the number either of Spanish converts or of foreign residents, professing another form of Christianity, is gradually but surely augmenting. But it appears to be almost as hard to extort from the Spanish government the slightest concessions in favor of Protestant worship or Protestant interment, as it would be to prevail upon them to relinquish slavery in Cuba or Porto Rico. We trust that the exertions of the British government will be directed to this object until they shall have attained it. The illiberality of Spain toward the country which relieved her from French military rule, is, after the system of slavery which she has reestablished, the greatest blot upon her civilization.

But the foreign policy which is at this day identified with the name of Marshal O'Donnell is certainly entitled to distinction—that it aims to render Spain at once independent in its external relations and prosperous at home. This independence in foreign policy has been nearly unknown to Spain since the age of Philip II.; and even that latest period of Spanish authority abroad was an age of poverty and tyranny at home. The present policy of the rulers of Spain carries with it, therefore, the originality of possessing no antecedent in the history even of the last two centuries and a half. In what degree the name of the Duke of Tetuan ought to be associated with the great changes that are now going on, it seems impossible to determine; but he is certainly the master-mind of the country as well as the real chief of the government; and such a combination of official and intellectual authority seems to justify the identi-



fication of his name with much that has happened during his administration. But be the real authors of these various movements who they may, a fixed resolution has been arrived at, and steadily pursued, to place the country in such a position as to render it no more amenable to the undue influence of France than of England. An impression has certainly been current, that the O'Donnell Ministry has acted under French dictation in its present vigorous exertions to rebuild a navy. But when we look to the interior of the country itself, and perceive the direction of a corresponding energy to its military defense, more especially in the development of the modern system of fortification, we can but conclude that, if the Spanish government aim to resume their old authority at sea, they are equally resolved that the French shall not recross the Pyrenees.

The reappearance of Spain as a military power is, as we have said, of much less significance to Europe than her reappearance as a naval one. No military organization of which she is susceptible can ever (without a navy) render her arms important otherwise than as defensive weapons, or as allies in some general crusade that Germany and Italy might enter upon with the view of repressing encroachments which we will not anticipate. But, open as she is to several seas, her naval position in Europe is by nature fully equal to that of Great Britain. A state in possession of a steam-fleet at Cadiz and at Ferrol, at Carthage and at Barcelona, must possess an extensive command at once over the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and, distant as the day may be, we can not shut our eyes to the contingency of its occurrence.

The Spanish alliance ought henceforth to be quite as much within our reach as within the reach of the French government. France has done Spain much more injury than England has done her; and England has scarcely greater interests than France in opposition to those of Spain. It is true we destroyed her navy, and we acknowledged the independence of the colonies that she was endeavoring to subjugate anew. But the loss of her fleet was the result of her own declarations of war against ourselves; and her colonies in South-

America had freed themselves by their own act. It was France which led her into her maritime disasters, and France which afterward trampled out that domestic independence that it was our military credit to reestablish. Nor is it apposite to argue from past experience to future probabilities, if we correctly assume that the Spanish government is resolved by fortifications, as well as mountains, to keep out the arms, and therefore, by implication, the undue influence of France.

The French Directory defeated Pitt in policy, though Pitt afterward defeated at once the French Directory, its successors, and its allies in arms. He lost and France acquired the alliance of all other maritime powers. It must henceforward be our care that we are not compelled to atone for such diplomatic disasters again, by the success of our military and naval administration, and by the glory of our military and naval arms. The maritime Powers of continental Europe bid fair to be relatively as powerful, some five or ten years hence, as they were when the French revolutionary war began. It is now one of the most important problems of our foreign policy, in anticipation (possibly it may be in prevention) of that rupture between Great Britain and France which yearly increasing numbers hold to be some day inevitable, to detach from the Continent the elements of a maritime confederacy for ourselves. Russia, anti-Turkish and generally aggressive, is more likely, in several respects, to fall into a French than into a British alliance; but Spain has obviously to choose between an ally that would again degrade her into an auxiliary, and an ally that wishes to see her independent. The ratio of our jealousy of Spain is proportioned, not to her armaments, but to her dependence upon a third Power.

While we have been writing, the condition of another Spain has become a European question. The Cabinets of London, Paris, and Madrid have resolved upon an expedition to the coast of Mexico, in order to redress the grievances of which the three governments have had cause to complain. There will be few to question the justice of such an expedition, so far, at least, as France and Great Britain are concerned. But Spain stands in the invidious predicament of having been more or

less an accomplice in the policy for which she is quite as eager to chastise the Mexicans, as either the British or the French government. Our own grievances against Mexico may be ranged into two cardinal divisions. We claim the payment of interest, which has been in arrear during the last seven years, on a three per cent loan of more than £10,000,000 sterling; and we demand indemnities for the past maltreatment of our countrymen, and provision for their future safety. The government of the country robbed our bondholders of the money they had intrusted to the British Legation; and alienated from their benefit the share of the custom revenue which they had hypothecated to them as a mortgage for the payment of their dividends. Here arose a clear case of dishonesty and spoliation. The Mexican government, moreover, afforded no protection to British subjects, who have been plundered and murdered by the inhabitants of the country, possibly with the tacit acquiescence of the Mexican government itself; and we are at liberty to contend, that every foreign government shall be responsible for the misconduct of its citizens toward subjects of the British crown.

The Spanish government, so far as the personal insecurity of its own subjects trading in Mexico is concerned, has no doubt a similar grievance; although Spain may reciprocally be a country not very safe for Mexicans. But when we pass to financial transactions between Spain and Mexico, we find the former state quite as ready to repudiate her obligations as the latter. The Spanish debt to our own country, for example, may be divided into three classes. There is first, the debt on which a diminished rate of interest has been paid; secondly, there is that which has been thrown into what has been termed a "deferred," or "passive" stock, and

pays (like our own Mexican loan) no interest whatever; and, thirdly, there is the stock which Spain has openly repudiated. The latter class is represented by a fictitious description of property known as "Spanish Certificates." These are certificates issued, not by the Spanish government, but by the committee of Spanish bondholders in London, in nominal representation of a debt ignored by the borrowing government, which has made as much default as Mexico herself.

When we view these circumstances in relation to the eagerness exhibited by the Count of Madrid to dispatch an independent expedition from Cuba against Vera Cruz and Tampico, and to its recent seizure of San Domingo, we may fairly anticipate that a fresh territorial annexation will be attempted under cover of an indignation which it ill becomes the Spanish government, to assume. Whether the Mexicans would again recognize in name the sovereignty of the House of Bourbon, we have no means of forming an opinion, beyond the practical revolt against authority which marks the conduct of the whole people. To overrun Mexico would be very different from overrunning San Domingo, and would, we believe, be impossible. So rich and extensive a country could not be transferred from independence into subordination to another power, without involving a European question. We may be at ease, therefore, in regard to surreptitious resumption of Spanish sovereignty in Mexico; but the conduct of the Spanish government, in this question, as well as in reference to Morocco and San Domingo, serves to imply, that in addition to its desire for domestic prosperity, it is haunted again by the phantasmagoria of its ancient conquests, and aspires, at some day, to restore the dominion that was once known as Spain and the Indies.

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"ARTIST AND MAN."—At the theater of Nice, recently, in the performance of "La Cenerentola," one of the actresses, Mademoiselle Mistrali Vetant, having gone too near the footlights, set fire to her dress; but Ronconi, who was singing by her side as Don Magnifico, extinguish-

ed the flame by pressing the dress between his hands. In so doing, strange to say, he did not interrupt for a moment the *morceau* he was singing, and the actress, on her part deriving confidence from his remarkable calmness, went on with the performance as if nothing had happened.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE LADY OF LA GARAYE.\*

[A word may add interest to the reader. The Hon. Mrs. Norton is granddaughter of the celebrated Sheridan, and of the Earl of Antrim on her mother's side. She was born in 1808. Married to the Hon. Mr. Norton in 1827, brother of Lord Grantly. The union was unhappy, and our readers may remember the occurrences with Lord Melbourne in 1836, then Prime Minister, which caused a good deal of talk; and, in her lines to the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Norton feelingly alludes to the slanders which she suffered on that occasion. These incidents may explain in some degree the touching tones of sorrow which seem to breathe out in this poem. In Volume Twenty of THE ECLECTIC we published a fine portrait of Mrs. Norton.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

It is nowadays not merely pleasant, but a positive relief to meet with a writer of poetry, who imitates no one, and would have been precisely what she is had Tennyson never written a line. The individuality of this poem is perfect. There is no obtrusion of self, and yet you can not forget who the relater of the story is. The fusion of the writer in the heroine is quite unconscious, and yet it imparts a singular sense of truth and depth unattainable without it. Where, in this true story of La Garaye, Mrs. Norton deals with feelings, she is declaratory rather than descriptive, and opens out a picture of womanly sorrow, and of the transition or rather sublimation of character and affections, singular in its tender grace and coloring, and quite marvelous in the pre-Raphaelite penciling of its details.

There is no where a more delicate and touching analysis of female sorrow and of that feminine jealousy, not vulgar doubt and passion, no reproachful suspicion of the beloved one's faith and love, but the untold forebodings of a mind darkened by the melancholy distrust of the old charm in which that allegiance was made lighter than liberty itself, and needed not the sad auxiliary of pity.

The dedication to the Marquis of Lansdowne betrays the saddened and retrospective feeling that pervades the poem, and, rightly read, supplies a key to much of its beauty and melancholy.

"The joy that budded on my own youth's bloom,

When life wore still a glory and a gloss,

\* *The Lady of La Garaye.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Macmillan & Co., London.

Is hidden from me in the silent tomb;  
Smiting with premature unnatural loss,

So that my very soul is wrung with pain,  
Meeting old friends whom most I love to see.  
Where are the younger lives, since these  
remain?

I weep the eyes that should have wept for  
me!

But all the more I cling to those who speak,  
Like thee, in tones unaltered by my change;  
Greeting my saddened glance and faded  
cheek

With the same welcome that seemed sweet  
and strange

In early days: when, I of gifts made proud,  
That could the notice of such men beguile,  
Stood listening to thee in some brilliant  
crowd,

With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.

Oh! little now remains of all that was!

Even for this gift of linking measured words,  
My heart oft questions, with discouraged  
pause,

Does music linger in the slackening chords?

Yet, friend, I feel not that all power is fled,  
While offering to thee, for the kindly years,  
The intangible gift of thought, whose silver  
thread

Heaven keeps untarnished by our bitterest  
tears.

So, in the brooding calm that follows woe,  
This tale of La Garaye I fain would tell,  
As, when some earthly storm hath ceased to  
blow;

And the huge mounting sea hath ceased to  
swell;

After the maddening wrecking and the roar,  
The wild high dash, the moaning sad re-  
treat,

Some cold slow wave creeps faintly to the  
shore,

And leaves a white shell at the gazer's feet."

The "prologue" is in the same spirit. Ruins and their associations, a picture and a moral. The picture so breezy and fragrant and rich withal, with its insect hum and ivy rustle, and its dim and holy isolation, the moral suggested rather than spoken—"Vanity of vanities"—heard clear and plaintive (no scoff or cynicism here!) "like music on the waters."

"Ruins! a charm is in the word,  
It makes us smile, it makes us sigh,  
'Tis like the note of some spring bird  
Recalling other springs gone by,  
And other woodnotes which we heard  
With some sweet face in some green lane,  
And never can so hear again!  
Ruins! they were not desolate  
To us, the ruins we remember:  
Early we came and lingered late,  
Through bright July, or rich September;  
With young companions wild with glee,  
We feasted 'neath some spreading tree—  
And looked into their laughing eyes,  
And mocked the echo for replies.  
Oh! eyes—and smiles—and days of yore,  
Can nothing your delight restore?  
Return!  
Return? in vain we listen;  
Those voices have been lost to earth!  
Our hearts may throb, our eyes may glisten,  
They'll call no more in love or mirth.  
For, like a child sent out to play,  
Our youth hath had its holiday,  
And silence deepens where we stand  
Lone as in some foreign land,  
Where our language is not spoken,  
And none know our hearts are broken.  
Ruins! how we loved them then!  
How we loved the haunted glen  
Which gray towers overlook,  
Mirrored in the glassy brook.  
How we dreamed, and how we guessed,  
Looking up with earnest glances,  
Where the black crow built its nest,  
And we built our wild romances;  
Tracing in the crumbled dwelling,  
Bygone tales of no one's telling!"

"Now a song, high up and clear,  
Like a lark's, enchants the ear;  
Or some happy face looks down,  
Looking, oh! so fresh and fair,  
Wearing youth's most glorious crown,  
One rich braid of golden hair.  
Or two hearts that wildly beat,  
And two pair of eager feet,  
Linger in the turret's bend,  
As they side by side ascend,  
For the momentary bliss  
Of a lover's stolen kiss;  
And emerge into the shining  
Of that summer day's declining,  
Disengaging clasping hands  
As they meet their comrade bands,  
With the smile that lately hovered,

(Making lips and eyes so bright,  
And the blush which darkness covered  
Mantling still in rosy light!"

The story is literally true. Its incidents are few, but most affecting; and Mrs. Norton has, with a reverence for its sad reality, in which taste and feeling will equally sympathize, refused to tamper with its delicate and simple outline. She has interpolated and omitted nothing; but the mellow and tender lights in which it is exhibited are all her own. Not only the material but the mental world of its chief actors returns at her musical summons to life, motion, and color. The roofless chateau, the tangled brake, and desolated gardens, the void and silent courts, and dismantled gate-piers, forget the ruin and neglect of a hundred years, and rise and expand in the music and glories of a by-gone spring. With a power much rarer, and, to an intelligent reader, far more striking, she revives, perhaps creates, the feelings whose exquisite coloring and gradations constitute the chief and peculiar charm of the poem.

The same spirit of reality, which is one striking characteristic of this graceful volume, is discernible in the sketches from Mrs. Norton's own hand, which accompany its pages. The two views—one of the ruins of the chateau, the other of the tall ivy-mantled piers of its gateway—strike the sense at once, as a literal and simple transcript of actual things, neither idealized, nor improved upon, but with a religious literality set down just as they are.

Something of this reality, as well as of the sentiment of the tale, is, no doubt, due to the tone of the writer's mind—a profound sympathy with the grief, and a special one with the consolation of her story.

The Count de La Garaye is a fine portrait of the noblesse who spent their lives upon their estates, among the honorable traditions of old French chivalry, untainted by court profligacy and hardness of heart—refined, honorable, brave, and charitable—a type rarer and still rarer as the Revolution approached.

"And merry is it in his spacious halls;  
Cheerful the host whatever sport befalls,  
Cheerful and courteous, full of manly grace,  
His heart's frank welcome written in his face;  
So eager, that his pleasure never cloy,  
But glad to share whatever he enjoys:  
Rich, liberal, gayly dressed, of noble mien,



Clear eyes—full curving mouth—and brow  
 serene;  
 Master of speech in many a foreign tongue,  
 And famed for feats of arms, although so  
 young.  
 Dexterous in fencing, skilled in horseman-  
 ship—  
 His voice and hand preferred to spur or  
 whip;  
 Quick at a jest and smiling repartee,  
 With a sweet laugh that sounded frank and  
 free;  
 But holding satire an accursed thing,  
 A poisoned javelin or a serpent's sting;  
 Pitiful to the poor; of courage high;  
 A soul that could all turns of fate defy:  
 Gentle to women; reverent to old age;  
 What more, young Claud, could men's esteem  
 engage?  
 What more be given to bless thine earthly  
 state,  
 Save Love—which still must crown the hap-  
 piest fate?  
 Love, therefore, came—that sunbeam lit his  
 life,  
 And where he wooed, he won, a gentle wife  
 Born, like himself, of lineage brave and  
 good;  
 And like himself, of warm and eager mood;  
 Glad to share gladness, pleasure to impart,  
 With dancing spirits and a tender heart."

The few lines describing the lady's  
 share in his field sports—"She was not  
 bold from boldness, but from love"—are  
 exquisite.

"Pleased too to share the manlier sports which  
 made  
 The joy of his young hours. No more afraid  
 Of danger, than the seabird, used to soar  
 From the high rocks above the ocean's roar,  
 Which dips its slant wing in the wave's  
 white crest,  
 And deems the foamy undulations, rest."

The court of the chateau is all astir  
 with animated preparation for the chase,  
 amid which we first behold the lady  
 thus:

"Like a sweet picture doth the lady stand,  
 Still blushing as she bows; one tiny hand  
 Hid by a pearl-embroidered gauntlet, holds  
 Her whip, and her long robe's exuberant  
 folds.  
 The other hand is bare, and from her eyes  
 Shades now and then the sun, or softly lies,  
 With a caressing touch, upon the neck  
 Of the dear glossy steed she loves to deck  
 With saddle-housings worked in golden  
 thread,  
 And golden bands upon his noble head.  
 White is the little hand whose taper fingers  
 Smooth his fine coat—and still the lady  
 lingers,  
 Leaning against his side; nor lifts her head,

But gently turns as gathering footsteps  
 tread;  
 Reminding you of doves with shifting throats,  
 Brooding in sunshine by their sheltering  
 cotes.  
 Under her plumed hat her wealth of curls  
 Falls down in golden links among her pearls,  
 And the rich purple of her velvet vest  
 Slims the young waist, and rounds the grace-  
 ful breast."

The course of life at La Garaye, "care-  
 less but not impure," among rural sports  
 and festive gayeties, is sketched with the  
 touch of Wouvermans or Watteau. But  
 there is something higher and finer in  
 this:

"They woke to gladness as the morning broke;  
 Their very voices kept, when'er they spoke,  
 A ring of joy, a harmony of life,  
 That made you bless the husband and the  
 wife.  
 And every day the careless festal throng,  
 And every night the dance and feast and  
 song,  
 Shared with young boon companions, marked  
 the time  
 As with a carillon's exulting chime;  
 Where those two entered, gloom passed out  
 of sight,  
 Chased by the glow of their intense delight."

This chase, for which we saw the lady  
 about to mount, is doomed to be her last.  
 A torrent intercepts their course—the  
 Count clears it—vainly, with voice and  
 gesture, warning her back.

"In vain: the pleasant voice she loved so well  
 Feebly echoed through that dreadful dell,  
 The voice that was the music of her home  
 Shouted in vain across that torrent's foam.  
 He saw her, pausing on the bank above;  
 Saw—like a dreadful vision of his love—  
 That dazzling dream stand on the edge of  
 death:  
 Saw it—and stared—and prayed—and held  
 his breath.  
 Bright shone the autumn sun on wood and  
 plain;  
 On the steed's glossy flanks and flowing  
 mane;  
 On the wild silver of the rushing brook;  
 On his wife's smiling and triumphant look;  
 Bright waved against the sky her wind-tost  
 plume,  
 Bright on her freshened cheek the healthy  
 bloom—  
 Oh! all bright things, how could ye end in  
 doom?"

The Countess and her palfrey fall head-  
 long from the overhanging bank into the  
 stream. Every line in the description of  
 the Count's frantic struggle to reach her,  
 quivers and tugs with an agony of energy.  
 He does reach her—

"He's with her! Is he dying too? His blood  
Beats no more to and fro. His abstract mood  
Weighs like a nightmare. Something well  
he knows  
Is horrible, and still the horror grows;  
But what it is, or how it came to pass,  
Or why he lies half fainting on the grass,  
Or what he strove to clutch at in his fall,  
Or why he had no power for help to call—  
This is confused and lost."

So the lady, all but lifeless, is conveyed  
to the chateau. There, after long suffering,  
she so far recovers that her life is no  
longer in danger. But her reprieve is a  
sad one. Henceforward that which from  
some one fated hour and misadventure be-  
falls many another mortal, has befallen the  
Lady of La Garaye; and though life goes  
on—in a certain sense, the same life—its  
spirit and character are changed, like one  
of our melodies on a sudden transposed,  
thenceforward to move slowly and wildly,  
and in a minor key.

"Long as the vacant life trained idly by,  
She pressed her pillow with a restless sigh—  
'To-morrow, surely, I shall stronger feel!'  
To-morrow! But the slow days onward  
steal,  
And find her still with feverish aching head—  
Still cramped with pain—still lingering in  
her bed—  
Still sighing out the tedium of the time—  
Still listening to the clock's recurring chime,  
As though the very hours that struck were  
foes,  
And might, but would not, grant complete  
repose,  
Until the skilled physician—sadly bold  
From frequent questioning—her sentence  
told!  
That no good end could come to her faint  
yearning—  
That no bright hour should see her health  
returning;  
That changeful seasons—not for one dark  
year,  
But on through life—must teach her how to  
bear;  
For through all springs, with rainbow-tinted  
showers,  
And through all summers, with their wealth  
of flowers,  
And every autumn, with its harvest-home,  
And all white winters of the time to come,  
Crooked and sick forever she must be;  
Her life of wild activity and glee  
Was with the past—the future was a life  
Dismal and feeble, full of suffering, rife  
With chill denials of accustomed joy,  
Continual torment and obscure annoy.  
Blighted in all bloom, her withered frame  
Must now inherit age—young but in name.  
Never could she, at close of some long day  
Of pain, that strove with hope, exulting lay

A tiny, new-born infant on her breast,  
And in the soft lamp's glimmer sink to  
rest;  
The strange corporeal weakness sweetly  
blent  
With a delicious dream of full content—  
With pride of motherhood and thankful  
prayers,  
And a confused glad sense of novel cares,  
And peeps into the future, brightly given,  
As though her babe's blue eyes turned earth  
to heaven!  
Never again could she, when Claud returned  
After brief absence, and her fond heart  
yearned  
To see his earnest eyes with upward glanc-  
ing,  
Greet her known windows, even while yet  
advancing—  
Fly with light footsteps down the great hall-  
stair,  
And give him welcome in the open air  
As though she were too glad to see him  
come,  
To wait till he should enter happy home,  
And there, quick-breathing, glowing, spark-  
ling, stand;  
His arm round her slim waist—hand locked  
in hand—  
The mutual kiss exchanged of happy greet-  
ing,  
That needs no secrecy of lovers' meeting;  
While giving welcome, also, in their way,  
Her dogs barked rustling round him, wild  
with play,  
And voices called, and hasty steps replied,  
And the sleek fiery steed was led aside,  
And the gray seneschal came forth and  
smiled,  
Who held him in his arms while yet a child;  
And cheery jinglings from unfastened doors,  
And vaulted echoes through long corridors,  
And distant bells that thrill along the wires,  
And stir of logs that heap up autumn fires,  
Crowned the glad eager bustle that makes  
known  
The master's step is on his threshold-stone!"

"This is the life whose dreadful dawn must  
rise  
When the night lifts, within whose gloom  
she lies:  
Hope, on whose lingering help she leaned so  
late,  
Struck from her clinging by the sword of  
fate:  
That wild word NEVER, to her shrinking gaze,  
Seems written on the wall in fiery rays.  
Never! Our helpless changeful natures  
shrink  
Before that word, as from the grave's cold  
brink!  
Set us a term, whereto we must endure,  
And you shall find our crown of patience  
sure;  
But the irrevocable smites us down—  
Helpless we lie before the eternal frown;

Waters of Marah whelm the blinded soul,  
 Stifle the heart and drown our self-control.  
 So when she heard the grave physician speak,  
 Horror crept through her veins, who, faint  
 and weak,  
 And tortured by all motion, yet had lain  
 With a meek cheerfulness that conquered  
 pain,  
 Hoping, till that dark hour. Give back the  
 hope,  
 Though years rise sad with intervening  
 scope!  
 Scarce can those radiant eyes with sickly  
 stare  
 Yet comprehend that sentence of despair;  
 Crooked and sick forever! crooked and sick!  
 She, in whose veins the passionate blood ran  
 quick  
 As leaps the rivulet from the mountain  
 hight,  
 That dances rippling into summer light;  
 She, on whose cheek the rich bloom always  
 staid,  
 And only deepened to a lovelier shade;  
 She, whose fleet limbs no exercise could tire,  
 When wild hill-climbing wooed her spirit  
 higher!  
 Knell not above her bed this funeral chime;  
 Bid her be prisoner for a certain time,  
 Tell her blank years must waste in that  
 changed home,  
 But not forever—not for life to come;  
 Let infinite torture be her daily guest,  
 But set a term, beyond which shall be rest.  
 In vain! she sees that trembling fountain  
 rise,  
 Tears of compassion in an old man's eyes;  
 And in low pitying tones again he tells  
 The doom that sounds to her like funeral  
 bells.  
 Long on his face her wistful gaze she kept,  
 Then dropped her head, and wildly moaned  
 and wept,  
 Shivering through every limb, as lightning  
 thought  
 Smote her with all the endless ruin wrought.  
 Never to be a mother! never give  
 Another life beyond her own to live—  
 Never to see her husband bless their child,  
 Thinking (dear blessed thought!) like him it  
 smiled;  
 Never again with Claude to walk or ride,  
 Partake his pleasures with a playful pride;  
 But cease from all companionship so shared,  
 And only have the hours his pity spared.  
 His pity—ah! his pity, would it prove  
 As warm and lasting as admiring love?  
 Or would her petty joys' late spoken doom  
 Carry the great joy with them to joy's  
 tomb?  
 Would all the hopes of life at once take  
 wing?  
 The thought went through her with a secret  
 sting,  
 And she repeated, with a moaning cry—  
 'Better to die, O God! 'twere best to die!'

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How this shadow is reflected upon  
 Claud, the lines which follow very beautifully describe—

"And Claud also saw  
 That beauty which was once without a flaw,  
 And flushed—but strove to hide the sense of  
 shock,  
 The feelings that some witchcraft seemed to  
 mock.  
 Are those her eyes—those eyes so full of  
 pain?  
 Her restless looks, that hunt for ease in  
 vain?  
 Is that her step, that halt, uneven tread?  
 Is that her blooming cheek, so pale and  
 dead!  
 Is that the querulous anxious mind that  
 tells  
 Its little ills, and on each ailment dwells—  
 The spirit alert, which early morning stirred,  
 Even as it rouses every gladsome bird,  
 Whose chorus of irregular music goes  
 Up with the dew that leaves the sun-touched  
 rose?  
 Oh! altered, altered—even the smile is  
 gone,  
 Which, like a sunbeam, once exulting  
 shone!  
 Smiles have returned, but not the smiles of  
 yore—  
 The joy, the youth, the triumph, are no  
 more.  
 An anxious smile remains, that disconnects  
 Smiling from gladness—one that more de-  
 jects  
 Than floods of passionate weeping, for it  
 tries  
 To contradict the question of our eyes;  
 We say—'Thou'rt pained, poor heart, and  
 full of woe!  
 It drops that shining veil, and answers—  
 'No.'"

And now comes that sad jealousy of  
 which we spoke:

"But something sadder even than her pain  
 Torments her now, and thrills each languid  
 vein:  
 Love's tender instinct feels through every  
 nerve  
 When love's desires, or love itself doth  
 swerve.  
 All the world's praise reschoed to the sky,  
 Cancels not blame that shades a lover's  
 eye;  
 All the world's blame, which scorn for scorn  
 repays,  
 Fails to disturb the joy of lover's praise.  
 Ah! think not vanity alone doth deck  
 With rounded pearls the young girl's inno-  
 cent neck,  
 Who in her duller days contented tries  
 The homely robe, that with no rival vies,  
 But on the happy night she hopes to meet

The one to whom she comes with trembling  
feet,  
With crimson roses decks her bosom fair,  
Warm as the thoughts of love all glowing  
there,  
Because she must his favorite colors wear ;  
And all the bloom and beauty of her youth  
Can scarce repay, she thinks, her lover's  
truth."

"Gertrude of La Garaye thy heart is sore—  
A worm is gnawing at the rose's core ;  
A doubt corrodeth all thy tender trust—  
The freshness of thy day is choked in dust.  
Not for the pain, although the pain be  
great—

Not for the change, though changed be all  
thy state ;

But for a sorrow, dumb and unrevealed,  
Most from its cause with mournful care con-  
cealed—

From Claud, who goes and who returns with  
sighs,

And gazes on his wife with wistful eyes,  
And muses in his brief and cheerless rides  
If her dull mood will mend ; and inly chides  
His own sad spirit, that sinks down so low,  
Instead of lifting her from all her woe ;  
And thinks if he but loved her less, that he  
Could cheer her drooping soul with gayety ;  
But wonders evermore that beauty's loss  
To such a soul should seem so sore a cross.  
Until one evening in that quiet hush  
That lulls the falling day, when all the gush  
Of various sounds seems buried with the  
sun,  
He told his thought.

As winter streamlets run,  
Freed by some sudden thaw, and swift make  
way,

Into the natural channels where they play,  
So leaped her young heart to his tender tone,  
So answering to his warmth, resumed her  
own ;

And all her doubt and all her grief confest,  
Leaning her faint head on his faithful breast.

"Not always, Claud, did I my beauty prize—  
Thy words first made it precious in my  
eyes,

And till thy fond voice made the gift seem  
rare—

Nor tongue nor mirror taught me I was fair.  
I recked no more of beauty in that day  
Of happy girlishness and childlike play,  
Than some poor woodland bird who stays  
his flight

On some low bough when summer days are  
bright,

And in that pleasant sunshine sits and sings,  
And beaks the plumage of his glistening  
wings,

Recks of the passer-by, who stands to praise  
His feathered smoothness and his thrilling  
lays.

But now I make my moan—I make my  
moan—

I weep the brightness lost, the beauty gone ;  
Because now fading is to fall from thee,  
As the dead fruit falls blighted from the  
tree ;

For thee—not vanished loveliness—I weep,  
My beauty was a spell thy love to keep ;  
For I have heard and read how men forsake  
When time and tears that gift of beauty  
take,

Nor care although the heart they leave may  
break !

A husband's love was there—a husband's  
love,

Strong, comforting, all other loves above ;  
On her bowed neck he laid his tender hand,  
And his voice steadied to his soul's com-  
mand ;

'O thou mistaken and unhappy child !

Still thy complainings, for thy words are  
wild ;

Thy beauty, though so perfect, was but one  
Of the bright ripples dancing to the sun,  
Which from the hour I hoped to call thee  
wife,

Glanced down the silver stream of happy  
life.

Whatever change Time's heavy clouds may  
make,

Those are the waters which my thirst shall  
slake.

River of all my hopes thou wert and art,  
The current of thy being bears my heart—  
Whether it sweep along in shine or shade,  
By barren rocks, or banks in flowers ar-  
rayed,

Foam with the storm, or glide in soft re-  
pose—

In that deep channel love unswerving flows !

But she again—"Alas ! not from distrust,  
I mourn, dear Claud, nor yet to thee unjust.

I love thee—I believe thee ; yea, I know  
Thy very soul is wrung to see my woe ;

The earthquake of compassion trembles still  
Within its depths, and conquers natural  
will.

But after, after, when the shock is past—  
When cruel Time, who flies to change so  
fast,

Hath made my suffering an accustomed  
thing,

And only left me slowly withering ;  
Then will the empty days rise chill and lorn,

The lonely evening, the unwelcome morn,  
Until thy path at length be brightly crost

By some one holding all that I have lost ;  
Some one with youthful eyes, enchanting  
bright,

Full as the morning of a liquid light ;  
And while my pale lip stiff and sad remains,

Her smiles shall thrill like sunbeams through  
thy veins :

I shall fade down, and she with simple art,  
All bloom and beauty, dance into thy heart !

Then, then, my Claud, shall I—at length  
alone—



Recede from thee with an unnoticed moan,  
Sink where none heed me, and be seen no  
more.'

Claud's gentle and tender answer follows, ending which he says :

" 'Let those who can in transient loves rejoice,  
Still to new hopes breathe forth successive  
sighs—  
Give me the music of the accustomed voice,  
And the sweet light of long familiar eyes !'  
He ceased. But she, for all his fervent  
speech,  
Sighed as she listened. 'Claud, I can not  
reach  
The summit of the hope where thou wouldst  
set me,  
And all I crave is never to forget me !  
Wedded I am to pain, and not to thee,  
Thy life's companion I no more can be ;  
For thou remainest all thou wert—but I  
Am a fit bride for death, and long to die :  
Yea, long for death, for thou wouldst miss me  
then  
More even than now, in mountain and in  
glen ;  
And musing by the white tomb where I lay,  
Think of the happier time and earlier day,  
And wonder if the love another gave  
Equalled the passion buried in that grave.' "

Again he replies, and his last words we quote, and with them, the sweet lines which close the scene :

" 'Oh ! loved even to the brim of love's fall  
fount,  
Wilt thou set nothing to firm faith's ac-  
count ?  
Choke back thy tears which are my bitter  
smart,  
Lean thy dear head upon my aching heart ;  
It may be, God, who saw our careless life,  
Not sinful, yet not blameless, my sweet  
wife,  
(Since all we thought of, in our youth's  
bright May,  
Was but the coming joy, from day to day ;)  
Hath blotted out all joy to bid us learn  
That this is not our home ; and make us turn  
From the enchanted earth, where much was  
given.  
To higher aims, and a forgotten heaven.'  
So spoke her love—and wept in spite of  
words ;  
While her heart echoed all his heart's ac-  
cords ;  
And leaning down, she said, with whispering  
sigh,  
'I sinned, my Claud, in wishing so to die.'  
Then they, who oft in love's delicious bowers  
Had fondly wasted glad and passionate  
hours,  
Kissed with a mutual moan : but o'er their  
lips

Love's light passed clear, from under life's  
eclipse."

The relief, however, is but momentary ;  
the old yearnings return ; and the melo-  
dious lines that follow describe her sad  
estate.

" It may not be ! Blighted are summer  
hours !  
The bee goes booming through the plats of  
flowers,  
The butterfly its tiny mate pursues  
With rapid fluttering of its painted hues,  
The thin-winged gnats their transient time  
employ  
Reeling through sunbeams in a dance of joy,  
The small field-mouse with wide transparent  
ears  
Comes softly forth, and softly disappears  
The dragon-fly hangs glittering on the reed,  
The spider swings across his filmy thread,  
And gleaming fishes, darting to and fro,  
Make restless silver in the pools below.  
All these poor lives—these lives of small  
account,  
Feel the ethereal thrill within them mount,  
But the great human life—the life divine—  
Rests in dull torture, heavy and supine,  
And the bird's song, by Garaye's walls of  
stone,  
Crosses within the irrepressible moan !"

As we draw near the close of the tale,  
its beautiful moral begins to open :

" Was then DESPAIR the end of all this woe ?  
Far off the angel voices answer, No !  
Devils despair, for they believe and trem-  
ble ;  
But man believes and hopes. Our griefs re-  
semble  
Each other but in this. Grief comes from  
Heaven ;  
Each thinks his own the bitterest trial  
given ;  
Each wonders at the sorrows of his lot ;  
His neighbor's sufferings presently forgot,  
Though wide the difference which our eyes  
can see  
Not only in grief's kind, but its degree.  
God grants to some all joys for their posses-  
sion,  
Nor loss, nor cross, the favored mortal  
mourns ;  
While some toil on, outside those bounds of  
blessing,  
Whose weary feet forever tread on thorns.  
But over all our tears God's rainbow bends ;  
To all our cries a pitying ear he lends ;  
Yea, to the feeble sound of man's lament  
How often have his messengers been sent !"

There comes to the chateau a Bene-  
dictine prior, a breathing, Titian-like por-  
trait of the finest type of the Roman ec-  
clesiastic.

"He sits by Gertrude's couch and patient listens  
 To her wild grieving voice; his dark eye  
 glistens  
 With tearful sympathy for that young wife,  
 Telling the torture of her broken life;  
 And when he answers her she seems to  
 know  
 The peace of resting by a river's flow.  
 Tender his words, and eloquently wise;  
 Mild the pure fervor of his watchful eyes;  
 Meek with serenity of constant prayer  
 The luminous forehead, high and broad and  
 bare;  
 The thin mouth, though not passionless, yet  
 still;  
 With a sweet calm that speaks an angel's  
 will,  
 Resolving service to his God's behest,  
 And ever musing how to serve him best.  
 Not old, nor young; with manhood's gentlest  
 grace;  
 Pale to transparency, the pensive face,  
 Pale not with sickness, but with studious  
 thought,  
 The body tasked, the fine mind overwrought;  
 With something faint and fragile in the  
 whole,  
 As though 'twere but a lamp to hold a soul.  
 Such was the friend who came to La Ga-  
 raye  
 And Claud and Gertrude lived to bless the  
 day!"

He reasons simply and gently with the  
 poor lady of La Garaye. He shows her  
 the vanity of the world, the common  
 misery of man, and gently and firmly,  
 but without upbraiding, points out to  
 her all the alleviations with which for-  
 tune and circumstance surround her. He  
 contrasts with her favored lot in sickness  
 and helplessness the terrible aggrava-  
 tions that beset and overpower the poor,  
 and he paints sorrows more dismal and  
 appalling than her own, in melancholy  
 variety. In this sad and solemn homily,  
 picture succeeds picture in powerful and  
 striking contrast:

"What hath the slandered done, who vainly  
 strives  
 To set his life among untarnished lives?  
 Whose bitter cry for justice only fills  
 The myriad echoes lost among life's hills;  
 Who hears for evermore the self-same lie  
 Clank clog-like at his heel when he would  
 try  
 To climb above the loathly creeping things,  
 Whose venom poisons, and whose fury  
 stings,  
 And so slides back; forever doomed to hear  
 This old witch, Malice, hiss with serpent leer  
 The old hard falsehood to the old bad end,  
 Helped, it may be, by some traducing  
 friend,

Or one rocked with him on one mother's  
 breast,  
 Learned in the art of where to smite him  
 best."

"The death of the FORSAKEN! lone he lies,  
 His sultry noon, fretted by slow black flies,  
 That settle on pale cheek and quivering  
 brow  
 With a soft torment. The increasing glow  
 Brings the full shock of day; the hot air  
 grows  
 Impure alike from action and repose;  
 Bruised fruit, and faded flowers, and dung  
 and dust,  
 The rich man's stew-pan, and the beggar's  
 crust,  
 Poison the faint lips opening hot and dry,  
 Loathing the plague they breathe with gasp-  
 ing sigh,  
 The thick oppression of its stifling heat,  
 The busy murmur of the swarming street,  
 The roll of chariots and the rush of feet;  
 With the tormenting music's nasal twang  
 Distorting melodies his loved ones sang!

"Last cometh on the night—the hot, bad  
 night,  
 With less of all—of heat, of dust, of light;  
 And leaves him watching, with a helpless  
 stare,  
 The theme of no one's hope and no one's  
 care!  
 The cresset lamp, that stands so grim and  
 tall,  
 Widens and wavers on the upper wall;  
 And calming down from day's perpetual  
 storm  
 His thoughts' dark chaos takes some certain  
 form,  
 And he begins to pine for joys long lost,  
 Or hopes unrealized; till bruised and  
 tossed,  
 He sends his soul vain journeys through the  
 gloom,  
 For radiant eyes that should have wept his  
 doom.  
 Then clasps his hands in prayer, and for a  
 time,  
 Gives aspirations unto things sublime;  
 But sinking to some speck of sorrow, found  
 Some point which, like a little festering  
 wound,  
 Holds all his share of pain—he gazes round,  
 Seeking some vanished form, some hand  
 whose touch  
 Would almost cure him; and he yearns so  
 much,  
 That passionate painful sobs his breathing  
 choke,  
 And the thin bubble of his dream hath  
 broke!"

So the lady of La Garaye finds a new  
 interest and a noble consolation, toned by  
 religion and brightened with a serene

and eternal hope, in a life of active and self-devoted charity, in which her noble husband joins heart and hand. Thus, after the glory of their early joy is set, and an interval of troubled darkness, there rises over the silence of the scene a tranquil, silvery, and beautiful light, amid which we leave them, serenely awaiting the great day-spring that will flood the world with imperishable glory, a jubilee of adoration, gratitude, and all beautiful affections—eternal youth—the body redeemed, and the spirit made perfect.

The institutions founded by their charity have survived all other monuments of their early splendor and ancient name.

"Still thrives the noble hospital that gave  
Shelter to those whom none from pain could  
save;  
Still to the schools the ancient chiming  
clock  
Calls the poor yearlings of a simple flock:  
Still the calm refuge for the fallen and lost,  
(Whom love a blight and not a blessing  
crossed.)"

The poem reminds us of an image of

Chateaubriand's. It is like a modern writing traced over an ancient manuscript. Beneath the homely and harmonious tale of the personal loves and sorrows of Gertrude and Claud, in bold though subdued characters, are written the grand lessons and principles which enter into the moral history of the entire human race. We are no where quite unconscious of the presence of the sad and higher moral of the tale. In the breaks and pauses of mortal sorrow, it is heard like far-off church-music, solemn and plaintive, toning gradually the wild notes and sobs of human lamentation, until swelling higher and nearer, it absorbs and overpowers them all.

We have long looked in vain for a poem like this, so entirely unaffected, so perfectly original, so true and yet so fanciful, so strong and yet so womanly, with painting so exquisite, with a moral anatomization so sure and subtle, so pure a portraiture of the highest affections and the deepest sorrows, and instilling a lesson so true, simple, and sublime.

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From the London Review.

## HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.\*

It is a pleasant thing to meet with a book which gives us plenty of new facts and new ideas in clear, well-written English. It is pleasant to meet with old facts and ideas strung together in generalizations and theories which invest them with new importance. And it is pleasant to a combative reader to knock down theories too slightly based, and shake in pieces premature generalizations. But it is still more pleasant to find an author who gives us full opportunity to sift his opinions by the frankness and fearlessness with which he proclaims them; and who, equally by the breadth of his facts and

the narrowness of his theory, by the force and honesty of his convictions and the arrogance and audaciousness of his errors, rouses us up to examine, to compare, and to reflect, leaving us, whatever be his own wisdom or folly, most certainly the wiser for his words.

These remarks are especially applicable to Mr. Buckle. His second volume now lies before us, bearing the name of *Civilization in England*, but containing two introductory historical sketches, the one of Spain, the other of Scotland, illustrative of his theory of civilization. In his first volume he gave us a long dissertation to prove that man is not a free and responsible agent, but as much the subject of overruling law as the stars and tides: in this volume he endeavors to

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\* *History of Civilization in England*. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son & Bourn.

show us that communities of men are also under the influences of general causes, which "force" them—that is his very word—to advance or decline. Thus, he says, Spain was from very early times addicted to "loyalty and superstition." The Arian war with France associated the ideas of leadership and religion; for the Spanish chieftains fought for their faith, and thus the first germ was planted of the Spaniards' reverence for king and priest. This was fostered by unparalleled circumstances during eight centuries of struggle between them and their Moorish invaders. That long strife between two races and two faiths could not fail to bind their religion around every condition of their life. In

"three ways the Mohammedan invasion strengthened the devotional feelings of the Spanish people. The first way was by promoting a long and obstinate religious war; the second was by the presence of constant and imminent dangers; and the third way was by the poverty, and therefore the ignorance, which it produced among the Christians."—P. 18.

Just at the end of these eight centuries, when the final conquest of Grenada gave the national energies room to expand, three rulers of great abilities, Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II., working with this strong bent of the nation, and using to the utmost its loyal, religious, and military spirit, not only pressed the Spaniards forward on a course of great power and prosperity, but gave a final stamp to the national character, which has never since been erased.

"So late as 1478, Spain was still broken up into independent and often hostile states: before the year 1590, not only were these fragments firmly consolidated into one kingdom, but acquisitions were made abroad so rapidly as to endanger the independence of Europe. That country, recently torn by civil wars, and distracted by hostile creeds, was able in three generations to annex to her territory the whole of Portugal, Navarre, and Roussillon. By diplomacy, or by force of arms, she acquired Artois and Franche Comté, and the Netherlands; also the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic Islands, and the Canaries. One of her kings was the Emperor of Germany; while his son influenced the councils of England whose queen he married. The Turkish power, then one of the most formidable in the world, was broken and beaten back on every side. The French monarchy was humbled. . . . Out of Europe, the deeds of Spain were equally wonderful. In America, besides Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New-Grenada, Peru, and Chili, the Spaniards

conquered Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and other islands. In Africa, they obtained Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Bougiah, and Tunia, and overawed the whole coast of Barbary. In Asia, they had settlements on each side of the Deccan; they held part of Malacca; and they established themselves in the Spice Islands. Finally, by the conquest of the noble archipelago of the Philippines, they connected their most distant acquisitions, and secured a communication between every part of that enormous empire which girdled the world." . . . Here "we have a great people glowing with military, patriotic, and religious ardor, whose fiery zeal was heightened, rather than softened, by a respectful obedience to their clergy, and by a chivalrous devotion to their kings. The energy of Spain, being thus both animated and controlled, became wary as well as eager; and to this rare union of conflicting qualities we must ascribe the great deeds which have just been related."—Pp. 35, 36.

But what follows?

"The unsound part of a progress of this sort is, that it depends too much on individuals, and therefore can not be permanent. Such a movement can only last as long as it is headed by able men. When, however, competent leaders are succeeded by incompetent ones, the system immediately falls to the ground, simply because the people have been accustomed to supply to every undertaking the necessary zeal, but have not been accustomed to supply the skill by which the zeal is guided."

Hence when "the government slackened its hold, the nation fell to pieces." Three kings, as in efficient as their predecessors were able, occupied the throne from 1598 to 1700; and

"so rapid was the fall of Spain, that in only three reigns after the death of Philip II., the most powerful monarchy existing in the world was depressed to the lowest point of debasement, was insulted with impunity by foreign nations, was reduced more than once to bankruptcy, was stripped of her fairest possessions, was held up to public opprobrium, was made a theme on which school-boys and moralists loved to declaim respecting the uncertainty of human affairs, and, at length, was exposed to the bitter humiliation of seeing her territories mapped out and divided by a treaty in which she took no share."—P. 41.

The deep-rooted loyalty and superstition of the Spaniards bore their natural fruit; the Church rose and triumphed under the weak yoke of its kings; the banishment of the Moriscos impoverished the realm, and the people groveled in ignorance and abject submission. Of the latter half of the seventeenth century it is said: "The poverty and wretchedness of the people surpassed all description."



"The once rich and prosperous country was covered with a rabble of monks and clergy." "In every department all power and life disappeared." "Another account describes this once mighty kingdom as utterly unprotected; the frontier towns ungarrisoned; the fortifications dilapidated and crumbling away; the magazines without ammunition; the arsenals empty; the workshops unemployed; and even the art of building ships entirely lost."—Pp. 72-5.

In 1700 the Bourbon dynasty introduced somewhat better kings and ministers; but no Spaniard was deemed competent to hold the helm of state. But though ministers and kings, especially Charles III., (1759-88,) strove hard to raise the nation by reforms and improvements, the nation would not rise. "The spirit of the country was broken, and nothing could retrieve it."

"Foreign influence, and the complications of foreign politics, bestowed enlightened rulers upon an unenlightened country. The consequence was, that, for a time, great things were done. Evils were removed, grievances were redressed, many important improvements were introduced; . . . but the mind of Spain was untouched. While the surface and, as it were, the symptoms of affairs were ameliorated, affairs themselves remained unchanged; . . . and at length the reaction came. In 1788 Charles III. died; . . . and was succeeded by Charles IV., a king of the true Spanish breed, devout, orthodox, and ignorant. . . . In less than five years every thing was changed. The power of the Church was restored; the slightest approach toward free discussion was forbidden; the priests reassumed their former importance, literary men were intimidated, and literature was discouraged; while the Inquisition, starting up afresh, displayed an energy which caused its enemies to tremble. . . . Once more was Spain covered with darkness; once more did the shadows of night overtake that wretched land."—Pp. 130-2.

And what was the cause of this lamentable arrest of the progress of civilization? Mr. Buckle will tell us that also.

"All these things were natural and in order. They were the result of a long train of causes, the operation of which I have endeavored to trace, during thirteen centuries, since the outbreak of the Arian war. Those causes forced the Spaniards to be superstitious, and it was idle mockery to seek to change their nature by legislation. The only remedy for superstition is knowledge. Nothing else can wipe out that plague-spot of the human mind. Without it, the leper remains unwashed, and the slave unfreed. It is to a knowledge of the laws and relations of things, that European civilization is

owing; but it is precisely this in which Spain has always been deficient. . . . The Spaniards have had every thing except knowledge. They have had immense wealth, and fertile and well-peopled territories, in all parts of the globe. . . . They had, at a very early period, ample municipal privileges; they had independent Parliaments; they had the right of choosing their own magistrates, and managing their own cities. They have had rich and flourishing towns, abundant manufactures, and skillful artisans. They have cultivated the fine arts with eminent success; they speak a beautiful and flexible language, and their literature is not unworthy of their language. Their soil yields treasures of every kind. It overflows with wine and oil, produces the choicest fruits in almost tropical exuberance, and contains the most valuable minerals. . . . Nor have the people who possess these gifts ever been deficient in natural endowments. They have had their full share of great statesmen, great kings, great magistrates, and great legislators; and their history is ennobled by the frequent appearance of courageous and disinterested patriots. . . . The bravery of the people has never been disputed; . . . and the honor of a Spanish gentleman has passed into a by-word. Of the nation generally, the best observers pronounce them to be high-minded, generous, truthful, full of integrity, warm and zealous friends, affectionate in all the private relations of life, frank, charitable, and humane; they are, moreover, eminently temperate and frugal. Yet all these great qualities have availed them nothing, and will avail them nothing, so long as they remain ignorant."—Pp. 142-6.

Let us look a little closer at this theory of Spanish grandeur and decay. We are referred to the course of events, as if nothing could have helped that happening which did happen. Without her threeable rulers Spain must needs have risen, though not so quickly. Without their three imbecile successors she must needs have fallen, though not so soon. It was the action of general causes which forced her to rise and fall. But if this be so, why do not nations rise and fall again and again? There is a peculiarity in human affairs which marks the difference between social and physical laws. If we press down one steel spring by a stronger, it will rise immediately when the pressure is removed; and, if we do it repeatedly, we shall have the same result. So, too, if a rising nation is pressed down by invasion or oppression, we shall see it rise again up to a certain point of prosperity; but if after reaching that point it is pressed down, it seems to lose that elastic power of rising which belonged to it in an earlier stage. It can not be said that in the eighth century the Spaniards were

less ignorant and superstitious than they were in the eighteenth. They had many weak rulers, lawless nobles, and a powerful Church; yet out of that earlier darkness they emerged, and grew into a great people, despite their excessive loyalty and superstition. How was it that the malign influences which insured the fall, did not prevent the rise? We would suggest that there must have been some element in the Spaniard's character or circumstances which for a time did keep, and which might always have kept, his evil genius in check; but this suggestion touches the key-note of the whole difference between us and Mr. Buckle. It is in the fact of opposing qualities and opposing circumstances that we see room for the exercise of choice in individuals and nations. Not one, but many a motive sways us; not one, but many a circumstance, surrounds us; and in the balance of these, nay, in our power to obey the weaker and resist the stronger, consists the highest birthright of man. Times are given to us all, when, by turning this way or that at our pleasure, we can govern future consequences, which in their turn will govern us; especially the time of youth is given, which, by its use or abuse, so much overrules the destiny of the man. This is also true of nations, though not equally true; for a nation is more bound and less free than the individual man. There is scarcely any depth from which a man may not rise: the drunkard, the gambler, even the liar have been reformed; but if a nation become vicious and truthless, how irremediable is its fall! A nation's destiny is regulated by the influence of both material and spiritual laws. Inasmuch as it belongs to this world, and has its rewards and punishments here, it is subject to the laws of cause and effect; and inasmuch as it is composed of individuals whose spirits are free to do good or evil, and whose ultimate tribunal is not here, it is subject to moral and retributive laws. But just so far as men individually use their freedom aright, just so far will they collectively escape from the yoke of antecedent circumstances. We are not speaking of civil, but of human freedom—the power to choose between truth and error, knowledge and ignorance, right and wrong; and we contend that it is the aggregate of individual unfaithfulness to this divine privilege which constitutes a people's

doom. Every nation's fall is a repetition of the tragedy in Paradise. Nations, like their great forefather, are given a period of probation; rich gifts are put into their hand, and a high career is set before them. If they choose right, well; but if not, the divine power of choice is forfeited; they are thrust from the high elevation of free spiritual beings, become miserable victims of surrounding circumstance, and sink helplessly beneath the sway of vice and ignorance, which they had once power to resist, but from which they have apparently no power to escape. Let us apply this interpretation to the history of Spain. Was there ever a nation so richly endowed? Did any other people so rapidly rise, so rapidly fall? Surely there is an *a priori* probability that the Spaniards came into the full play of their national energies at a critical time, and were not true to the crisis. For eight centuries they were struggling up; but in one century they were flung headlong down, like Satan out of heaven. This is not like the slow action of general laws; it looks far more like a retributive sentence. Mr. Buckle gives us but one side of the Spaniards' character—their loyal obedience to priests and kings; and he argues that this quality governed their whole career, and bound them to be submissive, credulous, ignorant, and bigoted. Prescott gives a little more light on this subject; for he says that the Castilians were not only loyally religious, but patriotic, and arrogantly independent; and in strict accordance with this view, we find that up to the end of the fifteenth century Spain had not only a strong body of ecclesiastics, but more powerful nobles, more flourishing cities, and, above all, more free institutions than any other country in Europe, Italy, perhaps, excepted. Mr. Buckle disputes the prevalence of free institutions, and says they were little more than forms of freedom, yielded by weak monarchs, but not engrafted in the spirit of the people. But it is not the custom of monarchs to yield popular rights to those who do not prize them, and the fact of their being possessed is in itself a proof that they are prized. Arragon was especially noted for its independent spirit. Prescott tells us that in that kingdom the Church had much less, and the Commons much more, influence than in Castile; and that there was scarcely a sovereign in Europe pos-

essed of such limited authority as the earlier princes of Arragon. And Robertson observes that Ferdinand was less powerful at home than any of his great European cotemporaries; for "the spirit of liberty was vigorous among the people of Spain, the spirit of independence was high among the nobility." Added to these advantages, a great trust and a great opportunity were given to Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: she was made the mistress of the New World, and was offered the light of the Reformation. Not ten, but a hundred talents were given to Spain. How did she use her splendid gifts? How did she meet the crisis of her probation during the reigns of Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II.? She entered it with independent nobles, free cities, a new world at her feet, and dawning light above her; she passed out of it with the Cortes silenced, the Inquisition established, the colonies fearfully outraged and oppressed, and the light of the Reformation extinguished. Who did all this? Actively, her three able rulers; but passively, every man in Spain who might have said one word or done one deed to prevent it—the proud, brave, strong Spaniards, who so grievously failed in this their day of trial.

We are sometimes able to detect in history the secret springs which have regulated critical movements; and it is curious to see how often they are personal and private, not specially connected with the prevailing prejudices of the age. Individual freedom steps in to form or reform the chain of circumstances. A striking instance of this is recorded in Ranke's account of the Council of Trent. We see there that this great instrument of Romish thralldom was not shaped simply by the ignorance and fanaticism of the age; but that pique and malice, and party feelings, and base love of money or intrigue—in short, the follies and faults of individual men, were largely mingled in the work. So it has happened in the course of Spanish history; some evil has been strengthened, some resistance weakened, by agents acting under personal motives, unconnected with the tendencies of the age. Take, for instance, that singular case in 1506, when the cities which were represented in the Cortes actually opposed the petition of their sister cities who were struggling for the same privilege, in order to preserve the exclusive honor of their own

position—a bit of municipal pride and jealousy, emanating, perhaps, (as municipal acts often do emanate,) from a few influential busy-bodies; and yet what mischief was the result!\* The banishment of the Jews by Ferdinand is another instance. Buckle gives it as one of many proofs of the irresistible bigotry of the age; but Llorente does not scruple to say it was chiefly due to the fact that the confiscation of their goods poured large supplies into the royal treasury. So, also, he tells us that it was a common opinion in Arragon that the Inquisition could never have held its ground but for the decree which confiscated the property of the suspected;† in other words, the nation might have struggled successfully with fanaticism, if it had not been upheld by wealth; in other words, the tendency of the age was borne onward by the avarice, that is, by the sin, of individuals.

We believe that this rule always holds good, though mortal eye can not always detect its operation. We fully believe that human freedom must be accessory in forging claims for the human spirit. Men are free to step down into the slavery of vice and ignorance; yet once under its dominion they are no longer free to rise, but must remain groveling—God knows how long, unhappy Spain!—until his mercy arrest the law of cause and effect, and give to the palsied nation power to rise again.

Mr. Buckle's theory of civilization is a perplexing study. In his sketch of the rise and fall of Spain, he tells us that the progress of nations undeviatingly follows general laws, and that individuals have no power to aid, except by moving with the stream—no power to hinder, except by damming up the water for a time, and thereby adding force to the subsequent rush of the torrent. But in his history of Scotland he warns rulers to let their people alone, because their endeavors to set things right may only set them wrong, and be "extremely hazardous;" while a great nation "does undoubtedly possess within itself a capacity of repairing its injuries," which "merely requires time and freedom to bring it into play." Finally, he shows us that the Scotch nation, with full time and freedom, average knowledge, and more than average power of thought,

\* Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, i. 115.

† Llorente's *History of the Inquisition*.

has not displayed any capacity for repairing one great injury, but is to this day besotted in bigotry and superstition! Here, then, we find, 1. That general causes marshal a nation onward to success or ruin, and that individuals can not materially help or hinder. 2. That rulers may hinder, though it does not appear that they can help, but that a nation left to itself will come right in the end. 3. That nations left to themselves show no sign of yet coming right. This is perplexing. Which and what is Mr. Buckle's theory? Under a system of ordinary creative benevolence we should have supposed it impossible that any nation could be doomed by general causes to ignorance and evil; and that, therefore, both Scotch and Spaniards must be responsible instruments in working out their own destiny: also, that any power which can hinder can undoubtedly help, and that therefore rulers must be responsible instruments in working out their people's destiny. But these inconsistencies are inseparable from Mr. Buckle's position as a historian. A writer who follows one train of thought, or investigates one class of facts, may keep error consistent by keeping it isolated; but it is impossible to invest a broad subject in a narrow theory without exposing the misfit of the theory by a thousand inconsistencies. How can we hope to explain the course of human actions if we ignore half the influences that sway human conduct? That man is governed by general laws, and that he is free to resist those laws, are the two grand correlative principles of history. Mr. Buckle ignores the spontaneity, and then naturally fails in attempting to reconcile half of the principles with the whole of the facts. Too honest to willfully distort his facts, he unconsciously acts Procrustes to his own theory, stretching it here, lopping it there, and making it confused and contradictory. We do not entirely acquit him of giving wrong impressions of history in support of his own opinions; for example, we think, he has given a very erroneous view of the power and freedom of the Spanish people up to the time of Ferdinand V.; but we fully believe he has done it honestly, convinced by his own one-sided theory that their free institutions were external forms, not rooted in the spirit of the people. It is a good guarantee of an author's honesty if

his theory sways hither and thither with the force of his own facts; but it implies that he has not properly worked out his conclusions, and is premature in giving them to the public in their crude form.

Mr. Buckle openly confesses himself perplexed by the history of Scotland. With regard to Spain, he had laid down the rule that a real and practical connection between loyalty and superstition is a general law of the mind, and that an excess of these qualities insures abject ignorance and submission. Here, however, is another country, not loyal, but most superstitious, yet intelligent, civilized, and free.

"Herein lies the apparent paradox and the real difficulty of Scotch history. That knowledge should not have produced the effects which have elsewhere followed it; that a bold and inquisitive literature should be found in a grossly superstitious country, without diminishing its superstition; that the people should constantly withstand their kings, and as constantly succumb to their clergy; that while they are liberal in politics, they should be illiberal in religion; and that, as a natural consequence of all this, men who, in the visible and external department of facts and of practical life, display a shrewdness and a boldness rarely equaled, should, nevertheless, in speculative life, and in matters of theory, tremble like sheep before their pastors, and yield assent to every absurdity they hear, provided their Church has sanctioned it; that these discrepancies should co-exist, seems at first sight a strange contradiction, and is surely a phenomena worthy of our careful study."—P. 160.

To solve this problem is the object of two thirds of Mr. Buckle's volume; and this is the course of his argument: That the physical geography of Scotland, which exposed her rich southern lands to the Romans, and afterward to the English, her western borders to the Irish, and her northern coasts to the Northman, doomed her to continual ravages and long wars, and consequent barbarism, poverty, and ignorance. Hence, cities did not flourish, and warlike chiefs and nobles did flourish—the one less, the other more, than in any country in Europe. Hence, too, the Church rose into great power; but on this point, from which Mr. Buckle labors to deduce the early superstition of Scotland, we are furnished with *a priori* reasoning, instead of actual testimony. The Scotch, it seems, must needs have been a superstitious people; theirs was a gloomy, savage country, apt to impress the imagination with terror; theirs was a suffering, perilous life, apt to make men



call for supernatural help; they were poor, and the Church was wealthy; they were exposed to danger, and the Church was comparatively safe; they had no free cities, nor learned institutions, to counteract the growth of ecclesiastical power.

"By this combination of events, and by this union of ignorance with danger, the clergy had, in the fifteenth century, obtained more influence in Scotland than in any other European country, Spain alone excepted."—P. 194.

Even in the first half of the sixteenth century—

"the whole lay wealth of the kingdom put together was barely equal to the wealth of the Church."—P. 191.

Then, throughout the able reign of James V., the hierarchy was greatly strengthened by close alliance with the Crown; and when, after his death, the nobles succeeded in pulling down that hierarchy, they did not overturn the foundation on which it was based:

"When men are ignorant, they must be superstitious; and wherever superstition exists, it is sure to organize itself into some kind of system, which it makes its home. If you drive it from that home, it will find another. . . . The nobles had overturned the Church, but the principles on which Church authority is based remained intact. All that was done, was to change the name and the form. A new hierarchy was quickly organized, which succeeded the old one in the affections of the people. Indeed, it did more. For, the Protestant clergy, neglected by the nobles, and undowered by the state, had only a miserable pittance whereupon to live; and they necessarily threw themselves into the arms of the people, where alone they could find support and sympathy. Hence, a closer and more intimate union than would otherwise have been possible. Hence, too, the Presbyterian clergy, smarting under the injustice with which they were treated, displayed that hatred of the upper classes, and that peculiar detestation of monarchical government, which they showed whenever they dared. In their pulpits, in their presbyteries, and in their general assemblies, they encouraged a democratic and insubordinate tone, which eventually produced the happiest results, by keeping alive, at a critical moment, the spirit of liberty."—Pp. 232-4.

Having given a brief, spirited sketch of the nobles' struggles with the Romanist and Protestant hierarchies in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; of the troubles and persecutions of the seventeenth century; and of the rapid rise of commerce and literature at the beginning of the eighteenth, our author spares a whole

chapter to enlarge upon the social tyranny, interference, and espionage, the arrogant cant and blasphemy, the wrathful denunciations and curses, the asceticism and fanaticism of the Scotch clergy in the seventeenth century! He sums up his charges thus:

"When the Scotch Kirk was at the height of its power, we may search history in vain for any institution which can compare with it, except the Spanish Inquisition. Between these two, there is a close and intimate analogy; both were intolerant, both were cruel, both made war upon the finest parts of human nature, and both destroyed every vestige of religious freedom. One difference, however, there was, of vast importance. In political matters, the Church, which was servile in Spain, was rebellious in Scotland. Hence, the Scotch always had one direction in which they could speak and act with unrestrained liberty. In politics, they found their vent. There, the mind was free. And this was their salvation. This saved them from the fate of Spain, by securing to them the exercise of those faculties which otherwise would have lain dormant, if, indeed, they had not been entirely destroyed by that long and enfeebling servitude in which their clergy retained them, and from which, but for this favorable circumstance, no escape would have been open."—P. 409.

Lastly, Mr. Buckle gives us, in the sixth chapter, a sketch of the brilliant intellectual achievements of the Scotch in the eighteenth century, and of the method which governed their investigations. Their philosophers were theorists, he tells us, original and often correct theorists; but they reasoned from principles to facts, instead of from facts to principles. Neglecting the evidence of experiment, and the rules of sound induction, they assumed first principles just as much like Scotch divines, and took them on trust just as much like Scotch people. Hence their free speculation did not break those long-formed bonds of submission and superstition which, to this day, are riveted on the nation. To this day—witness that remarkable instance in 1853, when the Scotch Presbytery suggested to Lord Palmerston the propriety of appointing a day of public humiliation for the cholera; and he told them to cleanse their cesspools instead. "This correspondence between the Scotch clergy and the English statesman is not to be regarded as a mere passing episode of light or temporary interest." (P. 595.) We must clearly understand that the testimony of science and theology are at issue. "Science ascribes

to natural causes what theology ascribes to supernatural ones." . . . "Every thing which happens in the material world is the necessary result of something which had previously happened," and "there is no interposition of God." So, too, the fate of nations is the result of preceding and surrounding events, and there is no moral government of God. How can there be, asks this headlong writer, when Omniscience planned creation, and Omnipotence upholds it? To suppose that man can so upset the order of the universe as to make interference necessary, is to suppose "that Omniscience has been deceived, or Omnipotence defeated." (Pp. 596-601.)

Such is the course of Mr. Buckle's argument. We think he has misunderstood Scotch history from the very beginning, and entirely failed to prove the early superstition of the people. He seems to have confounded the power given by church property with the influence derived from church principles; and because abbots and bishops were great ecclesiastical lords, he has assumed that they were also dominant spiritual guides. The contrary seems to have been the case in Scotland to an unusual degree. The people were semi-barbarous, not living, nor acting, nor thinking for themselves. The nobles and clergy alike led their own vassals; but the result of the strife between them shows us the difference between mere wealth and territorial power in a semi-civilized country. If the clergy had half the *money* of the kingdom, they plainly had not half the *men* of the kingdom; and so great was the power of the nobles over Scotchmen, that not even the influence of the crown, thrown more and more on the side of the Church, could keep up the influence of the hierarchy. Though James V. and Beaton triumphed for a time; though, from 1528 to James's death in 1542, the nobles were impoverished, imprisoned, and banished; the temporary victory, as Buckle observes, only provoked a more violent reaction, which ended in the downfall of the Romish Church. He says: "The success or failure of the Reformation in Scotland was simply a question of the success or failure of the nobles; . . . for the people counted for nothing, but followed wherever they were led." That is true only in a civic or political sense; but Mr. Buckle takes no account of the new con-

victions which gave a new aspect to the leadership of the nobles. Yet say that it were wholly true, what becomes of the alleged influence of the clergy, which he has told us was greater in Scotland than in any other European country, Spain alone excepted? How comes it that the people were not led by their fears, and perils, and ignorance to call for supernatural assistance, and to succumb to those who alone could obtain it? Simply because they were better clansmen than Catholics, little independent, but less superstitious.

Paradoxical as the assertion may seem, we attribute the attachment of the Scotch to their Protestant clergy less to their ancient superstition than to their ancient loyalty. Mr. Buckle contends that they never were a loyal people, because they never cared for their national rulers; but that is simply due to the fact that their chiefs and nobles *were* their kings. Kept back in the race of civilization by incessant wars, they carried family relations into feudal times, and looked up to their local rulers with a strong mixture of family affection and feudal homage, which kept the claims of king, and Church, and law, and justice in abeyance. This was the loyalty of rude and ignorant times; but it was the free tribute of a high-spirited people, which gave good promise for times to come. We might reasonably hope that those who struggled bravely for clan or country against Scotch kings' decrees, or English kings' armies, would still struggle bravely, when they received wider knowledge of kingly power and national rights. But it befell them in the sixteenth century, when knowledge was dawning on the nations, and when barbarous loyalty should have yielded to law, and Romanist ignorance to light—it befell them that they were swept into a whirlpool of conflicting currents, which broke all their moorings adrift. First of all, the people opened their eyes to a new and deeper sense of right and wrong. Right was no longer limited to prayers and masses, wrong was no longer expressed by excommunication; but certain new objects of reverence appeared, called justice, purity, and truth. At such a time it behoved those who had hitherto been blindly loved and followed to enlist some of these new convictions in favor of their own dominion; but it was the nobles themselves who brought about a collision

between old loyalty and new light. Was there ever such a power-loving, party-loving, plunder-loving set as the so-called *Reformed* nobles of Scotland in the sixteenth century? The English Protestant leaders were bad enough; but their badness did not touch the whole nation to the quick; for there was a large free commonalty in England who had risen above personal loyalty into national obedience. But in Scotland the nobles stood up before their retainers and clansmen, as though they said: "See, these evil, lawless, godless men are those you have so blindly loved and followed." And what was the nation's reply? "We will follow you no more." But the instinct of personal love and obedience was still strong within them: the light had come to them, as it were, prematurely, and found them socially unprepared to walk in the path it revealed; they needed guides and rulers; and the only men who, in that evil day, were fighting for something higher than power or gain, the only class that in any measure deserved to be trusted, were the Protestant clergy: and to them the awakened country transferred its heart-allegiance, less from superstition than from loyalty outraged by wrong.

And undoubtedly the office of the Protestant ministers greatly strengthened their new position. They not only valiantly upheld truth and right, struggling and suffering with a spirit and constancy that commended them as leaders to a brave though barbarous people; but they were also teachers to guide men into the possession of high privileges. Hence they received the loyalty due to rulers, and the deference due to instructors; and doubtless these emotions borrowed force equally from the unreasoning obedience of the past and the new light and trust of the present. Mr. Buckle admits the action of some of these causes, though he never condescends to weigh the force of conscience and conviction—all *that* belongs to superstition! He simply says:

"For a hundred and twenty years after the establishment of Protestantism, the rulers of Scotland either neglected the Church or persecuted it, thereby driving the clergy into the arms of the people, from whom alone they could obtain sympathy and support. Hence an alliance between the two parties, more intimate than would otherwise have been possible; and hence, too, the rise of that democratic spirit which was the necessary consequence of such

a union, and which the clergy encouraged because they were opposed and thwarted by the upper classes. . . . But these very circumstances, which guarded the people against political despotism, exposed them all the more to ecclesiastical despotism. For, having no one to trust except their preachers, they trusted them entirely, and upon all subjects. . . . But in fairness to the clergy, we ought to acknowledge, that the religious servitude into which the Scotch fell during the seventeenth century, was, on the whole, a willing one; and that, mischievous as it was, it had at least a noble origin, inasmuch as the influence of the Protestant clergy is mainly to be ascribed to the fearlessness with which they came forward as leaders of the people, at a period when that post was full of danger, and when the upper classes were ready to unite with the crown in destroying the last vestiges of national liberty."

—P. 330.

We have said that light dawned on Scotland prematurely; this involves an intricate problem in history. Mr. Buckle bases his generalizations on few and partial phenomena, and finds the solution easy; for instance, he accounts loyalty and superstition two analogous impulses, which work in the same direction. Yet the complexity of their operation may be inferred from the fact that the objects on which they are exercised, the objects of our civic and religious reverence, have never met upon equal terms. Either young Christianity has dawned upon old civilization, or rising civilization has met corrupted Christianity. The advancing and declining forces have sometimes aided, sometimes hindered, but always modified each other—have borrowed each other's flaws and stains, each other's strength and weakness. Sometimes a worn-out evil has been adopted, like a graft into a new stock, and has lived for centuries afresh, (heathen household gods as Christian patron saints;) sometimes new knowledge has been poured into dark or perverted communities, and, too weak wholly to erase the evils, has, like a mordant, fixed them deeper in. Something of this sort seems to take place when new impressions are caught from surrounding communities by a nation not sufficiently advanced to grasp their full import. The spirit of the Reformation that swept over Europe found the Scotch a free and fierce people, whose rude and narrow social condition was more in harmony with the stringent laws and simple administration of Moses than with the gentler, more cosmopolitan pre-

cepts of the Gospel; and probably this was one reason why, from the very first, the Protestantism of Scotland borrowed so largely from the Old Testament. When the conduct of the nobles had taught the people to seek new leaders in their clergy, that ancient book lent its sanction to the spiritual leadership; for Jewish prophets had guided and governed their people, had checked warriors and reproved kings. Then came in the Jewish notion of a theocracy, with God working visibly for a special people; and this was strengthened by the rigid Calvinism in which Scotch Protestantism was cast, and which also owed much of its prevalence to the narrow social condition of the nation.

The light of the Reformation came to this strong but narrow people in the free, fierce narrowness of their tribe life, and put new spirit into the old evils that should have passed away—that, perhaps, would have passed away, had not the course of events, in the reigns of James and Charles I., and again in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., served to rivet them into the national character. What guides or leaders had they then but the clergy? Their kings were tyrants, and their nobles slaves. What law or justice had they but that to which they appealed at the throne of God? Their law was martial force, their justice was murder and outrage, fire and sword. Under the pressure of such dreadful oppression, is it a wonder that the free, fierce spirit of the people should rise up in the League and Covenant—that their clanship should rise up in rampant Calvinism—that their strength and narrowness should unite in a distasteful mixture of truth and bigotry, and that their ancient loyalty should make them willing servants of their brave, devoted, intolerant, and intolerable clergy? That all these influences joined to produce the Scotchman's ingrained reverence for his Church and its ministers, is best proved by the fact which so perplexes Mr. Buckle—that neither commerce nor literature has undermined it; still more, that it did not permanently interfere with commerce or literature. Only eighteen years after the pressure was removed from the nation, by the accession of William III., the Union was carried, and the Scotch started off at once, with rapid strides, on their industrial and intellectual career. This

is not like a people cowed and subjugated by priestly domination, as Mr. Buckle has pictured them. Had superstition been the source of their clergy-worship, it would long ago have yielded to modern enlightenment; but it was the result of almost all the causes which have made the Scotchman what he is, and therefore it clings to him still.

It is not consistent in this calm interpreter of general causes to vilify a class of men who, on his own theory, were only obeying fixed laws; and we would submit the following considerations to Mr. Buckle's candor, with reference to that odious chapter in which, carefully winnowing out the chaff, and rejecting the wheat, he has placed the Kirk and its ministers before us under such a repulsive aspect: First. That it is not fair to impute to the Scotch clergy, in the seventeenth century, evils which are common to every troubled, semi-barbarous age. If we feel dislike and disgust

"at finding ourselves in presence of so much of superstition, of chicanery, of low sordid arts, and yet, withal, of arrogant and unbridled insolence," we must remember, "that in Scotland the age was evil, and the evil rose to the surface. The times were out of joint, and it was hard to set them right. The long prevalence of anarchy, of ignorance, of poverty, of force, of fraud, of domestic tumult, and of foreign invasion, had reduced Scotland to a state which it is scarcely possible for us to realize. . . . We should, in fairness to the Scotch clergy, admit that the condition of their country affords the best explanation of their conduct. Every thing around them was low and coarse; the habits of men, in their daily life, were violent, brutal, and utterly regardless of common decency; and, as a natural consequence, the standard of human actions was so depressed that upright and well-meaning persons did not shrink from doing what to us, in our advanced stage of society, seems incredible."—Pp. 257-8.

These are Mr. Buckle's own words, and his use of them in one chapter should have qualified the bitterness with which he speaks of the Scotch clergy in another. It is not enough to say, "I have already made this excuse for them;" the historian should keep the excuse before his own eyes, that his general statements may be fair and just in themselves, not requiring the reader to look back on excuses previously made to strike the balance of fairness in his own mind. Secondly. It is not fair to impute specially to the Scotch clergy certain tendencies



which prevailed over a wide sphere. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century was a remarkable phenomenon, but its peculiarities were shared by England. We do not speak of the permanent truth and righteousness connected with it—that is not peculiar to any age; but of the special characteristics which made it Puritanism rather than Christianity. It is a strange thing that two nations should, for a whole generation, take a certain stamp in conversation, dress, and manners, become ascetic in doctrine, grave in deportment, and learn to bear, nay, to like, an amount of sermonizing, and long religious exercises, perfectly astounding to the restless, impatient children of the nineteenth century. But the Scotch clergy certainly did not create this state of things, whatever they might have done to increase it. Thirdly. It is not fair to impute specially to them extravagances which are common to every time of religious excitement. Visions and predictions—especially predictions of punishment to mockers and persecutors—signs and portents, and alleged divine interpositions, have marked the origin of almost every new sect. Quakerism can supply parallels to many of Mr. Buckle's anecdotes, and so, also, can Methodism. We may add that, in every time of religious excitement, men of coarse and fierce tempers have betrayed a tendency to fall into those materialistic details of eternal terrors which he so abominates in the Scotch clergy. Fourthly. It is not fair to impute blame to Puritanism for that which belongs to Christianity itself. All who receive the Bible must admit that

famine, war, and pestilence have sometimes been sent by the Almighty as punishment for human transgression; and, though we are now more cautious than the Scotch divines in pronouncing for what sins they are so sent, we can not in honor hear them blamed for this "superstition" without pleading guilty to the same charge. Lastly. It is a blunder, founded on an extremely slight acquaintance with religious phraseology, to suppose that the terms, "angels, watchmen, stars, ambassadors," etc., appropriated by the clergy, implied any arrogance or assumption, or that it was an impious denouncing of judgment to proclaim, "Woe to the preacher, if he preached not—to the hearer, if he heard not!" or that "hell had enlarged itself" was the expression of a literal belief, rather than a figure borrowed from an Eastern prophet, or that it was in the clergy a blasphemous pretension to divine omniscience or divine power to assert that they "declared to men the whole counsel of God," and were "workers together with Christ." These are Scriptural phrases constantly used in the present day, and well understood by those who use them; but apparently Mr. Buckle is unfamiliar with Scriptural phraseology.

Nevertheless, when all these allowances are made, we must admit that there is enough left in that unpleasant fifth chapter to make Scotchmen blush with shame and astonishment at the religious extravagances of their country in the seventeenth century.

**MULTUM IN PARVO—THE "MINIMA" ORGAN.**—This new instrument has been invented and patented by Messrs. G. F. & J. Stidolph, of Ipswich. The recommendation claimed for it consists in its retaining, within the size of the ordinary piccolo piano-forte, every requisite for the performance of organ music, and adapting itself to the sphere of the drawing-room. Besides the means of varied expression, even beyond the old organs, it combines the desiderata of elegance of appearance,

durability, and portability. In economizing space no sacrifice has been made of effect: we have the same or more favorable results produced with the mechanical means on a smaller scale. "This is, in fact, a pedal organ, with sixteen feet *open* diapason and a commensurate swell, within a space of seven feet, and with, in some instances, double feeders for the feet, so that it may be blown by the performer."—*London paper.*

From the Westminster Review.

## ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.\*

THE close of the year 1860 deprived England, almost at one stroke, of two of the last of her great sea-warriors. On the thirtieth of October the hero-heart of Thomas Cochrane, the gallant Dundonald, ceased to beat; and on the sixth of November Sir Charles Napier breathed his last. No one can have forgotten the peculiar thrill which passed through England when the news was made public that Lord Dundonald lay dead. Old men remembered how, nearly half a century before, the extraordinary feats of successful daring, rendered successful by such marvelous resources of judgment, promptitude, and energy which had made Thomas Cochrane the popular hero of the age, suddenly ceased to be recorded, and the career of the great seaman, so far as England was concerned, paused in its midst, never to be resumed. Between the last service which Cochrane rendered to his country and the day of his quiet death at Kensington, more than the duration of an ordinary working lifetime intervened. The existing generation had nearly forgotten the favorite hero of their fathers; or if they were familiar with his deeds and his wrongs, perhaps many were scarcely aware that up to the thirtieth of October, 1860, the old sea-warrior was living quietly, and occupying himself industriously, in the vicinity of Hyde Park. Old animosities, national as well as personal, had quite died out in the mean time; new political alliances had been formed, and old bonds dissevered; new battles had been fought which dimmed the memory of past victories; an entirely new system of operation and of warfare had sprung up in that branch of the service which once employed the genius and the daring of Lord Cochrane. There was something of a penitent feeling throughout England when the news went abroad that one who had served her so well, and reaped

such slender reward, was at rest after such a stirring career. "In England," wrote the incomparable French satirist, "it is thought a good thing every now and then to shoot an Admiral, to encourage the others." Perhaps there was a kind of impression abroad, among those who knew his story, that something of this peculiar species of encouragement had been offered to future naval heroes in the person of Lord Dundonald. The nation hurried to heap what honors it might upon the coffin of the dead hero; and the scene which took place on the day when the ashes of Dundonald were laid in Westminster Abbey was one not easily to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Energetic efforts were at once made to prepare a national monument, and before long, we trust, some memorial worthy of the country will arise to mark the spot where now only a stone slab, and the simple name of Thomas Cochrane, informs the stranger that beneath his feet the gallant heart of Dundonald has moldered into the dust.

It was, as we have said, immediately after the death of Lord Dundonald, and while his body was still above the earth—many days, indeed, before the ceremony of his interment—that the newspapers announced the end of Charles Napier. It was no slight tribute to the character and the public estimation of the latter that his death created so great a sensation, although coming as it did so close upon that of Dundonald. The death of Sir Charles Napier was an event for which no one was prepared. The close of the session of parliament—only two months before—had left him apparently in full vigor and activity. Only that very summer it had become known that, wearying of inactivity, and warming up for any great cause, the stout old Admiral had tendered his services to Garibaldi and the cause of Italy, before the final expulsion of the King from Naples. Although an old man, there was not much of the peculiar debility of age about Charles Na-

\* *The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier.* By Major-General ELMERS NAPIER. London: Hurst & Blackett.

pier. He was lame, but the lameness dated from far younger days and from daring exploits. His exuberant mental energy seemed as great as it could ever have been. He seemed indeed to have attained that point, reached apparently by one or two of our great public men, when time ceases to mar any more the frame which has stood out so stoutly against him, and interferes no further to help the hand of death. Therefore, while many people wondered that Dundonald had lived so long, most persons were surprised to find that sturdy old Charles Napier was gone so soon.

Dundonald had for long years been to Englishmen but a memory or shadow; Napier was an active living presence, his face, figure, and manner thoroughly familiar to most of us. Few Londoners who took any interest whatever in public men were unacquainted with the external characteristics and bodily presence of the old Admiral. Certainly no one who was in the habit of frequenting the House of Commons, its lobby, its corridors, or its smoking-room, could have failed to obtain a familiarity with the appearance and the personal peculiarities of Charles Napier. Few men more regularly attended the House than he did. He was rarely absent for a whole night from his place. He was generally to be seen about the hour when real business set in, hobbling up the floor of the House, leaning on his stick, holding his great broad-brimmed hat (which he invariably took off on entering) in his hand, and wearing the brass-buttoned coat and white-duck trowsers which we seem to identify with his presence. He sat upon the front bench of the independent Liberals just below the gangway, and next to the seat occupied by another brave old Paladin, Sir De Lacy Evans. Down to the very close of his last session he continued to make his appearance as usual; and only three or four days before the adjournment delivered an energetic speech upon the subject of national fortifications which was then occupying parliamentary attention. He was respected and admired in the House for his personal character, although his faults, which lay upon the surface, were no where more perceptible than there. He was always listened to with attention, although he frequently tried the patience of his hearers, and although it was sometimes not without a shudder that members saw him rise in his

place, put on his spectacles, pull out some great bundle of papers and methodically arrange himself for an allocution which unquestionable experience proved would be a long one, and which impatience or interruption could only lengthen. It is almost superfluous to say that he was not a good speaker in the parliamentary or platform sense of the word. But he had a plain, energetic, vigorous manner which made him always intelligible, always impressive, and sometimes in an indescribable way almost eloquent. Not unfrequently he produced peals of laughter by the sudden introduction of some thoroughly nautical expression; indeed, it must be owned in various instances by the interjection of some vehement nautical adjuration rapped out with the genuine intonation of the quarter-deck. We shall have to speak casually of his parliamentary career, and the objects to which he mainly devoted it, hereafter. For the present it is sufficient to say, that he was listened to and respected in the House of Commons, not merely because of the sense of his long services, not merely because of his naval position and personal character, but also because he had the merit, prized almost beyond all others in that House, that he only spoke on subjects which he understood, and always thoroughly knew what he was talking about. His loss was therefore felt in the House, and although his career there had not been very long or very continuous, there was a general sense of something missed which ought to be present when the opening of the session of 1861 showed that the place of Charles Napier knew him no more.

It has fallen to the lot of his adopted son, Major-General Elers Napier, to write the life of the brave old Admiral. Let us say in the outset, that the work is carefully and conscientiously done. From a biography thus produced we do not expect a rigid impartiality. Many questions affecting the judgment and naval skill of Sir Charles Napier have raised warm debate in England; and upon some of these it would be impossible that a relative so closely attached could pronounce a thoroughly impartial opinion. But if there be any partiality in the work before us, it is only the natural leaning toward one so loved and admired; it is not an exaltation of the subject of the biography by the unjust depreciation of others. That Sir Charles Napier had many and grave

faults of judgment and temper, it would be scarcely possible to deny. His relative and biographer hardly, indeed, denies them; but he could not be expected to criticise them and their consequences with the perfect rigor of impartiality. It is certainly not to the discredit of Major-General Napier that he seems to claim for his relative a somewhat higher rank among the naval heroes of Britain than posterity will probably feel inclined to award him. It may always remain a matter of question whether any man who ever lived possessed a more consummate capacity, a more perfect genius, for naval warfare than Lord Dundonald. He never had the opportunity of achieving that greatness which his wonderful exploits, performed with little scope and under many difficulties, led the world to believe him capable of. But the world has, we think, full material on which to form a precise judgment as to the rank which the late Charles Napier may claim among the great English Admirals. We do not think we form a hasty or an ungenerous conclusion, when we express an opinion that the place thus assigned by history, distinguished and conspicuous although it unquestionably must be, will be at least a grade lower than that awarded to the late Thomas Cochrane.

But the biography of such a man as Charles Napier is a very welcome and a very valuable addition to the history of the age. As a mere story, such a work may form a study over which the coming generation will hang with delight. It will be the study of a character which perhaps abounded most in just those qualities it is the tendency of ordinary civilization and city life to discourage and depress; and the tendency of every age is sure to have so much predominance of its own, that some counteracting influences of example must operate beneficially. Exuberant energy and absolute self-reliance, with all or most of the corollary defects of these qualities, could scarcely be more fully personified than in the biography now before us.

Charles Napier was born on the sixth of March, 1786, at his father's residence, Merchiston Hall, near Falkirk, in the county of Stirling. He was the second son of the Hon. Captain Charles Napier, himself a seaman. In his early boyhood he attended the classes of the High School of Edinburgh, and, we are told

by his biographer, evinced the warmest partiality, even then, for the sea, spending all his leisure moments in building miniature ships and boats. His father had a decided objection to Charles ever entering the navy, and opposed the wish of his son as strongly as the father of Thomas Cochrane opposed the future sailor's early predilections. The objection, however, was got over in the instance of Charles Napier as well as in that of Cochrane, and at thirteen years of age, the subject of our memoir entered the *Renown*, seventy-four-gun vessel of war, as a midshipman. He was to have joined his ship by taking passage in the *Martin*, a government sloop then lying in Leith Roads; but owing to some delay in the sailing of that vessel, he went in a coasting brig to London, and thence to Spithead, where the *Renown* lay. It was well for the young midshipman that chance so directed his first trip. The *Martin* put to sea soon after, and presently disappeared forever into darkness. Whether she struck somewhere, leaked, and finally foundered, or whether, as some have conjectured, she caught fire and burned to the water's edge when out at sea, has never become known. She sailed from Leith and never came into any port; and, happily for him and fortunately for the naval history of his day, young Charles Napier was not one of her passengers. Our hero is described by the present Sir Augustus Clifford, then for a short time a midshipman on board the *Renown*, as, at this period of his life, "a fine, sturdy, energetic boy, small for his age, but active and very strong."

Those were days when a sailor had plenty of chances for the acquirement of all the duties of his profession. England may be described as having been, about the period of Napier's early services, in a condition of chronic warfare. Perhaps we never again shall see captains of the Cochrane and Napier stamp—perhaps no Englishman will ever again have the same opportunities for the development of individual capacity in that special direction. If we could see the slightest prospect of the world's settling speedily down to more pacific habits, and more friendly international relations, we might gladly record the disappearance from history of the old British sea-king race. But Europe has seen as much of war from 1848 to 1861 as during almost any equal period



of her history. It is not to the growth of a reign of peace that we owe the non-appearance of new Nelsons, Collingwoods, or Napiers: it is not merely because during recent years we have had no great naval engagements that no great captains of the Dundonald stamp have indicated their existence. Our sea-warriors will for the future be men of a different type. Steam, gunnery, and science, as expanded in our present generation, will soon remove from the navy its specialty for developing those extraordinary resources of individual energy, daring, and expedient, which made a great captain in the days of the *Impérieuse* or the saucy *Arethusa*. As the greatest of generals during recent generations differs from Gustavus Adolphus, or Alexander of Parma, so will England's naval heroes in the future differ from Cochrane and Napier. The qualities to insure success will be quite other qualities than the personal energy, daring, and fertility of expedient, by which Dundonald so often converted despair into hope, and at the very ultimate moment extorted victory from reluctant fate. The change which has been long since accomplished in the military service must very soon fulfill itself in the navy. If *La Gloire* and the Warrior ever, in the evil chances of fortune, come to an engagement, victory will declare herself in obedience to quite other tactics and principles of action than those which made the triumph of Trafalgar or the Nile.

But Charles Napier lived in the old days, when personal courage and genius still ruled the waves. He saw a goodly amount of active service during his first years in the navy. The *Renown* sailed as part of a squadron to act upon the western coast of France, and her boats were actively engaged in several keen and spirited affairs. The *vates sacer* of the *Gazette* did not indeed record the deeds which a midshipman performed in these engagements, but we may conclude with the biographer, that Charles Napier did not fail to act a becoming and gallant part. The *Renown* afterward proceeded to Ferrol, an expedition which proved a failure; and thence the squadron sailed for the Mediterranean, cruising chiefly off Cadiz or Toulon, under Lord Keith, until the Peace of Amiens in 1802. The first Admiralty record of Charles Napier's doings under fire is in reference to the

assisting of the garrison of *Porte Ferrajo*, in the island of Elba, in 1801.

After the renewal of the war with France, Napier was transferred to the *Egyptienne*, a forty-four-gun frigate taken from the French. During six months of active employment in the channel and off the coast of France, this vessel made several captures, and Charles Napier began more and more to learn the warlike part of his profession. During this period of his history an incident occurs which indicates the temperament of the youth, and shows him *iracundus*, *acer*, then as in the later days when even in peace he made hot war upon somebody—now on Sir James Graham, and now on Lord John Russell, and again on Lord Clarence Paget. The captain of the *Egyptienne* used some language toward Napier which, although only a midshipman, the latter considered unduly dictatorial and haughty, and therefore regarded as an offense. He could not, however, in the position he then held seek the satisfaction for which he longed. But he nursed his wrath until the first opportunity, although it did not come for years. Finding himself at last in a position of independence and equality as regarded his former captain, he sent a message to the latter, recalling the insult of past days and insisting upon a hostile meeting. The meeting did actually take place, but by the intervention of the seconds something like a reconciliation was arranged, and no shots were exchanged.

We need not follow Charles Napier through the course of his services on board the *Mediator*, the *Renommée*, and the *Courageux*. In November, 1807, he received his first command. He was then promoted to the rank of acting commander, and received the charge of the brig *Pultusk*. With this vessel he performed one or two exploits by no means inconsiderable. In August, 1808, he was removed into the *Recruit*; and in the September following had a smart action with the *Diligente*, French corvette, off Antigua. The enemy finally escaped, but the action became somewhat memorable from the fact that the young commander had his thigh broken by a shot, and was thus visited with a lameness which never entirely left him. It was in the *Recruit* that he performed such service in chasing, retarding, and annoying

the French vessel D'Hauvout, that on the surrender of the French admiral to the British squadron, the former paid a very handsome compliment to Napier and his little craft. On delivering up his sword, the French admiral asked the name of the vessel which had so harassed and pursued him, and being told that she was called the *Recruit* or *Conscript*, he replied, says the biographer, "with a sad smile and a shake of the head, *Recruit?*—no, that no conscript—that one very old soldier."

After this comes a brief pause in Napier's naval career. He did not receive from the Admiralty the command which he expected, although he was allowed to retain the rank of post-captain, conferred upon him for his services by Sir Alexander Cochrane. He returned therefore to Scotland, attended the University of Edinburgh, and studied modern languages, history, chemistry, and mathematics. Being asked whether he would not also attend the lectures on moral philosophy, then given by an eminent professor, Napier, we are told, replied, characteristically: "I can't say that I know exactly what moral philosophy means, but whatever it is, I'll have a rap at it."

During his stay in Scotland he became an ardent and fearless, although not perhaps very accomplished or graceful rider, and had many a gallop after the hounds. Smollett would probably have been surprised could he have heard the remark made by Sir Charles Napier's biographer, to the effect that every sailor is in these days a bold rider. In the time of Commodore Trunton and Lieutenant Hawser, the seaman had not attained this reputation.

But Charles Napier was not a man who could long devote himself to the study of moral philosophy, or even the somewhat more congenial pursuits of the hunting-field. Weary of a shore-going life, "not having," in his own words, "interest to get employed and unwilling to be idle," he cast about him for some scene of action in harmony with his adventurous tastes. Naturally enough his mind fixed upon the army in Portugal, under the command of Lord Wellington. He had more than one reason for desiring to see some of the sights then tempting adventurers and idlers to that part of the world. In the first place, he belonged, even in his earliest years, to that race of be-

ings now fast fading, we do not grieve to say, off the earth, who liked fighting of any kind for mere fighting's sake. "Charley Napier," says an old mess-mate, "was never thoroughly happy unless seated astride a four-and-twenty pounder, with shot and shell whistling about his ears!" From felicity of this kind he was very unwilling to absent himself awhile; and Wellington's campaigns seemed to offer him the most favorable chance then attainable any where upon earth. But he had another reason too—for he wished to pay a visit to his cousins, that band of renowned and heroic brothers, then attached to Lord Wellington's army, each of whom was afterward to achieve a distinct individual celebrity of his own. George Napier was then a captain in the Fifty-second Light Infantry; William, the historian of the Peninsular War, held equal rank in the Forty-third; both these regiments were attached to the Light Division; and Charles, the future conqueror of Scinde, had obtained a few months of absence after the events of Corunna, and joined Lord Wellington's army as an amateur.

Charles Napier, the seaman, landed at Oporto in September, 1810, and in time he present at the memorable battle of Busaco. Immediately on landing he made for the head-quarters of the British army, and arrived "late on the night of the 25th September, 1810, tired out, and nearly famished, at the bivouac-fire on the heights of Busaco, round which, in various attitudes, reclined a group of British officers, amongst whom he easily recognized his three brother-cousins, Charles, George, and William Napier." There is something peculiarly attractive and picturesque about this meeting of the Napiers around the camp-fire. A painter might select a far less striking subject than the moment of greeting, when the young seaman, thus unexpectedly arrived, was recognized by his heroic group of cousins on the heights of Busaco.

Charles Napier staid to see the whole of the action, and to be delighted with the more brilliant, varying, and comprehensive aspect of war, as it shows itself on land. He witnessed the scenes which took place during the two following days until the close of the great Busaco action, in the company, principally, of his namesake, the future hero of Scinde. Indeed, during some of the preliminary

skirmishes, he received a wound in the leg. On the 27th, the day of the battle of Busaco, the pair were in the thickest of the fight. Our Charles Napier accompanied the army of Lord Wellington in his retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras, within which he remained until the month of November following. He was a frequent guest at Wellington's table, and amused the conqueror not a little by the simplicity and *brusque* energy of his remarks. Napier did not much appreciate, at this time, the consummate skill of Wellington's tactics, and could hardly understand why the army should remain so quietly entrenched behind its unassailable lines, while its French adversaries were so close at hand. Napier had then, and since, the same faith in a sudden rush upon an enemy as Garibaldi has in the present day. From a letter written by his cousin, Charles Napier, we learn that "Lord Wellington lately said to him, (our Charles Napier,) 'I could easily beat the French, but England has no other army, and it would cost me ten thousand men; so we must have prudence, and fight when they must lose men, and we not.'"

It was probably during these brief campaigning experiences that Napier acquired the taste for operating on land which he afterward so strikingly displayed. His ambition appears to us to have led him more to the career of a soldier than to that of a sailor. In Portugal, and in Syria, the exploits which he performed with apparently the most delight to himself were those in which he assumed the soldier's part, and led a band of followers to a bayonet-charge over rock or sand, and to the rout of a surprised enemy who had believed their position unassailable. The days of Prince Rupert or General Monk would have very well suited Black Charles, (as the Napier cousins used to call him,) when the hero who had led a cavalry charge to-day might direct the maneuvers of a squadron to-morrow.

In 1811, Napier was appointed to the Thames, a thirty-two-gun frigate, and was employed in the Mediterranean, chiefly on the coast of Calabria. He had a sort of roving commission to harass the enemy as much as he could; and this was just the kind of service in which he delighted. During his adventures here he captured the island of Ponza—an exploit to which he always looked back with great pride, and which furnished him with

a *nom de guerre* of which he was no little vain. As Don Carlos de Ponza he assumed the command of the Portuguese fleet, twenty years after; and as Carlos de Ponza he drew up a tender of his services to Garibaldi twenty-six years still nearer to our own time.

After the capture of Ponza, Napier was appointed to the *Euryalus*, a vessel of much superior capacity to the Thames, and was engaged in the blockade of Toulon.

When the war with France terminated so far, in 1814, by the overthrow of Napoleon, Captain Napier was appointed to take part in the expedition up the Potomac, the government having determined to bring the struggle then going on with America to as prompt a close as possible. Napier, with his *Euryalus*, was the second in command of the Potomac expedition; and has himself left to the public a very vivid, and even to unprofessional readers, a very intelligible account of the intricate and difficult nature of the undertaking, and the manner in which the difficulties were met and conquered. In this expedition, and in the subsequent operations against Baltimore, Captain Napier rendered the most signal service. The commander of the Potomac expedition said in his dispatch: "To Captain Napier I owe more obligations than I have words to express." The government fully appreciated the results of the operations, but unaccountably overlooked the services of the second in command. While various promotions and honors were distributed to other officers engaged in the affair, "Captain Napier," says his relative and biographer, "received nothing for his exertions but a shot in the neck." In June, 1815, however, he received the Companionship of the Bath. Shortly after, the *Euryalus* was paid off, Napier married a lady to whom he had been long attached, and a blank of many years took place in his career of active naval service.

Those years comprised some peaceful seasons of domestic happiness in England and in the neighborhood of Paris, and a long course of incessant traveling through France, Italy, and Switzerland. During this tour, which was accomplished, characteristically enough, in an enormous traveling-carriage, driven four-in-hand by Napier himself, and by him styled "the three-decker," our gallant Captain achiev-

ed, we believe, the only poetic feat which it was given to his varied career to master. It was when visiting the island of St. Pierre, the favorite retreat of Jean Jacques Rousseau, that the heroic sailor received the first and last inspiring visit from the muse. In the Stranger's-book of the little hotel the visitor may read the following lines :

"The English, who travel more than all other nations together,  
Collect in great towns to enjoy the delights of the weather.  
But here in this isle, formed for love and delight,  
Few seem to have soul to pass even the night!  
They come but their names to inscribe in the room of Rousseau,  
Take a short walk, and away from the island they go.  
Returning to England, they talk of the beauties they've seen,  
And drive other fools to follow the course they have been.  
The writer of this, known by the name of Mad Charley —,  
Passed a whole week in the island of St. Pierre.  
Its charms and its beauties ne'er his senses could pall;  
He'd sooner live here than at Merchiston Hall!"

Over rhythm and rhyme Captain Napier appears to have dashed with as little regard for appearance or for consequences as over a hedge on the back of a hunter, or through the rigging of a chase when at the head of his boarders. His solitary specimen of the poetic, we fear, does not equal even the immemorial scrap which fame assigns to Julius Cæsar.

Napier was never idle. He engaged himself, even while on his travels, in plans for reforming the Board of Admiralty, and improving the discipline and character of the navy—improvements and reforms then, indeed, most painfully needed, and even yet by no means fully accomplished. Some of his suggestions have since been carried into effect; others were still receiving his persevering and energetic advocacy up to the last month of his public service in the House of Commons. He always advocated earnestly such a fundamental alteration in the constitution of the Board of Admiralty as would render it independent of the changes of Ministry—a measure which is still believed to be a most needful reform by many

who are well qualified to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes in descriptions of engagements at sea, stormings of forts, runnings ashore, cuttings out, quarter-deck life, colonial scenes, and even "dignity balls" in Barbadoes—Napier exercised a fluent and a dashing pen by constant contributions to the *United Service Magazine*. He also entered largely, and we regret to say very unsuccessfully, into speculations for the navigation of the river Seine by iron steamers. He suggested, and himself applied and adopted, plans for the adaptation of paddles to be worked by winches to vessels of war. In the rare moments when he had actually nothing else to do, he corresponded largely with his friends, and, indeed, appears to have been a very model correspondent; for during his most active days of dangerous and harassing service afloat and ashore, he always found spare moments in which to write long and frequent letters to family, relatives, friend, and mere acquaintances. The motto of St. Aldegonde, "*Repose ailleurs*," seems to have been the principle upon which, through the whole of his busy and restless life, this stout seaman always acted. Idleness or inactivity would seem to have been for him not merely a punishment, but an impossibility.

In the year 1830, Napier, being then in command of the *Galatea*, forty-two guns, was dispatched to Lisbon upon the delicate and important mission of demanding satisfaction from the *de facto* government of Don Miguel for the seizure of certain ships off the Western Islands, together with a restitution of the vessels detained. "In this position so novel," says a recent French writer, Baron de Suacré, quoted by Napier's biographer, "he exhibited such self-command and dexterity, as to insure the success of his mission. He obtained by his negotiations the satisfaction which was demanded by his government, whilst the French, who had equal claims on Don Miguel, were compelled to have recourse to hostilities in order to obtain their ends." Napier, indeed, was generally very proud of his diplomatic feats, the peculiar skill of which consisted, we suspect, in the frankness with which the downright sailor at once announced his demands and his *ultimatum*, and the distinctness with which he made it understood that



he must have what he claimed. Indeed, his biographer, although naturally not disposed to diminish any of his gallant relative's claims to admiration, makes a *naïve* remark upon this passage of our hero's life, which seems to betray a half-conscious appreciation of the secret of Charles Napier's diplomatic successes. "Captain Napier," says his biographer, "was successful in this his first attempt at diplomacy, exemplifying the old saying, that the best diplomatist—the one most readily enforcing attention and respect—is a British man-of-war." But Napier's first diplomatic exploit had important results for himself and for the government with which he had to treat.

The struggle between the Constitutionalists of Portugal, supporting the claims of the Queen, Donna Maria de Gloria, and the upholders of Don Miguel, soon assumed an active and earnest character. At one period the Azores, or Western Isles, alone afforded some few stand-points retained by the followers of the Queen under the leadership of Don Pedro. Count Villa Flor, afterward Duke of Terceira, had succeeded by bold and determined measures in becoming master of the Azores, in the name of Donna Maria. During the attack upon some of the islands, it was thought necessary by the British government that the interests of British merchants should be protected, and the Galatea, under Napier's command, was dispatched from Spithead for the purpose, on the seventeenth of May, 1831. Napier arrived at the scene of struggle in June, and remained for about two months looking after British interests during the contest between the Constitutionalists and the upholders of Don Miguel. Here he became acquainted with the Duke of Terceira and the leaders of the Constitutional or Pedroite party, and here he formed those connections which led him to take so important a part in the struggle for the succession of Portugal and the dethronement of Don Miguel.

Napier, upon his return to England, kept up his correspondence with the leaders of the Constitutional party, and frequently urged upon them the wisdom of bringing the contest to a close by a dash upon Lisbon. An emissary from the Constitutionalists arrived in London in September, 1832, to press upon the British government the cause of the

young Queen, and Captain Napier rendered him active assistance in procuring and fitting out some vessels. The result of these facts was, that an offer was finally made to Napier to accept the command of the Constitutional fleet, and after a variety of negotiations had been gone through, and several difficulties got over, he decided upon accepting the post. He took upon this occasion, for the purpose of evading the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act, the *nom de guerre* of Carlos de Ponza, derived, as we have already said, from one of his early achievements. On the fifteenth of June, 1833, Napier wrote to his wife from on board the Rainha (where he had hoisted his flag) off Oporto—"The fate of Portugal will be decided in six weeks." He kept his word; for the fate of Portugal in that struggle may fairly be said to have been decided by the battle off Cape St. Vincent, and the victory of St. Vincent was won on the fifth of July, 1833.

It seems almost superfluous to speak of the preliminary difficulties which Napier had to encounter before he reached the critical moment of hand-to-hand struggle. Divided councils, deficient means, hesitating purposes, undisciplined crews, ragged Falstaffian bands of followers—every one wanting to be master, and no one willing to follow—every one having his own pet way of winning the game, and reluctant to give a chance to any other; these are some of the characteristics of every struggle which has to be carried on in the same way, and under the same difficulties as that of the Constitutionalists against Don Miguel. *De facto* almost invariably possesses in the opening of a contest all the advantages over *de jure* which resources, discipline, and clear perception of its own purpose can give. Against these disadvantages *de jure* can only oppose popular enthusiasm (which, while victory remained undecided, was not perhaps very clearly manifested in the Portuguese cause) and such a special combination of daring, energy, command, and readiness as Charles Napier brought to the aid of the side he championed.

With his fleet, such as it was, Napier put to sea on the second of July to look out for the squadron of Don Miguel. Napier had three frigates, a schooner and a brig. On the third of July he came in sight of the fleet of Don Miguel, which consisted of two line-of-battle ships, two

frigates, three large corvettes, two brigs, and a smaller vessel. The superiority of the Miguelite fleet was even greater in numbers of men and in weight of metal than would appear from the bare enumeration of the vessels engaged on either side. Circumstances prevented Napier's closing with his enemy until the fifth, when he seized his opportunity and went at once into action. It was a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. "Being satisfied," says one who took part in it, "that one hundred and seventy-six guns could not fight three hundred and seventy-two, every man looked to his sword as the weapon by which the victory must be won. We were determined to win it." Not a shot was fired from either side until Napier's fleet were within four hundred yards of the sternmost ship of the enemy's weather-line, and then the Miguelites poured in a tremendous fire. The Rainha frigate, Napier's vessel, was immediately by his orders laid alongside the Rainha liner, the Miguelite ship of war—the similarity of names is a somewhat curious coincidence—and Napier himself, with his young step-son, another Charles, and followed by his boarders, scrambled from their small frigate on board the line-of-battle ship, and after a fierce cutlass fight captured her in somewhat less than a quarter of an hour. Before many minutes the battle was all over—decided by the astonishing *élan* and resolution of the Constitutionalists, who found themselves in possession of two heavily-armed ships of the line, one frigate, and a corvette of eighteen guns. "I hope my friends in England," said Napier, writing to his wife the morning after the victory, "will allow that I have done the business well; three frigates, a schooner, and a brig, to take two sail of the line and two frigates, is no bad day's work." Next day the captors and the captured entered the Lagos Bay. Napier, for this conspicuous service, received the personal thanks of Don Pedro, who assured him that "he had placed the queen upon the throne," the Admiralty-in-chief of the Portuguese fleet, and the title of Viscount Cape St. Vincent—a title which, however, he never assumed in England, and which the British government, in answer to his subsequent application, declined, not very unreasonably, to allow him to bear at home.

Lisbon surrendered, and the victorious

Admiral entered the Tagus in triumph. The enthusiasm of the populace when the Miguelites abandoned the city was immense, and Napier's entrance was a kind of triumphal procession. In the fervor of the moment he was hailed as the liberator of Portugal. Nor did the praise seem exaggerated, for although the naval victory was not the immediate cause of the abandonment of Lisbon, yet it was a great contributing impulse even toward that event, and there can be no possible doubt that it was the decisive moment which settled to all practical purposes the issue of the struggle. Many chances and circumstances might have subsequently prolonged the contest beyond the time it actually lasted; but it seems impossible to doubt that the splendid success of Napier's audacious attempt upon the Miguelite fleet sealed the fate of the Miguelite cause.

We do not mean to follow the history of the Portuguese war of succession, which was closed by the quadruple alliance, signed on the twenty-third of April, 1834, between England, France, Spain, and Portugal. Donna Maria's right to the throne of Portugal was formally acknowledged, England and France binding themselves to sustain it if needful by force of arms. On the twenty-sixth of May Don Miguel capitulated, and the struggle was over. But we should merely call attention to the fact that Napier performed other services for the cause he had espoused besides the capture of the Miguelite fleet; that he undertook, on his own account, what he called "a little campaign" in the northern provinces, in which, impatient at the delay of the Constitutionalists to take decisive measures, he captured two seaport towns and two fortresses. He received but slender encouragement when undertaking this extraordinary enterprise, which he accomplished with forces almost ludicrously disproportionate and ill-appointed; and had he failed he might have met with a very unpleasant reception from the government in whose cause, although not with their sanction, he ventured on this tour of amateur soldiering. It would be impossible to deny that during his services in Portugal, Napier exhibited not merely that courage and promptitude which were expected of him, but a number of other characteristics eminently fitting a man for command under trying and difficult cir-

cumstances, and which probably few even of his closest friends had ever looked to see him thus develop. It is not surprising that Napier always looked back with pride and pleasure to this period of his career. It was that passage of his life which won the most glory, undimmed by cavil. Even his Syrian exploits were made the theme of much disputation, criticism, and censure; but the successes which he won during his short Portuguese career had the rare good fortune to be acknowledged alike by enemies and by friends. Perhaps, had they been less warmly acknowledged, it might have been much better for Napier's subsequent career. Such extraordinary feats of victory are not often to be repeated, and his is a dangerous and precarious reputation which rests upon a renown thus acquired. An ordinary admiral would have quitted the Baltic during the Crimean war with credit and even honor, had he returned home as Charles Napier did. But the British public were furious against their too celebrated admiral, because he could not find the opportunity of performing in the service of Queen Victoria the feats he had accomplished in the cause of Donna Maria; because he could not enact upon the walls of Cronstadt and Sweaborg the *tableaux* of triumph which he had accomplished upon the fleet of Don Miguel.

An interval of peace ensued in the life of Napier. He returned from Portugal, and again essayed to obtain an entrance into the House of Commons. We say again, for during a previous interval he had made an unsuccessful attempt upon the borough of Portsmouth. Like Dundonald, he was strongly ambitious of a parliamentary career — chiefly, however, in the hope of advancing the views of naval and admiralty reform which he cherished. In 1834, he canvassed Portsmouth once more; but the interest of government candidates appearing too powerful, he retired from the field without attempting a hopeless and vexatious contest. He commenced his first attempt at a book, *The History of the War of the Succession in Portugal*, and he published in various newspapers and magazines, the letters upon impressment, upon the best mode of manning the navy, on promotion, and kindred subjects, which were for the most part reissued subsequently in his work entitled *The State of the Navy*. Des-

pite the painful vehemence and personal acrimony which characterized most of his writings on such themes as these, it can not be denied that Napier offered very many valuable suggestions for the improvement of the service, most of which he lived to see carried into effect. It was the misfortune of Napier's temper, that he always personified an abuse or an objection. In any defective arrangement of the naval service, he only saw the malignant perverseness or the stolid immovability of the First Lord; in any objection raised to one of his own suggestions or arguments, he discovered a personal enemy of Charles Napier. This peculiarity of temper and the mode of conducting a dispute which it engendered, prevented the recognition of many of Napier's best suggestions until other advocates had taken them up; and, indeed, caused many people to overlook altogether the great ability and practical knowledge of the man himself, and to see in him only an arrogant, egotistic, vain-glorious, crochety grievance-monger. Some of his views on naval affairs are even yet ahead of the growth of public opinion; some of them have been already passed by, although singularly advanced when we consider the time at which they were propounded, and the source from whence they came. The system of corporal punishment Napier detested. He did not, indeed, under the existing circumstances of the service, see his way to advocating its entire and immediate abolition; but he had no faith in its general efficacy; he preferred adopting almost any other means of maintaining discipline; he stoutly championed several mitigations of the system; and he looked forward to the time when it might be reformed altogether. Afloat, Napier was a strict and even a stern disciplinarian, but he was the kind of man whom crews respect and love; for his personal attention and his personal interest in every man who served under him, were just the qualities which seamen prize in a commander.

In 1837 Napier stood for Greenwich as a Reformer, political and naval, and was defeated. We may presume that he soon began to grow tired of life ashore, unchecked by any more stirring event than an election contest. Even during this quiescent interval he had been forming many schemes for once more breaking away into active life, and had very se-

viously contemplated giving his services to the Constitutional cause in Spain, which had obtained the military coöperation of his friend, the present General Sir De Lacy Evans. Opportunity, however, soon arose for him to occupy himself in a field where the service was less harassing, and probably brought more glory—certainly, more gratitude.

In 1838 Napier was appointed to the command of the *Powerful*, eighty-four guns, and was shortly afterward ordered to join Sir Robert Stopford's squadron in the Levant. Then commenced the series of exploits which Napier has himself recorded in his *War in Syria*.

The circumstances which led to England's taking action in the struggle between the Ottoman government and the Pasha of Egypt are too well known to need minute recapitulation. The restless ambition, the energy, and the talents of Mehemet Ali rendered him a terrible enemy to the Porte, his nominal suzerain. He had determined upon seizing and retaining Syria, and had, through his son, Ibrahim Pasha, obtained from time to time such signal advantages over the Turkish armies, that at one period nothing seemed to intervene which could prevent his march straight upon Scutari. Russia, appealed to by the Porte, sent a squadron into the Bosphorus, and negotiations took place which staved off the aggressive action of Mehemet Ali for a while; but only for a while. His severe measures in Syria—which was made over to him as part of his pashalic—caused a native insurrection to break out: there seemed every prospect that he would take advantage of the occasion which the repression afforded to secure his entire independence of the Porte, if not, indeed, to further his schemes upon the throne of Constantinople itself. In this situation of affairs, further complicated by the sudden death of the Sultan, and the elevation to the throne of the boy Abdul Medjid, (the late sovereign of the Ottoman empire,) England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia intervened, France at this point declining to coöerce Mehemet Ali, for the protection of the integrity of Turkey.

We are at present interested merely in Napier's share of the war. Circumstances threw him into a very prominent position; and, indeed, only very strong restraining influence could have kept him at this period from taking a prominent

position where an active struggle was proceeding. He effected a landing at D'Jounie Bay, on the coast of Syria, and with a force of marines and of Turks proceeded to an attack upon Sidon. One of the Turkish officers under his orders, then Omar Bey, has since made his name famous through the world as the foremost hero of the earlier stages of the late Eastern war. The storming of Sidon was accomplished in about five hours. The storming force consisted of nine hundred allies and five hundred Turks; the town was protected by a fort and a citadel, its line of wall being defended by twenty-seven hundred men, who were nearly all taken prisoners. Regarding the share which Napier personally took in the storming of Sidon, there has been much disputation. In his usual *brusque* and somewhat vain-glorious manner, he describes himself almost as another Coriolanus; and the boast, "alone I did it," naturally provoked remonstrance and anger. That Napier did not actually take the most prominent, or, at all events, the first prominent part in the storming operations themselves, seemed to result clearly enough from the discussion which followed. But that his personal counsels and personal energy created the series of operations, of which the storming of Sidon was a part appears to us altogether beyond controversy. When, therefore, Napier represented himself as having stormed the town of Sidon, he may not unreasonably have thought that he was justified in attributing to himself a success which he had prepared and planned, and which even in the very operation itself he mainly helped to accomplish.

Here, too, as in Portugal, he set about a little campaign on his own account. He advanced into the mountains at the head of a very queerly-appointed and indiscriminate "army," and routed the Egyptians in several encounters. In the affair of Boharsef he attacked the mountain position of Ibrahim Pasha himself, and by a desperate bayonet charge dislodged the formidable warrior and the troops whom the Turkish soldiers had come to regard as almost invincible. Napier may fairly be said to have won this battle himself; for only his indomitable energy and headlong daring could have induced some of his followers to attempt such an exploit. The phrase "followers" does not very correctly describe the rela-



tions which sometimes existed between soldiers and commander. For it not uncommonly happened in those mountain skirmishes that Napier's Turkish troops lost heart, and that the commander had to drive his men to the charge before him with a cudgel, a bayonet, or even a handful of stones. But the Admiral's biographer altogether repudiates the story of Napier's having ridden to his Syrian victories mounted on a donkey. Wherever he rode, he bestrode, we are told, a splendid gray charger. But we fear the fable has taken too strong a hold upon the public mind to be dislodged by any truthfulness of confutation. We still persist in believing that the Duke of Wellington did say, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and, despite of Admiral Robinson, we hold to Nelson's signalled expectation that every man will do his duty. So we can not hold out any hope to Major-General Napier that his contradiction will at all efface from the public mind the familiar picture of his gallant relative trotting to battle across the Syrian sands in his shirt-sleeves, in a straw hat, and mounted on a donkey, which he urges to activity with a cudgel.

The siege of Acre, at which Napier assisted, and in which, indeed, he bore practically the leading part, was the concluding exploit of this war. This affair, we need hardly remind any reader, led to an amount of disputation about the manner in which Napier obeyed the orders of his chief, and the manner in which he placed his ship, which it would be utterly unprofitable to enter upon. It is enough to note the fact that the capture of Acre took place after a bombardment of about three hours. Then, having begun the war, Napier resolved to end it. With a characteristic audacity, he made a Convention with Mehemet Ali on his own responsibility, by which he undertook to insure to the ambitious chief his reinstatement in the government of Egypt, on condition that Ibrahim Pasha should evacuate Syria. Diplomacy stormed and raged a good deal about this extraordinary piece of amateur negotiation. "I shall either," wrote Napier jocularly, "be hanged by the government for this, or made a bishop." But the terms of the Convention were recognized as on the whole advantageous, and Napier's Syrian services, military, naval, and diplomatic, received as much *éclat* and public appro-

val as even his ardent and egotistic nature could desire. He thus briefly noted himself the progress of the war: "Begun by me on the 10th of September, at D'Jounie, and finished by me on the 22d of January; at Alexandria."

Napier's Syrian successes were his last great events of a brilliantly warlike character. He returned to England, and had at last the gratification to obtain a seat in Parliament at the hands of the constituency of Marylebone. Later still, he sat, as we all know, for Southwark. Meantime, he was occupied in farming, in authorship—writing the history of the Syrian war—advocating naval reforms in various publications, and on the floor of the House of Commons. He suffered a serious calamity in the loss of the gallant step-son who had fought by his side in the boarding of the Portuguese *Rainha*.

His parliamentary career we have already briefly noticed. It was not successful or brilliant in the sense which the debater or the government official attaches to the words. No man is influential in the House who goes in merely to advocate certain special objects, and who stands aloof from political combinations. Napier did not seek to be a successful politician, nor could he have accomplished the object if he had sought it. The House of Commons is a very jealous mistress, and will not brook divided attentions. To win a great success there, a man must be, above all other things, a member of Parliament. The lawyers, the sailors, the soldiers, who sit in the House, even when they are men of great capacity and eloquence, remain lawyers, soldiers, and sailors in Parliament, and nothing more. They are in the House, but not of it. Napier was a thorough sailor, and did not wish to be any thing else. He did not make many powerful friends—partly because of his determined adherence to any purpose he had in view; partly, it must be owned, because of his excitable temper and brusque manners. Although the tone of the House had undergone a thorough change since the days when Croker used to be put up to talk Cochrane down, yet it hardly could be expected that non-reforming officials in general should entertain a great predilection for Sir Charles Napier.

The last great chapter in the life of Napier was, as we need scarcely observe, the Baltic campaign of 1854. His bio-

grapher has entered at full length—not unreasonably, we freely admit—into the whole history of that series of events, and the dreary disputation it engendered, including even the foolish and exasperating speeches delivered by Sir Robert Peel to some after-dinner assemblies. We do not think it necessary to go over the history of events which can not yet have faded from the mind of even the most thoughtless. Enough to remind our readers that Sir Charles Napier was sent out in command of the Baltic fleet during the Russian war, and that, owing to his character for irresistible daring, his friends and admirers, insisted on believing that Cronstadt and Sweaborg would crumble at the sound of his first cannon. It is only justice to say that, so far as the public ever learned, the preliminary braggadocio was all performed by Sir Charles Napier's friends, and not by himself. Napier took command of the fleet, and from the moment of the sailing the public began to look out for the announcement of the fall of Cronstadt. Every week was expected to bring dispatches from Napier, announcing that he had dictated terms to Russia from the center of St. Petersburg. Cronstadt did not fall, Sweaborg stood firm, and the Emperor of Russia enjoyed undisturbed occupation of St. Petersburg. Napier came to the deliberate conclusion, shared in by all his naval council, and by the French naval commanders, that Cronstadt and Sweaborg were impregnable, except under certain conditions which his resources could not supply. It was obvious that, if he had made an attempt on Cronstadt, and failed, he would have subjected his fleet, in the necessarily crippled condition which would have followed the attack and the failure, to almost certain destruction from the fleet of the Russians. Two officers, one English and one French—both military men—furnished reports in favor of an attack on Sweaborg. With the deliberate judgment of himself, his admirals, and the admirals of the French fleet, pointing directly the other way, Napier did not act upon the suggestion. Until the moment when public opinion grew vehement in England, the Admiralty had always been urging and insisting that Napier should be cautious in every step he took. He therefore brought home his fleet safe, and left Sweaborg and Cronstadt unassailed. Whether by any combination of energy,

daring, and good-luck, an attempt upon either could at the time have succeeded, or, even if successful, would not have led to ulterior disasters of an irreparable nature, must always remain a matter of dispute. But we think, looking calmly back upon the risks to be run, the doubtful chances of success, and the terrible, incalculable consequences of failure, it is impossible to say that Napier did not exercise a wise discretion in refusing to obey the demands which the Admiralty, goaded on by public clamor at home, began at last to substitute for the counsels of caution they had been previously enunciating. We have recently had an example in America of the danger of conducting a war in obedience to the directions and the demands of mere popular opinion. We can not think that the Admiralty of the day were guiltless of the folly of altering their counsels to suit the temper of a similar outburst of popular opinion in our own country.

Right or wrong, when Napier returned to England, his *prestige* was gone. Suppose Garibaldi, immediately after his amazing successes in Sicily and Naples, had been placed in command of an immense Italian army, and sent out to attack the Quadrilateral. Very naturally all his friends would trumpet over Europe that he would be in Venice in a month, and that no fortress raised by human hands could withstand his conquering progress. All Europe would await in eager expectancy the news of his first victory, and even the calmest would possibly yield to the popular belief in some miraculous achievement crowning the attempt. And suppose Garibaldi, after carefully surveying the redoubtable fortresses, came to the deliberate conclusion that it would be impossible to reduce them, and marched all his army back safe and sound into Italy without striking a single blow. Perhaps he would, in doing so, have shown more of the capacity of a great general and warrior than in the capture of Palermo and the victory of the Volturno. But how would public opinion greet its returning hero? Very much, we should think, as many classes of Englishmen were inclined to welcome back Charles Napier, when he returned with his fleet from the Baltic.

Napier chafed and stormed, assailed the Admiralty, the Cabinet—every body who had any share in the indignity which

he understood to be put upon him when he was ordered to strike his flag. It would be impossible to justify some of his language; but, considering the man and the circumstances, not impossible to palliate and excuse it. The electors of Southwark believed Napier to have been wronged, and returned him as their representative, in order that he might have an opportunity of defending himself in the face of his assailants. We all remember the debates which followed; and we shall now merely say that, although opposed to one of the most accomplished debaters who ever sat in Parliament, (carried only the other day to his grave,) Napier made a gallant battle, and, on the whole, in the general estimation of independent opinion, came off victorious. But it would be idle to deny that much of his renown as a daring warrior had faded for the time; and even at the close of the session of 1860, when, in the debate on fortifications, Lord Palmerston made a cruel joke about Napier's experience of the impregnability of certain Russian fortresses, the House could not resist the provocation, but laughed and cheered as at a palpable hit.

The rest of Napier's life may be told in a few lines. He still attended to his parliamentary duties; he planned, as we have said, giving his aid to Garibaldi in

the summer of 1860; he interested himself as ever in all that concerned seamen and ships; and he died on the 6th of November in that same year. His death created a profound sensation, but it would have created more sensation still if it had not come so closely upon that of his old friend, Thomas Cochrane.

That Napier was a seaman of extraordinary capacity, energy, and daring, no one now thinks of disputing. The passing injustice which accused him of failure in the Baltic expedition will soon, we trust, be forgotten, and the man will be restored to the place he deserved among our naval heroes. As we have already intimated, we do not claim for him a place among the foremost. We do not believe he could, under any circumstances, have been a Nelson or a Collingwood; and if he had the daring, he had not the extraordinary resources of Dundonald. But he was, in every way, a remarkable man—in many respects a representative of a class which is fading out of our history. His relative has done well to compile his biography, which, however we may dissent from many of its views, and feel inclined to qualify some of its eulogy, discloses in its hero the character of a warm-hearted, true, and earnest man—of a capable, a gallant, and a successful seaman.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

THE cloud which for the space of a month hung gloomily over the civilized world, black with far worse evils than those of simple war, has passed from over our heads without bursting. The fear has not been realized, that the only two first-rate Powers who are also free nations would take to tearing each other in pieces, both the one and the other in a bad and odious cause. For while, on the Ameri-

can side, the war would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong, on ours it would have been a war in alliance with, and to practical purposes, in defense and propagation of slavery. We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which, not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the

same and from every other quarter. We could have acted no otherwise than we have done: yet it is impossible to think, without something like a shudder, from what we have escaped. We, the emancipators of the slave—who have wearied every court and government in Europe and America with our protests and remonstrances, until we goaded them into at least ostensibly coöperating with us to prevent the enslaving of the negro—we, who for the last half-century have spent annual sums, equal to the revenue of a small kingdom, in blockading the African coast, for a cause in which we not only had no interest, but which was contrary to our pecuniary interest, and which many believed would ruin, as many among us still, though erroneously, believe that it has ruined, our colonies—we should have lent a hand to setting up, in one of the most commanding positions of the world, a powerful republic, devoted not only to slavery, but to pro-slavery propagandism—should have helped to give a place in the community of nations to a conspiracy of slave-owners, who have broken their connection with the American Federation on the sole ground, ostentatiously proclaimed, that they thought an attempt would be made to restrain, not slavery itself, but their purpose of spreading slavery wherever migration or force could carry it.

A nation which has made the professions that England has does not with impunity, under however great provocation, betake itself to frustrating the objects for which it has been calling on the rest of the world to make sacrifices of what they think their interest. At present all the nations of Europe have sympathized with us; have acknowledged that we were injured, and declared, with rare unanimity, that we had no choice but to resist, if necessary, by arms. But the consequences of such a war would soon have buried its causes in oblivion. When the new Confederate States, made an independent power by English help, had begun their crusade to carry negro slavery from the Potomac to Cape Horn, who would then have remembered that England raised up this scourge to humanity not for evil's sake, but because somebody had offered an insult to her flag? Or even if unforgotten, who would then have felt that such a grievance was a sufficient palliation of the crime? Every reader of a newspaper to the furthest

ends of the earth, would have believed and remembered one thing only—that at the critical juncture which was to decide whether slavery should blaze up afresh with increased vigor or be trodden out—at the moment of conflict between the good and the evil spirit—at the dawn of a hope that the demon might now at last be chained and flung into the pit, England stepped in, and, for the sake of cotton, made Satan victorious.

The world has been saved from this calamity, and England from this disgrace. The accusation would indeed have been a calumny. But to be able to defy calumny, a nation, like an individual, must stand very clear of just reproach in its previous conduct. Unfortunately we ourselves have given too much plausibility to the charge. Not by any thing said or done by us as a government or as a nation, but by the tone of our press, and in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society. It is too true, that the feelings which have been manifested since the beginning of the American contest—the judgments which have been put forth, and the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle—the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, not even against both parties equally, but almost solely against the party in the right, and the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own, whenever its circumstances are as near to those of America as a cut finger is to an almost mortal wound—these facts, with minds not favorably disposed to us, would have gone far to make the most odious interpretation of the war in which we have been so nearly engaged with the United States, appear by many degrees the most probable. There is no denying that our attitude toward the contending parties (I mean our moral attitude, for politically there was no other course open to us than neutrality) has not been that which becomes a people who are as sincere enemies of slavery as the English really are, and have made as great sacrifices to put an end to it where they could. And it has been an additional misfortune that some of our most powerful journals have been for many years past very unfavorable exponents of English feeling on all subjects connected with slavery: some,



probably, from the influences, more or less direct, of West-Indian opinions and interests: others from inbred Toryism, which, even when compelled by reason to hold opinions favorable to liberty, is always adverse to it in feeling; which likes the spectacle of irresponsible power exercised by one person over others; which has no moral repugnance to the thought of human beings born to the penal servitude for life, to which for the term of a few years we sentence our most hardened criminals, but keeps its indignation to be expended on "rabid and fanatical abolitionists" across the Atlantic, and on those writers in England who attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions, to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God.

Now, when the mind of England, and, it may almost be said, of the civilized part of mankind, has been relieved from the incubus which had weighed on it ever since the Trent outrage, and when we are no longer feeling toward the Northern Americans as men feel toward those with whom they may be on the point of struggling for life or death; now, if ever, is the time to review our position, and consider whether we have been feeling what ought to have been felt, and wishing what ought to have been wished, regarding the contest in which the Northern States are engaged with the South.

In considering this matter, we ought to dismiss from our minds, as far as possible, those feelings against the North, which have been engendered not merely by the Trent aggression, but by the previous anti-British effusions of newspaper writers and stump orators. It is hardly worth while to ask how far these explosions of ill-humor are any thing more than might have been anticipated from ill-disciplined minds, disappointed of the sympathy which they justly thought they had a right to expect from the great anti-slavery people, in their really noble enterprise. It is almost superfluous to remark that a democratic government always shows worst where other governments generally show best, on its outside; and that unreasonable people are much more noisy than the reasonable; that the froth and scum are the part of a violently fermenting liquid that meets the eyes, but are not its body and substance. Without insisting on these things, I contend, that all previous cause of offense

should be considered as canceled, by the reparation which the American government has so amply made; not so much the reparation itself, which might have been so made as to leave still greater cause of permanent resentment behind it; but the manner and spirit in which they have made it. These have been such as most of us, I venture to say, did not by any means expect. If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope, we thought that it would have been made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle. We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. We expected that the atonement, if atonement there were, would have been made with reservations, perhaps under protest. We expected that the correspondence would have been spun out, and a trial made to induce England to be satisfied with less; or that there would have been a proposal of arbitration; or that England would have been asked to make concessions in return for justice; or that if submission was made, it would have been made, ostensibly, to the opinions and wishes of Continental Europe. We expected any thing, in short, which would have been weak, timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's government have done none of these things. Like honest men, they have said in direct terms, that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment, they would have demanded the same reparation; and that if what seemed to be the American side of a question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice; happy as they were to find after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one, capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds? The act itself may have been imposed by the necessity of the circumstances; but the reasons given, the principles of action professed, were their own choice. Putting the worst hypothesis possible, which it would be the height of injustice to enter-

tain seriously, that the concession was really made solely to convenience, and that the profession of regard for justice was hypocrisy, even so, the ground taken, even if insincerely, is the most hopeful sign of the moral state of the American mind which has appeared for many years. That a sense of justice should be the motive which the rulers of a country rely on, to reconcile the public to an unpopular, and what might seem a humiliating act; that the journalists, the orators, many lawyers, the Lower House of Congress, and Mr. Lincoln's own Naval Secretary, should be told in the face of the world, by their own government, that they have been giving public thanks, presents of swords, freedom of cities, all manner of heroic honors, to the author of an act which, though not so intended, was lawless and wrong, and for which the proper remedy is confession and atonement; that this should be the accepted policy (supposing it to nothing higher) of a democratic republic, shows even unlimited democracy to be a better thing than many Englishmen have lately been in the habit of considering it, and goes some way toward proving that the aberrations even of a ruling multitude are only fatal when the better instructed have not the virtue or the courage to front them boldly. Nor ought it to be forgotten, to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's government, that in doing what was in itself right, they have done also what was best fitted to allay the animosity which was daily becoming more bitter between the two nations so long as the question remained open. They have put the brand of confessed injustice upon that rankling and vindictive resentment with which the profligate and passionate part of the American press has been threatening us in the event of concession, and which is to be manifested by some dire revenge, to be taken, as they pretend, after the nation is extricated from its present difficulties. Mr. Lincoln has done what depended on him to make this spirit expire with the occasion which raised it up; and we shall have ourselves chiefly to blame if we keep it alive by the further prolongation of that stream of vituperative eloquence, the source of which even now, when the cause of quarrel has been amicably made up, does not seem to have run dry.\*

\* I do not forget one regrettable passage in Mr. Seward's letter, in which he said that "if the safety

Let us, then, without reference to these jars, or to the declamations of newspaper writers on either side of the Atlantic, examine the American question as it stood from the beginning—its origin, the purpose of both the combatants, and its various possible or probable issues.

There is a theory in England believed perhaps by some, half believed by many more, which is only consistent with original ignorance, or complete subsequent forgetfulness, of all the antecedents of the contest. There are people who tell us that, on the side of the North, the question is not one of slavery at all. The North, it seems, have no more objection to slavery than the South have. Their leaders never say one word implying disapprobation of it. They are ready, on the contrary, to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.

If this be the true state of the case, what are the Southern chiefs fighting about? Their apologists in England say that it is about tariffs, and similar trumpery. They say nothing of the kind. They tell the world, and they told their own citizens when they wanted their votes, that the object of the fight was slavery. Many years ago, when Gen. Jackson was President, South-Carolina did nearly rebel (she never was near separating) about a tariff; but no other State abetted her, and a strong adverse demonstration from Virginia brought the matter to a close. Yet the tariff of that day was rigidly protective. Compared with that, the one in force at the time of the secession was a free-trade tariff. This latter was the result of several successive modifications in the direction of freedom; and its principle was not protection for protection, but as much of it only as might

of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them." I sincerely grieve to find this sentence in the dispatch, for the exceptions to the general rules of morality are not a subject to be lightly or unnecessarily tampered with. The doctrine in itself is no other than that professed and acted on by all governments—that self-preservation, in a state, as in an individual, is a warrant for many things which at all other times ought to be rigidly abstained from. At all events, no nation which has ever passed "laws of exception," which ever suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act or passed an Alien Bill in dread of a Chartist insurrection, has a right to throw the first stone at Mr. Lincoln's Government.

incidentally result from duties imposed for revenue. Even the Morrill Tariff (which never could have been passed but for the Southern secession) is stated by the high authority of Mr. H. C. Carey to be considerably more liberal than the reformed French Tariff under Mr. Cobden's Treaty; insomuch that he, a Protectionist, would be glad to exchange his own protective tariff for Louis Napoleon's free-trade one. But why discuss on probable evidence, notorious facts? The world knows what the question between the North and South has been for many years, and still is. Slavery alone was thought of, alone talked of. Slavery was battled for and against, on the floor of Congress and in the plains of Kansas; on the slavery question exclusively was the party constituted which now rules the United States; on slavery Fremont was rejected, on slavery Lincoln was elected; the South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of separation.

It is true enough that the North are not carrying on war to abolish slavery in States where it legally exists. Could it have been expected, or even perhaps desired, that they should? A great party does not change suddenly, and at once, all its principles and professions. The Republican party have taken their stand on law, and the existing Constitution of the Union. They have disclaimed all right to attempt any thing which that Constitution forbids. It does forbid interference by the Federal Congress with slavery in the slave States; but it does not forbid their abolishing it in the District of Columbia; and this they are now doing, having voted, I perceive, in their present pecuniary straits, a million of dollars to indemnify the slave-owners of the district. Neither did the Constitution, in their own opinion, require them to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territories, which were not yet States. To prevent this, the Republican party was formed, and to prevent it they are now fighting, as the slave-owners are fighting, to enforce it.

The present government of the United States is not an abolitionist government. Abolitionists, in America, mean those who do not keep within the Constitution; who demand the destruction (as far as slavery is concerned) of as much of it as protects the internal legislation of each State from the control of Congress; who aim at abol-

ishing slavery wherever it exists, by force, if need be, but certainly by some other power than the constituted authorities of the slave States. The Republican party neither aim nor profess to aim at this object. And when we consider the flood of wrath which would have been poured out against them if they did, by the very writers who now taunt them with not doing it, we shall be apt to think the taunt a little misplaced. But though not an abolitionist party, they are a free-soil party. If they have not taken arms against slavery, they have against its extension. And they know, as we may know if we please, that this amounts to the same thing. The day when slavery can no longer extend itself, is the day of its doom. The slave-owners know this, and it is the cause of their fury. They know, as all know who have attended to the subject, that confinement within existing limits is its death-warrant. Slavery, under the conditions in which it exists in the States, exhausts even the beneficent powers of nature. So incompatible is it with any kind whatever of skilled labor, that it causes the whole productive resources of the country to be concentrated on one or two products, cotton being the chief, which require, to raise and prepare them for the market, little besides brute animal force. The cotton cultivation, in the opinion of all competent judges alone saves North-American slavery; but cotton cultivation, exclusively adhered to exhausts in a moderate number of years all the soils which are fit for it, and can only be kept up by traveling farther and farther westward. Mr. Olmstead has given a vivid description of the desolate state of parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, once among the richest specimens of soil and cultivation in the world; and even the more recently colonized Alabama, as he shows, is rapidly following in the same downhill track. To slavery, therefore, it is a matter of life and death to find fresh fields for the employment of slave labor. Confine it to the present States, and the owners of slave property will either be speedily ruined, or will have to find means of reforming and renovating their agricultural system; which can not be done without treating the slaves like human beings, nor without so large an employment of skilled, that is, of free labor, as will widely displace the unskilled, and so depreciate the pecuniary value of the slave, that the

immediate mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would be a nearly inevitable and probably rapid consequence.

The Republican leaders do not talk to the public of these almost certain results of success in the present conflict. They talk but little, in the existing emergency even of the original cause of quarrel. The most ordinary policy teaches them to inscribe on their banner that part only of their known principles in which their supporters are unanimous. The preservation of the Union is an object about which the North are agreed; and it has many adherents, as they believe, in the South generally. That nearly half the population of the Border Slave States are in favor of it is a patent fact, since they are now fighting in its defense. It is not probable that they would be willing to fight directly against slavery. The Republicans well know that, if they can re-establish the Union, they gain every thing for which they originally contended; and it would be a plain breach of faith with the Southern friends of the government, if, after rallying them round its standard for a purpose of which they approve, it were suddenly to alter its terms of communion without their consent.

But the parties in a protracted civil war almost invariably end by taking more extreme, not to say higher grounds of principle, than they began with. Middle parties and friends of compromise are soon left behind; and if the writers who so severely criticise the present moderation of the free-soilers are desirous to see the war become an abolition war, it is probable that if the war lasts long enough they will be gratified. Without the smallest pretension to see further into futurity than other people, I at least have foreseen and foretold from the first, that if the South were not promptly put down the contest would become distinctly an anti-slavery one; nor do I believe that any person, accustomed to reflect on the course of human affairs in troubled times, can expect any thing else. Those who have read, even cursorily, the most valuable testimony to which the English public have access, concerning the real state of affairs in America—the letters of the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Russell—must have observed how early and rapidly he arrived at the same conclusion, and with what increasing emphasis he now continually reiterates it. In one of his recent

letters he names the end of next summer as the period by which, if the war has not sooner terminated, it will have assumed a complete anti-slavery character. So early a term exceeds, I confess, my most sanguine hopes; but if Mr. Russell be right, heaven forbid that the war should cease sooner, for if it lasts till then, it is quite possible that it will regenerate the American people.

If, however, the purposes of the North may be doubted or misunderstood, there is at least no question as to those of the South. They make no concealment of *their* principles. As long as they were allowed to direct all the policy of the Union; to break through compromise after compromise, encroach step after step, until they reached the pitch of claiming a right to carry slave property into the Free States, and, in opposition to the laws of those States, hold it as property there; so long, they were willing to remain in the Union. The moment a president was elected of whom it was inferred from his opinions, not that he would take any measures against slavery where it exists, but that he would oppose its establishment where it exists not, that moment they broke loose from what was at least, a very solemn contract, and formed themselves into a Confederation professing as its fundamental principle not merely the perpetuation, but the indefinite extension of slavery. And the doctrine is loudly preached though the new Republic, that slavery, whether black or white, is a good in itself, and the proper condition of the working-classes every where.

Let me, in a few words, remind the reader what sort of a thing this is, which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate, and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression, in which it is possible for human beings live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters, or slave-drivers. What, by a rhetorical license, the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character



possible, are said to be, these men, in very truth, are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful personally, any more than all the inquisitors, or all the buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of which they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is enough. There are, heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires, to keep it going, that human beings should be burnt alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year, for many years past, in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part or other of the South. And not upon negroes only: the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning alive of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch-law, on mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be, if deeds like these are necessary under it? and if they are not necessary and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion not for simple slavery; they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a *right* to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to, the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation of their great grandfathers, they never put themselves the

question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands? How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere *argumentum ad hominem*. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others, exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same thing to resist oppression practiced upon themselves. Neither rebellion, nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object, which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purposes.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the mere will to separate were in this case, or in any case, a sufficient ground for separation. I beg to be informed *whose* will? The will of any knot of men who, by fair means or foul,

by usurpation, terrorism, or fraud, have got the reins of government into their hands? If the inmates of Parkhurst Prison were to get possession of the Isle of Wight, occupy its military positions, enlist one part of its inhabitants in their own ranks, set the remainder of them to work in chain-gangs, and declare themselves independent, ought their recognition by the British government to be an immediate consequence? Before admitting the authority of any persons, as organs of the will of the people, to dispose of the whole political existence of a country, I ask to see whether their credentials are from the whole, or only from a part. And first, it is necessary to ask, Have the slaves been consulted? Has *their* will been counted as any part in the estimate of collective volition? They are a part of the population. However natural in the country itself, it is rather cool in English writers who talk so glibly of the ten millions, (I believe there are only eight,) to pass over the very existence of four millions who must abhor the idea of separation. Remember, we consider them to be human beings, entitled to human rights. Nor can it be doubted that the mere fact of belonging to a Union in some parts of which slavery is reprobated is some alleviation of their condition, if only as regards future probabilities. But even of the white population, it is questionable if there was in the beginning a majority for secession any where but in South-Carolina. Though the thing was predetermined, and most of the States committed by their public authorities before the people were called on to vote; though in taking the votes terrorism in many places reigned triumphant; yet even so, in several of the States, secession was carried only by narrow majorities. In some the authorities have not dared to publish the numbers; in some it is asserted that no vote has ever been taken. Further, (as was pointed out in an admirable letter by Mr. Carey,) the Slave States are intersected in the middle, from their northern frontier almost to the Gulf of Mexico, by a country of free labor—the mountain regions of the Alleghanies and their dependencies, forming parts of Virginia, North-Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, in which, from the nature of the climate and of the agricultural and mining industry, slavery to any material extent never did, and never

will, exist. This mountain zone is peopled by ardent friends of the Union. Could the Union abandon them without even an effort, to be dealt with at the pleasure of an exasperated slave-owning oligarchy? Could it abandon the Germans who, in Western Texas, have made so meritorious a commencement of growing cotton on the borders of the Mexican Gulf by free labor? Were the right of the slave-owners to secede ever so clear, they have no right to carry these with them; unless allegiance is a mere question of local proximity, and my next neighbor, if I am a stronger man, can be compelled to follow me in any lawless vagaries I choose to indulge.

But (it is said) the North will never succeed in conquering the South; and since the separation must in the end be recognized, it is better to do at first what must be done at last; moreover, if it did conquer them, it could not govern them when conquered, consistently with free institutions. With no one of these propositions can I agree.

Whether or not the Northern Americans *will* succeed in reconquering the South, I do not affect to foresee. That they *can* conquer it, if their present determination holds, I have never entertained a doubt; for they are twice as numerous, and ten or twelve times as rich. Not by taking military possession of their country, or marching an army through it, but by wearing them out, exhausting their resources, depriving them of the comforts of life, encouraging their slaves to desert, and excluding them from communication with foreign countries. All this, of course, depends on the supposition that the North does not give in first. Whether they will persevere to this point, or whether their spirit, their patience, and the sacrifices they are willing to make, will be exhausted before reaching it, I can not tell. They may, in the end, be wearied into recognizing the separation. But to those who say that because this may have to be done at last, it ought to have been done at first, I put the very serious question—On what terms? Have they ever considered what would have been the meaning of separation if it had been assented to by the Northern States when first demanded? People talk as if separation meant nothing more than the independence of the seceding States. To

have accepted it under that limitation would have been, on the part of the South, to give up that which they have seceded expressly to preserve. Separation, with them, means at least half the territories; including the Mexican border, and the consequent power of invading and overrunning Spanish America for the purpose of planting there the "peculiar institution" which even Mexican civilization has found too bad to be endured. There is no knowing to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North *ever*, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the freedom of the territories; if it resigns to them when out of the Union that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity. And no one can suppose that the South would have consented, or in their present temper ever will consent, to an accommodation on any other terms. It will require a succession of humiliations to bring them to that. The necessity of reconciling themselves to the confinement of slavery within its existing boundaries, with the natural consequence, immediate mitigation of slavery and ultimate emancipation, is a lesson which they are in no mood to learn from any thing but disaster. Two or three defeats in the field, breaking their military strength, though not followed by an invasion of their territory, may possibly teach it to them. If so, there is no breach of charity in hoping that this severe schooling may promptly come. When men set themselves up, in defiance of the rest of the world, to do the devil's work, no good can come of them until the world has made them feel that this work can not be suffered to be done any longer. If this knowledge does not come to them for several years, the abolition question will by that time have settled itself. For assuredly Congress will very soon make up its mind to declare all slaves free who belong to persons in arms against the Union. When that is done, slavery, confined to a minority, will soon cure itself; and the pecuniary value of the negroes belonging to loyal masters will probably not exceed the amount of compensation which the United States will be willing and able to give.

The assumed difficulty of governing

the Southern States as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the territories, and without a fugitive slave law. It may be assumed that in that event the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen, its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the territories, or the admission into the Union of any new slave State. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new free States would insure to freedom a decisive and constantly increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each State in the Lower House of Congress. Why should the masters have members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that State as an equivalent: thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundations of its Constitution. Are we to see with indifference

its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original inventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first State which repudiated, Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the Legislature of Mississippi had passed a bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English government will hardly be base enough to recognize them, unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped, even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse, unless they granted in the most explicit manner the right of search. To allow the slave-ships of a confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free, and unexamined, between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretense of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practiced before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slaveholders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate height by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the free States, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the slave States

ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe, to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I can not join with those who cry peace, peace. I can not wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the North-Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and if the



war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution, receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the free States will

have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity, which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

### A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

AUTHORS and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the British old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter-apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat, as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe, and feasting like a ghoul upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters. Well, now, my reader, look round your circle of acquaintance, and tell me honestly how many of such vestal virgins you can find. I never met with one, and, with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin, Aunt Rhoda—as she is called in some dozen families into which she has been lovingly adopted—is in request for all our merry-makings, and lights up the sick-rooms, to which she will go just as willingly, like a very substantial sunbeam. She doesn't petrify into a hand-crossed effigy in men-folk's company, but roundly rates the bad taste of bachelors in having suffered her so long to continue single. Of course, like all women who are good for any thing, (it is only your selfish people—

moral oysters—who shut themselves up, and take no interest in their neighbors,) she is fond of a bit of gossip; and, being a hot-tempered little dame, she can occasionally say a sharp thing of, though far more frequently *to*—for she likes every thing above board—any one who has happened to offend her, or, which is a far easier mode of rousing her wrath, who has offended her friends. But there is not a grain of malice in her heart. She blurts out exactly what she thinks in a volcanic burst, and there is an end—a far preferable mode of procedure, in my opinion, to the polite, smiling way in which phlegmatic people dribble out their spite, in such small contributions that a grievance will last them for a month.

Such is Miss Phipps as, on the last night of 1855, she sits in her doll's house of a cottage in Pogis Parva, entertaining a tiny party of village friends. Her elder sister, Harriet—also a maiden—is really the mistress of the house; but she, good, quiet soul, resigns the lead in every thing to bustling Rhoda, who not unfrequently bullies her, in a good-natured way, to stir her into life, and whoms-he watches, half-admiringly, half-anxiously, as one might watch the china-endangering pranks of a frisky kitten playing with the table-cloth.

The hearts of the Misses Phipps are large, but their means are small; a party at their house, therefore, is an "event."

They do the thing well, however, when they attempt it. Their neatest of little parlors—although the process seems very much akin to the painting of the lily—is tidied up for hours beforehand. The best china—white as snow, with sprigs and rims of gold—is daintily dusted. The heirloom silver tea-pot and cream-jug are scoured until the quaint old plate seems almost ashamed of that spotless polish, which brings out in such bold relief its bygone fashion. Cake, both of seed and plum, is cut up into the genteelst of blocks and wedges. Wafer bread-and-butter is arranged in graceful circling sweeps, with bunches of laurustinus in the center. A round tower of toasted muffins rises on the fender—"footman." The home-cured ham is slivered into semi-transparent slices, and wreathed with classic parsley. The preserves and marmalade, for the manufacture of which the Misses Phipps enjoy a five-miles' fame, are poured, like liquid gold and rubies, into their shallow receptacles of crystal. Wax-candles are placed in readiness for lighting on the tea-table, in massive silver sticks, (the Misses Phipps have "seen better days.") with verdant coronals. One bottle of port and one of sherry are decanted, and put aside with the plates of almonds, and raisins, and oranges, for pre-cænal refreshment. The supper-tray is ready-laid; and then, after sundry injunctions to the extemporized parlor—as well as kitchen—maid to "mind her manners," the sisters go up stairs to wash their hands, give the last touch to their toilet, and to see once more that the bedroom is in a fit state for the reception of their guests when they visit it for the purpose of "taking off their things."

Bonnets and boas, muffs, shawls, and mantles have lain upon the counterpane for some hours, when my tale begins. Supper has been dispatched; and, to counteract the richness of the hot game-pie, (Pogis Parva is in a noted sporting county, and you may be sure that popular Aunt Rhoda has not to buy the birds she cooks so deftly,) the assembled ladies, with their feet upon the fender, and their skirts turned back over their knees, are sipping "just a leetle very weak brandy-and water." Their tongues have not been idle at any time of the evening, but now, lubricated by that gentle stimulant, they wag like poplar leaves. It is

amusing to note the effect of after-supper alcohol, however much diluted, on the feminine brain. The topic of conversation is a Mr. Phillips, a shy, autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he, that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshipers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains *perdu* until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his own premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick wall and a high holly-hedge, which shut them in on all sides. The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr. Phillips is an intelligent and well-informed, but most ridiculously nervous, man, with a perfect horror of womankind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips' curiosity about him than by telling them what he has for dinner—that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden, and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for rural speculation! Our ladies, irate at his misogyny, for the most part are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why can not he show his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs. Squilla, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that night-walking and talking point to remorse of some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favor in the eyes of Mrs. Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips is his name, and how he got his money. "Perhaps he's a coiner," whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader of romances. Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love affair long ago, is the only one not censorious; *she* hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scuts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown

half-silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp-sighted little Aunt Rhoda is right. She vows, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

"Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?" says Miss Brown; "next year is leap-year, you know."

"Well," laughs Aunt Rhoda, "if I can't manage it any other way, I *will*."

"O Rhoda!" exclaims shocked Sister Harriet.

Thus they sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when, with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary hearty greeting of the hour; and then the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out from their "watch-night" service in their little meeting-house—in which manifestation of scorn I can not sympathize with Mrs. Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throb, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when, in company with Mrs. Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered in to the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor, inform her that "Master don't see nobody, Miss." He *must* see *her*, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send in their message, as Mr. Phillips is too unwell to leave the library. "Very well, then, we'll go to him, John," says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr. Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with twitching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they *have* bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-

scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction. He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purpose than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighborhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure. It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women, he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite so terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stuttering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall-door, but also to the garden-gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good that she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvelously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on the weekdays; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumor says that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phipps—*she* doesn't "aunt" her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her *age* protects her.

At this spite and tattle Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbor. She has succeeded, so let rumor and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her *protégé*, and champions him

on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love-theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt—with a most mild malignity, however—to depreciate him.

New-Year's eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlor, when they hear a knock at the front-door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr. Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever. He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, as if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. “Deeply grateful

to Miss Rhoda”—“object for existence”—“not let the year close,” are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances. Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: “I know what you mean, Mr. Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelvemonths that I'd ask him, and see I *have*.”

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit at her happy, hospitable home, (the Holly Hedge has been cut down,) have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterward, Mrs. Henry Phillips.

From the North British Review.

## G U I Z O T   A N D   T H E   P A P A C Y . \*

THIS is a very clear, clever, in some respects well-reasoned, yet withal inconclusive plea for reaction—both civil and ecclesiastical—in Italy. It may seem strange that it should be so, when we think of the author. Yet to those who have carefully studied some of M. Guizot's previous writings, the conclusions to which he has come in the present volume, however they may cause regret, can scarcely excite surprise. With all his strong sympathies for liberty, and his fine historical appreciation of the moral conditions of civilization, and even his healthy Protestant religious feeling, M. Guizot has always shown great timidity in political speculation, and a lack of hearty faith in human progress. Both as a statesman and an historian, he is deficient in liberal passion. Throughout his *History of the*

*English Revolution*, or his later *Life of Cromwell*, the great character of the Protector never kindles him into admiration, nor moves him with a throb of excitement. The vehement patriotism of Milton is unintelligible to him. He holds the balances of judgment too gravely, and he looks on with too cold and critical a glance, to allow himself to be touched by the onward sweep of political enthusiasm. His is, in short, rather a philosophical than an active love of liberty. He is a *doctrinaire* still more than a patriot; above all, he is an anti-revolutionist. The very name or idea of revolution frights all his political sensibilities.

The present volume is born of these peculiarities. It breathes throughout the most devoted love for liberty in the abstract. It appreciates with clear intelligence, and expounds with a facile and experienced ability, the fundamental con-

\* *L'Eglise et La Société Chrétiennes* en 1861. Par M. Guizot. Paris, 1861.



ditions both of civil and religious independence. Especially, it is instinct in every page with a grave moral earnestness, almost rising into enthusiasm, yet never entirely carried away. It is didactic, impressive, solemn—the summing up by a veteran statesman of the complexities of a great question, as before the bar of conscience and of history. The premises are sound, or nearly so; the argument is powerful, and, in part, fair; yet the issue is felt to be wrong. The conclusions outweigh the reasoning, and do not follow from the principles. Prepossessions have crept in and decided the result; and the reader, who has been straining his attention to catch the sequence of thought by which the maintenance of the Papacy in all its integrity is shown to be a deduction from the broadest consideration of religious toleration, is quietly put off by assumptions, which would just as easily have settled the question without any argument at all.

The occasion of the volume is no doubt known to most of our readers, and is explained by M. Guizot in his opening chapter. In the course of last spring, he took the chair at a public meeting of the "Society for the Encouragement of Primary Instruction among the Protestants in France," and then, among other observations addressed to the meeting, spoke as follows:

"A melancholy disturbance affects a large portion of the general Christian Church—I say a melancholy disturbance; it is my own opinion that I express, and that I desire to express. Whatever differences, and even divisions, may be among us, we are all Christians, and the brethren of all Christians. The security, the dignity, the liberty of all Christian churches, equally belong to the whole of Christendom. It is Christendom as a whole that suffers, when great Christian churches suffer. It is the entire Christian edifice against which the blows are directed, which now strike one of its chief structures. Under such trials, our sympathy is due to the Christian Church in all its extent."

These words, it may be imagined, gave rise to a good deal of discussion. Many Roman Catholics hailed them, and thanked the speaker for them. Many Protestants greatly blamed him, and felt disquieted by his language. Some of his most intimate friends, M. Guizot says, "expressed their affectionate regret." Moreover, he had already exposed himself to comment, from the language he had used regarding

Italy, in welcoming Lacordaire as a member of the French Academy. He felt it necessary, therefore, that he should explain his views further. The present volume is the consequence. He disclaims in it a controversial spirit, for which, he says, he has no turn. He can understand and sympathize with the keenness of personal debate, of which he has had enough in his day; but controversy, conducted from the closet or study, is distasteful to him. "It is a tournament in which minds display themselves, and not a combat in which destinies are at stake. Self-love becomes more and more chafed and excited, according to its peculiar bias; and vanity is gratified, instead of truth triumphing." His object, accordingly, is not to reply to his critics, but to expound more fully his own opinion regarding the recent and continuing state of Italy, and especially regarding the attacks which have been made upon the Papacy.

His argument is, in the first instance, of a general character, affecting the whole position of the Christian Church, and the dangers to which it is at the present day exposed. So far M. Guizot carries us along with him; in his argument he has at once our convictions and our sympathies. There is both great truth and great importance in the views developed in his early chapters, and in the extended episode entitled, "Our Mistakes and our Hopes," inserted in a later chapter. These views are also so pertinent to the present state of theological speculation in our own country, as well as in France, that we shall briefly call attention to them before proceeding to challenge the conclusions which he has drawn in his more special argument on the subject of Italy and the Papacy.

All Christian churches, M. Guizot argues, should be united in the face of a common danger. A common enemy is assailing their gates, and even the very citadel of spiritual truth. It is not merely the Christian religion as a social institution that is in peril, but it is the Christian faith itself that is attacked: Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism, Historical Criticism, are all merely different names for the aggression to which Christianity is every where exposed. This aggression, indeed, is no novelty. More than once already, and notably in the last century, has Christianity been exposed to it. It triumphed then against its numerous ene-

mies, and it will triumph no less in its present struggle. But the evil of the contest is great, although the issue may not be doubtful. Many souls suffer; and society is weakened and injured by the blows directed against its faith, even if they should not prove mortal. Faith shall not perish, but it is necessary for it to recognize its perils, to look them fairly in the face, and to collect all its forces in order to surmount them.

M. Guizot rightly apprehends that the chief point of all the attacks now made upon Christianity is the denial of the Supernatural. It is here that, in all its shapes, unbelief centers. Its governing thought is, that the world and man, alike in his moral and his physical being, are solely under the dominion of general laws, which are immutable and necessary. The idea of a higher Will controlling these laws, or in any case traversing them, is quietly disowned and set aside.

The question of the "Supernatural" is at once a difficult and extended one, and M. Guizot does not profess to handle it in all its bearings; but there is something very impressive and very interesting in the chapter to which he has given this title. As the mature thought of a veteran historian and thinker, it well deserves attention.

"It is upon faith," he says, "or an inner instinct of the Supernatural, that all religion rests. I do not say every religious idea, but whatever religion is positive, practical, powerful, durable, and popular. Every where, in all climates, at all epochs of history, and in all degrees of civilization, man is animated by the sentiment—I would rather say the presentiment—that the world which he sees, the order of things in the midst of which he lives, the facts which regularly and constantly succeed each other around him, are not *all*. In vain he makes every day, in this vast universe, discoveries and conquests; in vain he observes and learnedly verifies the general laws which govern it; his thought is not inclosed in the world surrendered to his science; the spectacle of it does not suffice his soul; it is raised beyond it; it searches after and gets a glimpse of Something else; it aspires higher both for the universe and itself; it aims after another destiny—another Master.

'Par delà tous ces cieux le Dieux des cieux réside.'

So Voltaire has said; and the God who is beyond all the skies is not Nature personified, but a Supernatural Personality. It is to this higher Personality that all religions address themselves. It is to bring men into communion with him that they exist. Without this instinctive faith

of men in the Supernatural—without a spontaneous and invincible aspiration toward it, religion would be impossible.

"Alone of all beings here below, man prays. Among his moral instincts, there is none more natural, more universal, more unconquerable than prayer. The child inclines to it with a ready docility. The old man recurs to it as a refuge against decay and isolation. Prayer ascends from young lips which can scarcely murmur the name of God, and from dying lips which have scarcely strength to pronounce it. Among every people, famous or obscure, civilized or barbarous, we meet at every step with acts and forms of invocation. Wherever men live, in certain circumstances, at certain hours, under the influence of certain impressions of soul, the eyes are elevated, the hands join themselves, the knees bend, in order to implore or to render thanks—to adore or to appease. With transport or with trembling, publicly, or in the secret of his heart, it is to prayer that man applies, in the last resource, to fill the void of his soul, or to help him to bear the burden of his destiny. It is in prayer that he seeks, when every thing else fails him, support for his weakness, consolation in his sorrows, hope for his virtue.

"No one can mistake the moral and internal worth of prayer, independently of its efficacy to attain its object. The soul throws off its burdens, and once more raises itself—quiets, and fortifies itself—by prayer. It finds in turning to God the same feeling of relief—of return to health and repose—that the body finds in passing from a heavy or tempestuous air into a serene and pure atmosphere. God comes to the aid of those who pray, before and apart from the effort which they make that he shall hear them.

"Will he hear them? What is the external and definite efficacy of prayer? Here is the mystery, the impenetrable mystery of the designs and of the action of God upon each of us. So much we know, that whatever way he acts upon our external or internal life, it is not we who alone dispose of them according to our own thought or will. All the names which we give to that part of our destiny which comes not from ourselves—chance, fortune, nature, fate—are so many veils with which, in our ignorant impiety, we cover the truth. When we use such phrases, we refuse to see God where he is. Beyond the narrow sphere which incloses our power and action, God reigns and acts. There is in the simple act of prayer—so natural and universal—the expression of an instinctive and universal faith in the permanent and continually free action of God upon man and his destiny. 'His ways are not our ways.' We walk in them without knowing it. To believe without seeing, and to pray without foreseeing, is the condition which God has imposed upon man in this world as to all that transcends its limits. It is in the knowledge and admission of this Supernatural Order that faith and religious life consist.

"That this instinctive faith in the Superna-

tural should be also the source of many errors and superstitions, no one dreams of disputing. Here, as every where, it is the lot of man to have the good and the evil incessantly mingled in his destiny, and in his works as in himself; but it by no means follows from this inevitable admixture, that our great instincts have no significance, or that they only mislead us when they elevate us. Whatever may be the delusions which attend our highest aspirations, it remains certain that the Supernatural is firmly fixed in the instinctive faith of man, and that it is the condition—the *sine qua non*—as it is the veritable object and essence, of all religion."

It is not necessary to pursue the direct train of M. Guizot's thoughts farther, but it seemed desirable to fix the attention of our readers upon this clear and eloquent statement of the grounds upon which human faith in the Supernatural rests. It is cheering, amid so many uncertain or despairing voices, and the hardening sound of materialistic self-confidence, to listen to such a faithful testimony to the reality of a higher life containing and encompassing ours—a life beyond nature, and not confined by its unvarying changes. The recent spirit of speculation, if it has done nothing else, has at least exposed more plainly than before the ultimate divergencies of thought out of which all philosophy springs. There is the thought which not only starts from nature, but never goes beyond it, which regards man in all the exquisite and wonderful combination of his powers as only nature's highest product, and the laws which govern his whole being as immutably fixed in material springs, however subtly and impenetrably these may be hidden. Materialism, Pantheism, Rationalism in all its forms, is the offspring of this thought. God, and Truth, and Eternity may be terms in the mouth of all of these; but they are and can be nothing to such a mode of thought, except the delusive watchwords of superstition or the by-play of an ungrounded imagination. The higher thought upon which all spiritual philosophy and Christianity alike rest, stands in clear contrast to this. According to it, man is more than the creature of nature; he is nature and yet spirit—having his present being amid the unchanging activities of the former, yet also allied to a Higher Being, in whom alone he truly lives. While it is the very condition of the first mode of thought to exclude the Supernatural, and to treat all its supposed intimations as

mere delusions, it is the essential principle of this higher thought to recognize the Supernatural every where as a lofty and primal Order transcending and embracing the lower order of nature, and traversing it where, for wise and good purposes, it may seem fit to do so. Man, according to this view, is characteristically a spiritual being; nature is merely his temporary environment; his true life is above it—with God, of whom all his moral instincts indubitably witness.

It is a God who thus reveals himself to man in conscience and in Scripture who is the only true God, as M. Guizot points out in the chapter with which he follows up that on the Supernatural. The Hebrew and Christian God, in contrast to that of all false religions, is no personification of the forces of nature, nor of the human faculties, nor of the heroes of the human race. He is the Creator of man and of nature. He existed before them, and remains essentially distinct and independent. He is the only eternal, all-subsisting Being, always and every where active, who maintains and governs whatever he has created, and to whom alone the faith and worship of his creatures are due. In place of such a living and true God, it is the aim of modern unbelief, according to our author, to set up a merely abstract God, no less an idol of man's invention than the gods of ancient paganism; "for he is nothing else than man and the world confounded, and erected into God by a science which believes itself profound, and which would not be considered impious. In place of Christianity, its history, its doctrines, and those grand solutions of our destiny and those sublime hopes of our nature which it unfolds, it proposes to us pantheism, skepticism, and the perplexities of learning."

It is in the face of such common dangers, touching the very essence of Christianity, that M. Guizot thinks that all Christians are bound to unite in order to defend their common faith, their common religious home. "They have various dwellings; but it is their common territory, the place which contains them all, which is now assaulted." There is the more reason why they should thus unite and live in peace, that they have perfect liberty to do so. The true principles of religious liberty are now at length fully understood. Thanks, not so much to any of the churches, as to the gradual pro-

gress of liberal opinion in the laity, the moral rights of individuals and of societies are now widely acknowledged. Every one is allowed to think as he likes, and Christian churches are for the most part free to proclaim and work out their own ideas of the truth according to their own plans.

We here approach the key to M. Guizot's warm argument in behalf of the Papacy, and it is necessary therefore to notice closely his words. In what does religious liberty consist? he asks; and he gives the three following answers:

The right for individuals to profess their faith, and to practice their worship; to belong to what religious society they please; to remain in it or secede from it.

The right of different churches to organize and govern themselves internally, according to the maxims of their faith and the traditions of their history.

The right of believing members and ministers of different churches to teach and propagate, by moral and intellectual means, their faith and worship.

He combats at some length the idea, that complete religious liberty is incompatible with the connection of Church and State. The connection appears to him at once sound in principle, and advantageous in its consequences to both parties. Apart from the Church, the State becomes materialized; it loses the moral force which naturally belongs to its alliance with the principles and sentiments of religion; it becomes unsanctioned and unconsecrated. Absolutely separated from the State, again, the Church falls easily a prey to exaggerations of doctrine and precepts; it fails alike in stability and dignity, in experience and moderation; it loses the wider intelligence that springs from the legitimate necessities of civil government. In the name of its heavenly origin and its divine mission, it shows a hard and unreasonable front to human sentiments and the ordinary interests of life. It breeds sectaries and mystics rather than Christians.

It is necessary that civil and religious society remain profoundly distinct, and neither invade nor oppress each other. But it is not true that, in order to escape this danger, they should remain quite strangers, or that they can not, for the good and honor of both, contract a public and mutually supporting alliance.

M. Guizot then reviews in an interest-

ing chapter the state of the Protestant Church in France, in its peculiar relation to the prevalent attacks upon Christianity, and the imperfect state of its constitutional development. We can not, however, pause to consider his views on this subject, but pass on to his consideration of the Roman Catholic Church, and the fundamental conditions of its liberty as regarded by him.

His position is simply this, that the temporal power of the Papacy is as much a normal and constitutional element of the Roman Catholic Church, as the consistories and synods of the Protestant Church are an essential part of its government. Religious liberty, in the full extent of its meaning, implies that every church shall have free scope for its own characteristic mode of action, its agencies of government, and the rules and traditions which preside over them. He puts the case in this way. If any one was to say to the Protestant Church in France, "You shall have no synods, no central power of externally controlling your affairs; each of your local churches will remain isolated and independent to do as it pleases, and to decide according to its own will the great questions which interest Protestantism"—would not this be held to be a direct infringement with the liberties of the Protestant Church? Or, if the British Parliament, in granting to the Roman Catholics permission to profess their faith openly, had yet interdicted them from holding any relations with the Papacy—these relations forming an essential part of the Roman Catholic religion—could religious liberty be said to exist in England? Could the English Catholics be satisfied with a measure of liberty which interfered with one of the fundamental provisions of their ecclesiastical constitution?

"No one," M. Guizot argues, "can be ignorant that, independently of religious dogmas, two essential characteristics distinguish the organization and position of the Roman Catholic Church. It has a general and sole head, whom all Catholics, however scattered abroad in different states, acknowledge. This head is at once the spiritual prince of Catholicism, and the temporal prince of a small European state. A keen debate exists at present on this subject. Some profess that the union of the two characters is not necessary to the Papacy, and that it might preserve its spiritual power without retaining its temporal sovereignty. Others maintain the necessity of the temporal sovereignty for the free and certain exercise of the spiritual power. I do not



enter into this debate. I do not examine here the system of government of the Catholic Church; it is its liberty, and its right to liberty, only that I defend. The twofold character of the Papacy is a fact consecrated by ages—a fact developed and upheld throughout all vicissitudes, all struggles, all distractions of Christendom. And yet we believe it possible to lay violent hands upon this fact, and to alter it at pleasure, and even destroy it, without interfering with the religious liberty of the Catholics! We can despoil the spiritual chief of the Catholic Church of a character and a position which this Church for ages has looked upon as the guarantee of its independence, and yet pretend that we do not trammel and mutilate Catholicism! There are even those who maintain that the Catholic Church has never hitherto been free, but is only about to be so. A *free Church* is the principle which some maintain in the name of the State, at the very moment that the State is taking away from the Church its constitution and its property!"

It will be evident from these remarks, which we consider it due to M. Guizot to give in full, what is the peculiar and very unusual position he occupies as a Protestant thinker and politician. It was not to be expected that we should find him echoing the commonplaces of political Protestantism which are familiar among ourselves. From the author of the *History of Civilization* we would not anticipate any depreciatory or even rigorous criticism of the Roman Catholic Church. We remember the very broad and tolerant views of that work, which was among the first to set in a popular light before Protestants the great civilizing agency of the Roman Church, as it extended its influence over the barbarian nationalities which had overwhelmed and destroyed the landmarks of the ancient empire of the West. To a mind of such expansive historical sympathy as M. Guizot's, which looks at Christianity not so much as a system of definite truth as a great social institution, it is natural to regard Roman Catholicism not merely kindly, but benevolently. Its dogmatic errors, and even its practical delinquencies, fall into the shade; while its historical grandeur, its beneficent influences, its notable deeds of piety and charity, its world-wide fame, and now its world-wide sorrows, come prominently into light.

Admitting all these, however—granting so far the historical position of M. Guizot, the accuracy of which it is not our part at present to dispute—it appears to us that a fair reply may be made to his argument out of the very concessions now

made. For, whence, we may ask, have come the present attacks upon the temporal power of the Papacy, and the integrity of the Roman Catholic Church, supposing that its integrity is involved in the maintenance of its temporal sovereignty? It may please our author to look upon these attacks as the expression of a merely revolutionary and destructive spirit. But this is not a view that can satisfy any political student, who is able without prejudice to contemplate the course of events. It is notorious that they have been long preparing—that they have not been directed in any degree by the dogmatic prejudices of Protestants; that, on the contrary, they have sprung up in the bosom of Catholicism itself, and been directed by those who profess themselves devoted Catholics. Is it not possible, then—taking the broadest historical view of the question—that the temporal power of the Papacy has outlived its usefulness, and that it is falling to pieces of its own corruption? It is not a case of violence, so much as of internal dissolution. For more than a dozen years now, the Papacy has only been preserved in its temporal sovereignty by French bayonets. Let these bayonets be withdrawn, and the decayed fabric would not stand a day. And is not this sufficient proof that the law of historical progress has overtaken the Papal power, and that this power is destined to enter on a new career, or take some new development in the very act of parting with its outworn temporal character?

M. Guizot is not insensible to this view of the question, but he puts it aside, and brings prominently into view the aggressive character of the Piedmontese policy. "In order to attain its ends, Piedmont," he says, "is obliged to trample under foot the rights of nations in despoiling the Pope of the estates of which he is sovereign, just as it tramples under foot the rights of religious liberty in overturning the constitution of the Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the head. Such necessities," he adds, "are the condemnation of the policy which impose them." But surely he overlooks here entirely the main justification of the Piedmontese policy. Why has it been forced into this position of active hostility to the Papacy? Is it from the mere desire of aggression? Is it even solely from the legitimate impulse to possess

Rome as the national capital of the Italian kingdom—a political necessity which is owned by our author? Is it not also, and more urgently than all, from the fact, that the Roman government has lost all power of self-protection, and is in consequence a center of disturbance and revolutionary excitement for the whole of the rest of Italy? The Pope has ceased to govern. If the French troops were withdrawn, his power would collapse forthwith, and the only alternative would be, Piedmont or anarchy. This is a necessity, surely, which must excuse such a movement as that of Piedmont—a movement which, in all the circumstances, has been singularly characterized by an absence of violence—by the weapons of rational argument and exposition, rather than of revolution.

The pervading fallacy of the volume before us, lies in the complacent assumption throughout, of the revolutionary character of the Italian movement. It is needless to argue about a name; and this movement may or may not be properly styled revolutionary. But M. Guizot is too well informed a student of history not to know that there are two very different kinds of revolutionary movement—the one theoretical and anarchical; the other, moral and well-ordered—the issue of necessities which are irresistible, and yet which aims to guide rather than to disturb. The plotting of Mazzini and his *confrères* may be of the former kind. It has been marked throughout by that “logic which stifles justice and reason,” as our author says. It lived in a region of ideas; it fed itself on theories. It designed the destruction of the Papacy, because it was opposed to its ideal schemes. We may grant that the argument of our author applies to such a system of revolution. But it is the peculiar boast of the recent and present movement in Italy, that it is of an entirely different character. It has not been born merely of ideas; it has not been pushed forward under the impulse of theories. The great man that initiated it, and that guided it till its complicated threads fell from his dying grasp, no doubt cherished his own lofty schemes. He saw beyond the necessities of the hour to the glorious vision of an Italian kingdom, united and completed; and he did not hesitate at the consequences that must be faced in pursuing this his

vision. Like every other great statesman, he was not a man to be deterred by circumstances that might appear revolutionary, when once he had entered on his great work. But his work itself, in its origin and conception, was not revolutionary, but conservative. It was in the interests of order, and not of disorder. He felt the Italian soil every where heaving beneath his feet. The explosion, he knew, must come. It was not the radical but the constitutional instinct that placed him at the head of it. He watched and saw his opportunity, and seized it with the hand of a consummate master; but he did not excite the forces that made it. Neither he, nor any one concerned in the movement, did so. This was the work of the long train of Italian misgovernment under Austrian inspiration. This had wrought its inevitable issue; it had at length become intolerable. The national feeling was at length roused to such a pitch, that it could hold no longer; and no sooner was the Austrian power broken by the help of the arms of France, than the excited feeling burst its bounds every where; and the idea of a united Italy became not merely a dream, but an approaching fact.

It is the absence of any recognition of this popular movement in Italy that renders M. Guizot's elaborate argument entirely without value—without application to the exigencies of the case. He every where reasons as if the Italian movement were a mere private affair of M. Cavour, got up by him and others to serve their own purposes. At the best, he sees, or pretends to see, no where below the surface of state intrigue, and the revolutionary mechanism which has been here and there necessarily called into operation. These, which are the mere symptoms of the real state of national excitement in Italy, are to him every thing. But surely it does not require his historical penetration to know that a great national movement, like that which has taken place in Italy, is not to be got up by any ingenuity of state-craft, nor even by any impulses of revolutionary dogmatism.

He mourns over the expulsion of the local governing powers in Tuscany and Parma, and in Naples. An Italian Confederation, he thinks, would have assured Italian liberty better than “Piedmontese domination under the name of Italian unity.” The Grand Duke of Tuscany

would have imbibed Italian sympathies, and given himself to the cause of Italian liberty, as soon as the Austrian tyranny was broken; and even the King of Naples would have learned to identify himself with the national interests, and given himself to the task of liberal government. All this is barely possible; but who can believe it probable. At any rate, it is clear that the Italian people did not believe in any such regeneration of the Italian governments. Had they not been tried over and again, and found wanting? Had not Naples been placed under the ban of civilized diplomacy? And all without effect. It had gone on from worse to worse, until the Bourbon dynasty had become utterly odious—a thing to be swept away before the first breath of national commotion. Could any thing but a genuine national sympathy have enabled Garibaldi's volunteers to march triumphantly, as they did, from Palermo to Naples? Could any thing but an utter bankruptcy of all moral respect and authority have driven a king and queen—the latter not without heroic qualities—forth from their hereditary dominions without commiseration, or the regrets of any but those degraded or bigoted classes of the community which had shared with them in their tyranny—its tools or its advisers?

And to return to our more immediate subject, the Papacy. Do not all things make it evident that, as a civil government, it is incorrigible—incapable of improvement? Let it be that the union of the temporal and spiritual power has hitherto constituted its peculiar character as a government. Let it be that this union is an historical inheritance, and not a wicked imposture. Our author argues this at length. The peculiar character of the Papal government, he maintains, is a growth of historical necessity, and not of pretended principle and unscrupulous ambition. These have had their influence in forming it, as many other governments in the world. But historical exigency is its true explanation. The Papacy acquired territory first in Rome, then in the neighborhood, then in other parts of Italy, by successive and diverse titles—in the first instance, as a municipal magistracy, and finally, as a territorial sovereignty, exercising the full rights of royalty. Its possessions and sovereign authority have come to the Papacy as a natural

appendix and necessary support of its great religious position, and in proportion as that position has developed and strengthened. The donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, M. Guizot urges, were merely among the chief incidents of a progress that was inevitable in the peculiar circumstances of the Bishopric of Rome, surrounded as it was by popular regard and royal deference.

But supposing all granted that may be said on this subject of the venerable historical grandeur of the Papacy as a temporal sovereignty, this is no valid argument in favor of the perpetuity of that sovereignty. It may not the less be effete and worn out, that it has existed so long and is so venerable with years. It is, in fact, of the very antiquity of its machinery, and the immobility that comes from the pressure of its long-descended traditions, that much of its practical inefficacy for any thing save oppression arises. It is dying, well-nigh dead, just because it is so old. Even if we could look at it from M. Guizot's point of view, with a fond regret for its great history and its many renowned traditions, we should yet be unable to see any grounds for perpetuating a power that had lost all vitality and capacity of good. The "sick man" can not be saved, when his sickness is so obviously unto death.

But we must not forget that M. Guizot's point of view is a singular one for a Protestant. He knows full well that there are not many Protestants, even on the Continent, that can be brought to see the matter simply in the historical light in which he contemplates it. The vehement disapprobation which his words called forth when they were first uttered, was enough to show this. And our British Protestantism could much less regard such words favorably. It may be that it is less tolerant—less gifted with historic sympathy; but assuredly it has not learned to dissociate from the Papacy its dogmatic and impious pretensions, and to regard it merely as an oppressed institution—as a suffering cause—even in its present extremity. That extremity may not be a subject of vehement congratulation to British Protestants. There are many among them who have no disposition to rejoice over the helpless miseries of an old man, who is only able to maintain his seat by the help of the arms of one whom he is yet forced to regard with suspicion and distrust. Not

even Dr. Cumming, we fancy, has the heart to rejoice over such a plight.

Yet neither British nor French Protestants can put out of sight the impiety and crimes which have made the Papacy infamous as a power of spiritual oppression, and frequently of civil disorder, throughout many stages of its career. They can not forget, what M. Guizot seems to do, that there are not merely developments, but stern retributions, in history. And, now that the hour of weakness and darkness has come to the Papacy, they do not rejoice, but neither do they remonstrate. They pause, and look on with earnest anxiety. They watch the movement of the drama, and they are prepared to welcome the result.

Certainly there is no intelligent Protestant in this country who sees, in the present disaster of the Papacy, the mere maneuvers of Count Cavour, or the intrigues of Piedmontese policy. Whatever may have been the operation of these, the effect has not been produced by them. It has been coming slowly, but inevitably, for years. The ruin has been working for generations. A higher finger than that of any earthly policy has written decay on a fabric which once towered so proudly, and, exalting itself to the skies, so often forgot the Christian spirit of which it professed to be the embodiment.

It may be that the overthrow of the Pope's temporal sovereignty may leave Italy very much changed from the Italy of tradition and historical association. But, valuable as these elements of civilization are—and we would not wish to underrate their value—there are yet higher and more valuable elements of human well-being. The moral springs of civilization are deeper than any mere traditions, and may require to be purified and enriched at the expense of associations that are no longer adornments of the living, but merely trappings of the dead. Whatever may be the destiny of the Papacy—whether its temporal power may pass away swiftly in name as in reality, or linger still for some years—we can not doubt that there is a glorious future before regenerated and united Italy. The aspirations of freedom gather around it from every land. There is that in M. Guizot's heart that witnesses to his hopes for it, notwithstanding his fears and his prejudices. His chivalry in behalf of the Pope has obscured, but not extinguished, his faith in human progress. Let him rest assured that the interests of the Catholic Church will only suffer, in the great crisis through which Italy is passing, so far as is necessary to the higher interests of the Italian nation, and the advancement of European civilization.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## LADY TRENT'S PICTURE.

STERN Roman nose, and high white forehead, with beautiful soft hair, which showed no symptoms of grayness or decay. Yes, it would have made a fine picture, had it ever been finished. You want to know why it was not; well, be patient with me, and I will tell you all about it.

I was butler to the late Sir Frederick, and, from causes and reasons which it does not matter about detailing, I was very much in my lady's confidence, as I

had been in her husband's. I say this that you may not question how or why such and such things came to my knowledge; my lady being pleased to make of me more a counselor and friend, than a superannuated servant. I meant to begin my story at Christmas, but I must just go back a month to the first mention of the picture. I remember it well. The young baronet—that is, the present Sir Frederick—was about to leave home for a month, to return on Christmas-eve ;



and they were sitting together, just before parting, himself, his mother, and a young lady, who had been with my lady about a year as a sort of companion; for Sir Frederick was often away, and my lady disliked solitude.

They were talking about a fashionable artist who was then in the neighborhood.

"He has taken the Honorable Miss Courtenay," said my lady, "and every body considers it a splendid portrait. She is very beautiful."

"Haughty, rather," said Sir Frederick indifferently. "But now I think of it, you should have had yours taken, mother. Why don't you?"

My lady frowned a little at his indifference to the name she had mentioned, but then a pleased smile stole over her face as it turned to her son.

"Do you wish for an old woman's likeness, Frederick?"

"Certainly, if you mean yourself. But it is a libel to call yourself an old woman."

Then the baronet wished them good-by; a reminder from his mother following him that he must on no account delay his return, as there was to be a grand party on Christmas-eve to celebrate it.

A half-smile was on Sir Frederick's lips, and he turned and looked into the room again, as though to say some additional parting words to Miss Prescott, his mother's companion, but her head was bent steadily over her work, and she never stirred.

Some time after that, I knew that the fashionable artist was coming to take my lady's portrait.

"I wished to have it finished before Sir Frederick returns," said my lady; "but the gentleman is so much engaged, that I suppose it will be impossible. My dear"—to Miss Prescott—"you will read to me during the sittings, that I may forget what is going on. People never look lifelike when they know they are being perpetuated."

The picture was begun, and the voice of the young companion might have charmed the painter as well as his sitter into forgetfulness, to judge from the slow progress he made; but they tell me that is always the way with a great genius.

The month passed away, and all was bustle and preparation. You think it cold now, perhaps, but one such winter

as that was is enough in a person's lifetime. The robins were dead about the hedgerows, and throstles and blackbirds lay cold in the pathways, with their little claws sticking up, as though in mute deprecation of the bitter snow which fell upon them. But, in spite of the cold, no hands were busier among the laurels and Christmas roses than the hands of Annie Prescott. I like to think of her as she was then, and fancy, as I can sometimes, that the last few years are all a dream of my worn-out old brain. There was a gladness about her always, orphan though she was, and friendless; perhaps it was that she knew of a Friend whom none trust in vain—I don't know; I only know that if she had been a Trent born I could not have loved her better than I did. But at this time there was a greater charm about her even than usual—a softened grace, a sort of hush of expectation, and an unusual tenderness toward Lady Trent; and my lady, in her rare gentle moods, was wont to stroke her hair, and call her "my child," and "my dear little girl," and say she should be lost without her.

My lady might have been more prudent, but in her great pride and absorption in her own plans, it never entered her head that any thing could mar them.

I wish I could give you an idea of the decorations for that party, but I can not, and nothing is worse than a weak description. The rooms were thrown open, blazing with light; the chandeliers laughed upon the wreaths of holly and the beautiful flowers; the musicians were assembled, and had begun a little toying with their instruments; and yet Sir Frederick was not come; at least no one thought he was; but as I watched my lady pass down the rooms into a conservatory, which formed a sort of finish to the prospect, a man's step came quickly behind me, and Sir Frederick held out his hand, as he always did, to greet me.

"Where is —"

I did not wait for him to finish, but pointed to the conservatory, telling him my lady was there.

"Oh!—my mother," said Sir Frederick, looking round vacantly. Then he recollected himself. "In there, is she?"

And he marched off toward the conservatory. I saw him come out with my lady on his arm, looking as proud as

June, and never noticing her son's rather absent manner and slow step. The latter quickened, however, suddenly, as Lady Trent called out: "Annie, child, where are you hiding? Come and speak to Sir Frederick."

And Miss Prescott came forward from her corner. I have said before that I am not apt at description, so I shall only say of Miss Prescott that I have never seen any one or any thing so beautiful as she was that night in her simple dress, with the holly-berries glancing in her hair. I was not surprised that my lady stopped short and surveyed her with a look that had certainly more surprise than pleasure in it; nor did I wonder at the glow which came over Sir Frederick's face as he held her hand for a moment.

"Umph!" said my lady shortly. "That will do, child. Is any one come? You had better see if you can be of use."

By and by, the rooms began to fill. I ought perhaps to define my position in Lady Trent's establishment, but I hardly know how. I was not butler any longer; my lady generally liked me to be near her, and to take her orders, and also to listen to her outbursts of anger or pride, when any thing annoyed her; nay, she liked even to ask my advice, too, though, of course, she never followed it.

I was near my lady when the Honorable Miss Courtenay and her brother were announced, and seeing the sparkle in her eye as she went forward to receive them, it came over me like a flash of light that there was a plan in Lady Trent's busy brain which would fail, and bring trouble over the house.

Sir Frederick also was occupied among the guests, and his mother's eye passed from Miss Courtenay to him proudly. Well, he was a son to be proud of, but not with such a pride as hers. He was young, only wanting a few weeks of his majority, and handsome, as all the Trents were. But as I looked from one to the other, I saw in his straight black brows and resolute mouth that if his wishes clashed with those of his mother, she would find that he was a Trent in disposition as well as in feature, and no baby to be coerced into doing her will.

I am not going to give a history of the party; it seemed to me that all went merry as a marriage-bell, but my old eyes ached with the light and the

dazzling dresses and movements of the dancers. Sir Frederick had been dancing with Miss Courtenay, and they came up together to Lady Trent laughing.

"We have been talking about your great lion, the artist, mother. Miss Courtenay has fallen in love with something he calls his painting-blouse, and wants all mankind to adopt the costume."

"I merely made the remark that it was foreign-looking and becoming," said Miss Courtenay, turning round to favor me with a look of scornful amazement. I daresay she did wonder at my impertinence in venturing to stand where I might breathe the same air as she did.

"It put me in mind, however," said Sir Frederick, "of my picture—yours, I mean—that is, the one you promised me; so I came to ask how it advances. Is it finished?"

"Not quite. They tell me three or four more sittings will be necessary."

The baronet made a grimace. "I wanted to judge of the lion's style. May one look at it?"

"No, no," said Miss Courtenay. "You should never look at —'s pictures in an unfinished state. Have patience. If you really want to judge of the style, you can see mine."

They passed on; and my lady, turning to me, saw that I was watching them, as she was. Her thoughts would not be restrained, but came out exultingly: "A handsome couple, Radford."

I bit my lips, and made a venture. I hardly know why I did it, knowing that I should do no good; but it grieved me to see my lady settling in her own mind a thing which I felt would never come to pass. "Yes," I said deferentially; "but not equally matched—not suited to each other."

"Why not?" asked my lady sharply.

"I can not pretend to judge," I said with great meekness; "but it seems to me that a haughty wife would never do for Sir Frederick. Something gentler and quieter —"

"Silence!" cried my lady still more sharply. "You know nothing about it, James Radford."

And I was silent. But I did know something about it, for all that; and I knew also why my lady's eyes followed her son's movements so anxiously, and why there had come upon her suddenly a nervous disquiet, which she tried to

shake off, and could not. She was thinking if—there was hardly a possibility—but if he *should* disappoint her in that matter.

I was thinking of this also in a dreamy sort of way, when, by the merest chance, having been on an errand for my lady, I found myself entangled in a curtain which had hidden one part of the conservatory. As my arm pushed it aside, I saw two figures within, and I knew at once instinctively who they were. A white little hand, which had been perhaps resting on Sir Frederick's arm, was clasped closely in his fingers, and he was drawing it nearer to him, as though he would never let it go again; and his head was bent to look down into the face, which I could hardly see for the leaves of a great orange plant—I knew whose it was, though—and I heard him say: "My darling, to-morrow I will tell her. Have no fears; she can not help loving you."

All this has taken longer to write than it did to happen. I dropped the curtain, but as I did so, my eyes met the eyes of a face opposite—outside the conservatory, but looking in.

It was a ghastly face; it was distorted with passion; the very skin seemed stretched tight over the cheek-bones, and the eyes shone like the eyes of a tigress.

It was my Lady Trent. And I shuddered, thinking to myself Sir Frederick's words: "She can not help loving you." I knew how much love there was in that watcher's heart for one who had dared to thwart her. For the rest of that night there was a glamour over Sir Frederick's eyes, and he saw no alteration in his mother's manner, if, indeed, there was one; but when the festivities were over, and the guests all gone, she bade her son good-night, or rather good-morning, at once, carrying Annie Prescott away with her. The baronet suppressed an exclamation of annoyance; it was useless to be impatient, and to-morrow would settle all.

Lady Trent was not down-stairs early the next morning, but she was first in the breakfast-room, and had waited patiently a full hour before Sir Frederick joined her, uttering an excuse for his laziness. His glance of inquiry round the room did not pass unnoticed, nor his look of discontent, and yet the cup in Lady Trent's hand was as steady as though she

had not known that a struggle must come.

"I want to talk to you, Frederick," said my lady, in her calmest voice. "In a few weeks, you will be of age."

"Yes."

"Thinking as I do," proceeded her ladyship slowly, "that it is absolutely necessary for a man of your rank and position to marry early, I have not heard without anxiety the gossip which rumor has from time to time set afloat respecting your attentions to different young ladies. I have, however, the greatest trust in you; and when the world took your name on its lips, and joined it to that of one every way worthy—I mean Miss Courtenay——"

"You are joking, mother!" burst out Sir Frederick. "Miss Courtenay would as soon marry the man in the moon."

My lady smiled—a wan, forced smile.

"You are modest, Frederick. Suppose I were able to assure you that Miss Courtenay thinks——"

"It doesn't make a spark of difference to me what she thinks, or does not think."

"You speak hastily, and without consideration. Recollect that a man in your position can not always afford to follow up his romantic notions, and sacrifice the future to a piece of boyish folly. You owe it to yourself, and to the society in which your wife should be received, to choose one whom that society would be justified in receiving. In mentioning Miss Courtenay's evident preference for you, I can not help seeing that in all the country round there is not one so fit——"

"To rule over a household of white negroes, and worry her husband into shooting himself?"

"You are incoherent. I wish you would speak of this matter seriously, as one in which I am vitally interested."

"So I will," said Sir Frederick, again looking round discontentedly. "I am glad you have given me an opening. In fact, I——"

"You may as well begin your breakfast, Frederick," cried my lady, in a voice of unusual sharpness, for she wanted to stop his confession. "It is useless to wait for Miss Prescott."

"Why?"

"Because she is not coming."

"Not coming?"

"Not coming."

By this time, a little bright spot stood on each of my lady's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening. When Sir Frederick next spoke, he looked her full in the face, and she knew that she must answer him.

"Where is Miss Prescott?"

"She has left me, and has gone to her friends."

"What friends?"

"I do not know, and it does not matter. Miss Prescott, the poor companion, is and can be nothing to Sir Frederick Trent, that he should make such searching inquiry concerning her."

"Miss Prescott is a clergyman's daughter and a lady. When did she go?"

"This morning."

Sir Frederick looked at the window. The snow-flakes were filling the air, and dropping silently on the white earth, and the branches drooped under their feathery burden. Not a muscle of the baronet's face moved, but it was a shade paler than usual, as he turned to the table and ate his breakfast silently.

Lady Trent was astonished. Could it be possible that she had mistaken her son, and he had simply been amusing himself with the little companion, since he took it so quietly? At any rate, she was emboldened to return to Miss Courtenay, and went rambling on about the duties of rank and position, and the probability of the Honorable George Courtenay dying unmarried, even if he survived the old lord, when of course a sister's son would be the next heir. But Sir Frederick was thinking of his darling out in the pitiless snow and bitter wind, and he heard not a word of what his mother was saying to him. He was thinking of the little soft hand he had held so tight in his own, never dreaming, alas! that this mother, who had always made him an idol, would now throw obstacles in the way of his wishes; he was thinking of the fair hair with the holly-berries in it—of the blue eyes that would not look up at him as he spoke—and of the little wife he had vowed to cherish and to love as his own soul forever. Who was going to part them?

So he got up from the table quietly, with his face very pale, but his lips firm, and when he reached the door, he said, holding it open: "Mother, last night I promised to take Annie Prescott to my heart and home, as the dearest treasure

earth holds for a man. Since you have turned her adrift, and will not tell me where she is gone, I am going to seek her, and I never mean to come back till she is found."

Sir Frederick had been away a fortnight—a weary fortnight. People talked about him, and wondered at his sudden journey; and those who came to call on my lady did not fail to express their wonder. But she bore it bravely, and put off the questions with cheerful commonplaces. You see she was not the woman to show how the fox's little teeth were pinching under her velvet bodice. The Signor Something—I forget his name—had called once, but my lady was not disposed to sit to him then; he must come again.

One morning, I was summoned to Lady Trent's presence earlier than usual; she was sitting at a writing-table with a letter before her, open, and another sealed and addressed. It was one of my lady's peculiarities that she never spoke to any one without looking them full, and almost savagely in the face. In some measure, Sir Frederick had inherited the trick. She turned and faced me then as usual, but with her hands clasped together.

"I have kept no secrets from you, James Radford."

I bowed, believing her, but not knowing exactly what to say.

"I have received a letter from my son. He has found the—the person he went in search of. He—— You can read it, as I wish you to take my answer."

I read the letter. It was one of mixed appeal and determination. I thought there were parts of it which ought to have softened a mother's heart, but I suppose they did not.

"The answer is here," said my lady, giving me the sealed letter, which was addressed to a hotel in Paris. "I knew that Miss Prescott was gone to France, to some distant relatives. How Sir Frederick discovered it, I do not know, neither does it matter. My answer to his letter is a solemn oath that if he persists in his folly and perpetrates this shameful marriage, I will never see his face again. I will keep my vow. In the mean time, Radford, instead of sending this letter by post, I wish you to take it, because there is a chance that the sight of you, and the memories you bear about with you, may



bring the prodigal to a better mind. If you can do any thing, you will only add still more to the gratitude which the Trents owe you."

I attempted no remonstrance, because I knew that it would be useless. I might have urged that I was old, and unfit for a long journey, but I knew what my lady would think of such an excuse. I said, however, merely: "I will go, but I shall not succeed."

My journey was interesting to myself, but would be so to no one else. It will be sufficient to say that I saw Sir Frederick, and gave him the letter. His face grew very pale as he read it; then he turned to me, with my lady's own look.

"Radford, tell my mother that I came of age yesterday, and was married this morning."

There was nothing to be done but to hurry home as fast as I could. And yet, when my journey was over, and I stood at the gate of the lime avenue, I lingered. The interlaced boughs overhead threw their shadows behind me and before me, and a sharp east wind buffeted me, but I lingered because I dreaded the future. When I did go in at last, I found that my lady was giving a sitting to the fashionable artist. She sent for me, however, as soon as she heard of my arrival, and I went up, almost glad of the presence of a third person, to delay, as I thought, my tidings.

But I was mistaken. There was to be no delay, though she looked at me with eyes which expressed absolutely nothing.

"What news have you, James Radford?"

"Madam," I said, "I was too late."

My lady got up and went to look at the picture; she put up her eye-glass and examined it carefully.

"A pity it can not be finished," she said; "but as I shall never look like that again, I will have nothing more done to it. Set it against the wall, Radford, and let it remain there as it is. Do you hear?"

And Lady Trent left the room, with a bow to the astonished artist. I would have followed to tell her Sir Frederick's message in full, but she stopped me.

"You will never speak to me on this subject again, Radford. See that the portrait-man is paid, and let him go."

Of course the news of Sir Frederick's marriage soon spread, and people came

with a pretense of congratulating his mother, but in reality to see how she took it. My lady, however, escaped all that by giving out that she was too unwell to see any one.

And she had told the truth. She never was like herself afterward. That searching look of hers became the glare of a wild animal, and she had fits of passion which terrified every unlucky servant who happened to be near her. Letters continued to come from Sir Frederick, and when they came she put them straight into the fire, unopened; and would sit with her chin on her hands, watching them curl up and burn with a savage satisfaction. At last she grew so bad that no one but myself dared to go near her, and as there seemed to be no one in authority, I wrote to Sir Frederick, telling him all particulars.

He answered my letter almost in person; that is to say, he sent a messenger on to bid me break his arrival as gently as I could to his mother. That was a pleasant task; but I knew no one else would do it if I shrank back. My news brought forth the most terrible fit of passion I had ever seen. My lady had taken an oath which she could not keep. She knew as well as I did that she could not forbid Sir Frederick his own house, and if she remained in it she must see him. Suddenly she grew quite quiet, and came up to me.

"James Radford, you know I swore that I would never see my son again; and I never shall. Hush! Don't you talk to me. When will he be here?"

"I expect him every minute."

"I am going to my own room to rest. Let no one disturb me to-night at least."

We waited more than an hour anxiously. Several times I stood outside my lady's door, but she was quiet, and I really hoped there might be a change. Then I heard the gate of the avenue, and wheels. As they came rattling up the sweep, a noise in my lady's room, and then a succession of screams, most horrible and unearthly, filled my ears till I was stunned; then all was still. Servants came rushing to the spot, and my lady's maid among them, with scared looks and terrified gestures.

"You had better go in," I said.

But the door was locked or bolted inside. I put my shoulder against it, and burst it open. My lady was lying on the

floor, dead, with a pool of blood about her. She had broken a blood-vessel.

Hardly knowing what I did, I went down to meet Sir Frederick. I suppose I must have looked the horror I felt, for he started back when he saw me, crying out: "For God's sake what is it, Radford? My mother——"

I signed to him to be quiet, while his wife put her little hand in mine, and looked up at me wistfully. It was a sad home-coming for her, after all. I took her into the library, and made her sit down, promising to send my lady's maid, but knowing that I should not dare to do it, even if that young person had not been in a violent fit of hysterics up-stairs. Then I told Sir Frederick. At first, he was like one mad, accusing himself of having killed his mother, and talking so wildly, that I was obliged to try to stop him.

"Sir Frederick, you did not kill her,

but her own passion. Heaven have mercy upon her and us! Some body must tell your wife."

Perhaps nothing else would have calmed him, but that did. I led him to the library-door. I saw Miss Annie—pardon, it is the last time; henceforth she is Lady Trent—sitting like a child where I had placed her, gazing into the fire; and tears were rolling down her cheeks as she gazed. I saw Sir Frederick go up and kneel beside her, putting his arm round hers tenderly; and I saw her dear face turn naturally to its rest on his shoulder. Then I shut the door quietly and went my way, for I knew that if there was any comfort for them on the earth, those two would find it in each other.

When I heard you say, "I wonder why that picture was never finished," that weary time came up vividly before me, and I have told the story.

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From the London Eclectic.

## WHAT I SAW IN ICELAND.\*

ICELAND has become, from year to year, the center of more interest to travelers and naturalists, and even to that far inferior order of character, the tourist. Capitalists are taking possession of its shores, and forming vast fisheries there. And even the critical Germans are piercing

into the country, and disentangling the myths and other marvels of the wild and weird island. Among the travels published, Dr. Henderson's still seem to us the most interesting, perhaps with the exception of Sir George Mackenzie's. We wonder, indeed, that, with some additions, so valuable a work remains out of print, or at any rate, that subsequent travelers do not avail themselves of quotations from his book, to bring before the reader's eyes scenes more vividly described than they seem to possess the power to do. It is possible that its very evident and simple piety may create a prejudice against it. Its allusions to Scripture, and illustrations drawn from Scripture, are no doubt unsavory, and, to most readers, distasteful; but it is no doubt one of the most delightful volumes of Arctic travel we have. We thought so twenty-five years since, and our opinion has undergone no change.

\* *The Ozonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of 1860, with Glances at Icelandic Folk-Lore and Sagas.* By the Rev. FREDERICK METCALF, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts. 1861.

*Letters from High Latitudes.* By Lord DUFFERIN. John Murray. 1838.

*Iceland; or, The Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814 and 1815.* By ERNEST HENDERSON. 1818.

*Iceland: Its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By CHARLES S. FORBES, Commander, Royal Navy. Murray. 1860.

*Journal of a Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1809.* By WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, F.R.S. and L.S. Two volumes. Longmans and Murray. 1813.

But, as we said, the world is away to Iceland; and, while Dr. Dasent translates for us the most antique and stirring sagas, and does his best to set before his readers the life of the ancient ages, when the island was the home of adventurous vikings and warlike bards, Mr. Metcalf sets off upon a tour to see the abode of the ancient "hardy Norseman." *The Oxonian in Iceland* is very pleasant reading—sketches of saga lore, little descriptive gleams of Iceland scenery and Iceland homes. It is very unlike Dr. Henderson's book in one of its characteristics. It has no quiet pious emotion; it is full of the spirit of a rollicking Oxford fast man.

It is desirable not only to know persons, but places; not only men, but the earth; hence we determined to try to run over some spot, and to do our best to enable other people to see it. Some will say, why Iceland? It would not be a sufficient answer to say that we are very fond of ices; and when the tastes are very strong that way, what must it be to wade perpetually over mountains of them? What is more to the purpose, we have always been very fond of Iceland. It fascinated our imagination when we were boys; we always cared a great deal more for it than we ever did for Greece or Rome. Romulus and Remus always seem to us very poor things by the side of Odin or Thor; and Theseus a very indifferent character compared with Hæcon. Then we will back the Eddas any day against the Iliad; and, in fact, what is Rome to us? and what do we care either for Rome or Greece? But had it not been for

"The hardy Norseman's house of yore,"

neither we nor England would have been in existence at all at this moment; and we always said, if God gave us the money and the opportunity, we would not waste either in sentimentality among the "isles of Greece," but aim at a higher sort of game, and see that wonderful isle where fire and frost contend for the mastery; and, indeed, there is no doubt it is the most miraculous little spot on our earth. No; there is no other may be compared to it for a moment. Look at your map. There it lies, in the Atlantic, on the very confines of the Polar circle; a land thrown up by a volcano; a land, the whole of which seems to be ever grumbling and getting itself and other people

into hot water, because it can't become a volcano; a perpetual puzzle to geologists, who don't know what to make of that mysterious Surturbrand, which serves them instead of coal, although its very name shows what they think of its origin; *Surtur* (devil's) *brand* (torch)—the devil's torch. They get their wood from the ocean; and they get their sea codfish from their inland lakes. Their stalactites are the result of fire rather than water; for there ice and fire are on the best terms with each other, and their dark ducks swim about in their boiling hot lakes. We don't believe there is another spot of earth where the wildest imagination may find itself so outstripped by the strange freaks and grotesque ways of nature. So we always said to ourselves, that if we had the chance we would go any where; we should like much to eat dates in Bethany, drink sherbet in the Valley of Sweet Waters, just outside Constantinople; sip coffee with the Sheik in some old tomb in Petra; have a yacht to coast off Smyrna; make the tour of the Balkans; task the hospitality of the good, brave people of Montenegro, and prowl among the strange ghâts of the Himalayas—but, before going any where else, we said to ourselves, Remember, you are under an obligation to spend a winter and a summer in Iceland.

We don't see that it matters to any body how we got there, or why, or in what capacity we went there. The reader may go himself two or three times during the summer months of every year, and may see some fine things in his way, too; may touch at the *Faroës*, and may see *Thorshaven*; and then the first view of Iceland, and its vast ice mountains towering to an immense height, crowned with snow. Most travelers will first touch at *Rekiavic*. The simplicity of the people is a little changed since thirty years—since when, as Dr. Henderson landed, the whole population came forth, saying: "Peace, peace! come in peace, and the Lord bless you!" This is the capital of Iceland; but it is only a village, with the disadvantage of sometimes possessing a few drunken, lazy sailors. It lies, however, near to the grand objects of Iceland—that is, it is about forty miles, equal in England to about a thousand, from the Geysers. But you scarcely step beyond Rekiavic before you find yourself surrounded by the evidences of the effects of subterranean fire

—the dismal ruins of mountains which were of old times convulsed by the contending elements. They poured forth immense quantities of lava, and so their own foundations gave way; the structure has fallen in, and the burning continued till the fusible parts were entirely calcined. As we pass along, the masses of rock lie intermingled with the lava, so that the horses could only proceed cautiously over dangerous chasms with sharp lacerating points. We passed over this place on the road to Hafnarfjord, only a few miles from Rekiavik, at night, and it gave us the first taste of what Icelandic traveling would be like.

One of the great objects of attraction to us in Iceland, was the vast antique plain of the *Thingvalla*,—that is, the place of the old Icelandic Parliament. It is not very complimentary to call a man a *thing* now, but in the old Icelandic lore it stood for the wisest and highest of these men. We shall see it presently, meantime let us set off. In Iceland, to walk would be out of the question; there are no carriages, no carts, the only thing on which any transit can be made is the horse, and such horses! but then, if they are not beauties, they are sure-footed. The procession we made in our journey was like nothing so much as a band of tinkers, (with our baggage, and even ourselves, we made a pretty large cavalcade,) yet we gratified our self-esteem by thinking that we resembled an Oriental caravan. All the horses are usually tied to each other, and sometimes the last brute breaks the rein; thus, if the guides are careless, why, you may proceed a mile or two before it is discovered that half the cavalcade is missing—not so wise as the Arab who fastens a bell to the last camel in his caravan.

We reached the plain of the Thingvalla across a plain entirely covered with lava. We looked over the whole plain around us; and behind and before, nothing could be seen but sheets of lava. We came to the brink of a frightful crater, called the *Almannagja*. We began to despair; we thought we were nearly at the end of our journey, and now nothing was to be seen but this horrid gorge; the wild and rugged grandeur of the scene only distressed us in the fear of our future lengthy journey. The fissure or gap could not in some places be less than a hundred or eighty feet deep, and nearly three miles in length; but we had to ad-

vance, and when we arrived at the bottom, we found ourselves, with considerable ease, entering a vast, spacious green valley; it was the spot of the famous court of Iceland. Yes, this was the judgment-hall of the ancient times; here amidst scenery the wildest and most horrific, they held their councils, maintaining the terrors of a law by no means merciful, amidst the overwhelming grandeurs and majesties of nature. It was a spot "of singular wildness and devastation, on every side the effects of most tremendous convulsions and disorder, while nature sleeps now in death-like silence amidst the horrors she has formed." This was the place where were recited all the ancient sagas. Here the national faith was changed, Christianity was acknowledged, and heathenism was overturned. We all remember the well-known instance of the publication and reception of Christianity in our own country; so here, while the heathen and those opposed to Christianity were arguing against its introduction, in all the ardor of dispute, a messenger came running in to say that subterranean fire had broken out in the district of *Olfas*; the High Priest *Thorrd* exclaimed: "Can it be matter of surprise that the gods should be angry at such speeches?" Then *Saorri Sod* replied: "Were the gods angry then at the period when this very earth on which we stand was burning?" The force of the argument was admitted, and an act for the abolition of public acts of idolatry was passed. It must be admitted that it was a cold conversion to Christianity. It was very much in the way of a compromise. The exposure of infants, and eating horse-flesh, were to be permitted; nay, more, *Thor* and *Freya* might be sacrificed to, but not publicly. Moreover, a good many were ready to be baptized, but stipulated for warm water. This little prejudice was humored; can we wonder at it in such a cold country so well provided with hot springs? We passed the spot where many an unhappy woman for infanticide, at a later period, was mercilessly bound in a sack and consigned to the lake; where culprits were beheaded, and many a miserable old creature was burnt for witchcraft; remove a little of the earth and you find plenty of burnt bones. But we were impatient to get on to the *geysers*. In a kingdom of wonderful wonders, these perhaps are the most



wonderful. There is nothing tame in Iceland; all is vast and magnificent. To be sure, the great geyser does not seem to be what he was. Time was when he cast up his volumes of hot water to a height of three hundred feet, lately he has dwindled down to a hundred and fifty—to a hundred; nor was the distance from the Thingvall more than an appreciable number of miles. It was late in the afternoon when, turning the foot of a lofty mountain, we saw from the rising and convolving clouds of vapor that we were near to one of the most magnificent scenes in nature. The plain was covered with these hot springs, and one vast basin we saw was filled with beautiful pellucid hot water. We had an opportunity of looking at the wonderful fountain, wonderful even in stillness; but the old fellow is singularly capricious, and as just before we arrived he had expended his rage, we calculated on waiting for some time, perhaps days, before we might be able to receive the gratification of his wrath. We therefore proceeded to pitch our tents—night was coming on, and houses are not plentiful in Iceland; he who travels must do as the snails do, he must carry his house with him. Perhaps it may occur to most of my readers, that this is scarcely a comfortable mode of traveling, nor so pleasant as the same method in the burning deserts of Asia. There is a change sometimes from the tent to the old church. Not treated with too great reverence, the old plain building is frequently the inn of the traveler, as it was ours; and as usually the first object which meets the eye is the coffin of the present living minister, suspended and waiting for occupation, it produces any feelings rather than pleasant ones. Even in traveling too, we come upon houses in a strange way. It is possible to climb, as some have done on horseback, to the roof of the house, and not to know where you are, till, on examination, we find the horse's hoofs in the chimney. A bear was no wiser, Commander Forbes tells us, than to walk up, and to fall down the chimney. Poor Bruin! he was caught and killed, and as the people eat every thing, they ate him. Alas! in traveling, moreover, you can not always calculate on fire; the surturbrand, the only kind of fuel, is sometimes churlish, and will not burn. And perhaps you can conceive few situations more uncomfortable than

these tents, the rain rushing down in torrents, the wind howling as if all the demons of Icelandic tradition were broke loose, perhaps a distance of twenty miles from any farm, and no possibility of any fire. This for a first night's encampment does not seem inviting, and we confess some thoughts ran through our soul to the effect that people who left comfortable English firesides and came a geyser-hunting, were at best a kind of ass. However, a spirit-lamp soon made a cup of fine black coffee; and after the first night or two the discomforts vanished before the gradual acclimatization and weariness, and then night comes down amidst those grandeurs as no where else, with very wonderful impressiveness. There is not an inch of English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish ground where a man may be so lonely; the mountains by night amidst the surrounding blackness are like "snow in Salmon," their snow-white crests gleaming in the wonderful moonlight; and when the surturbrand will burn, then the glorious camp-fire lights up the surrounding scenery, and brings into impalpability and mystery all things around, and the weariness too: no dreams there. Altogether, we very much question whether a night in a tent in the Icelandic desert is not preferable to a night in the desert of Cairo.

But what is that? We started to our feet at a rumbling beneath us, sounding like the throb of an earthquake. We rushed to the door of our tent—but all was still as yet, save the vaporizing fast young geysers over the plain. But at last it came. Did you ever stand before that curious window, in the Strand, in London, and notice those cylindrical jets of water throwing up balls and catching them again? so, in one vast cylinder, of one hundred feet, surrounded by immense volumes of vapor and cloudy spray—so were the waters of the great geyser, boiling hot. From the descending spray the spectator may be easily scalded, unless he is very careful. Stones, vast stones, thrown into the geyser or into the crater, were thrown up and held aloft for four or five minutes. Still how wonderful seemed the eruption of Strokr and this geyser! Rockets of water, boiling up, presented a scene of the most marvelous fascination. If you could conceive some of those exhibitions of fireworks in the Surrey Gardens, removed from meanness

to majesty—water instead of fire—in the midst of a black, bleak desert, instead of a crowded city, it might convey some idea to you. This is one of the world's mysteries—solved, but still wonderful. Rather see it as unsolved, the scenery of desolation amidst those black mountains. Now, a fresh people talk in their vulgar slang of "*doing the geysers*"—a little holiday over mountains and roads of cast-iron; but then, there, amidst those marvels, how insignificant! A raven, while we were looking at the whole, came and perched near us; and, in his wicked, diabolical way—so thoroughly human—looked at it, and looked at us, as if to say: "What do *you* think? *I'm* perfectly at home here." He seemed like many of those to whom nothing is wonderful, only a gratification to a momentary sensation.

While we are upon these miracles of fire, we may as well say that we passed many other hot springs on our way to the still more wonderful, if possible, sulphur springs of Krabla, the great volcanic mountain. This is one of the most desolate and horrible scenes. The lake of the sulphur springs is perpetually wrapt in a dismal gloom, reflected from the black neighboring mountains. There is death-like silence—while the pillars of vapor proceeding from the surface of the water, only tend to finish the melancholy scene, leading the mind to thoughts upon the fire, lying at no great depth from the surface of the earth. The lake is forty miles in circumference; but it has been so filled with lava that its depth is but four fathoms and a half. Here are the sulphur mines. Ascending a terrific pass terminated by an abrupt precipice, we were able to look down, and immediately beneath the brink, at a depth of six hundred feet, lay a row of large caldrons of boiling mud—roaring, splashing, sending forth dense vapors, intercepting the rays of the sun. The boldest stroke of fiction could convey no idea of the awfulness of this scene. Near to this, winding our way beyond the crags, we came to a deep fissure—a crater about three hundred feet in circumference—and then a vast column of black liquid roared and steamed aloft. The eruptions took place every five minutes. It is no wonder that the whole scenery of this mountain suggests to the nation the name it bears of Krabla, or hell. Such a scene wonderful-

ly realizes the description of the wicked in Jeremiah, which could only have been pictured from some such scene: "Behold, I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth: and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and make thee a burnt mountain." Same allusion also in Job.

Leaving the Krabla, we had yet to see the vast and wonderful cave of Surtshuller, and if possible Hecla. And now the desert over which we had to travel exceeded all through which we had passed before—it was ruin indeed. It was an "abomination of desolation." As one said, the demon of misrule and upside-downism seemed every where triumphant. Wrecks of fractured lava—quagmires of melted glue. The scene made one's flesh creep, and teeth and tongue to chatter. This is desolation! On one side we saw regions of ever-during ice—on the other clouds of smoke from magazines of fire, where the geysers were playing forth thin vapors. Sometimes the fog swept over our whole path—and then again the fog cleared away; and, even in the desert, what scenery we had—what clouds of pomp and splendor—zigzag streaks of ruddy gold, shooting athwart the dappled flakes of opaline pink: then those snow-kings wore a crown of rubies. Oh! we said, to spend some days in those ice-built courts! The sunsets were glorious—the nights were most beautiful! At last, we left the region "where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds perverse—all monstrous—all prodigious things."

Passing along the foot of the mountains, our companion made a sudden stop, and pointed to a house in the distance, at the entrance of the valley of *Oxnadal*. "That," said he, "was the residence of *Thorlaxon Sira*." John Thorlaxon was the greatest poet Iceland, in these modern days, has produced. He translated Milton, and wrote himself some noble odes. He was the minister of Oxnadal. There he ministered for many years for the annual stipend of a sum represented to us by £6 5s. He also translated Klopstock's *Messiah*. He was a fine English, German, and Danish scholar—a circumstance not extraordinary. The books of the parish ministers are very few, but their learning is usually considerable—perhaps because their books are few. Mr. Metcalfe gives

a very entertaining portrait of an Icelandic scholar, and the portrait is typical, and represents many such who may be found in every Icelandic neighborhood:

"In this humble abode dwelt one of those men who are to be found only in Iceland. Thorsten Thorstensen, a tall, gaunt, gray-haired man, his cheeks arabesqued by the cares and hardships of three-score winters, was mending a fishing-net outside his dwelling. Upon being informed, by Snorri, that the English priest had come to see his library, he conducted us with great readiness into a narrow chamber; the receptacle of much learning and—more dirt. Here were piled in utter confusion, several printed books and manuscripts. Thorsten is the son of a student, and grandson of a clergyman, and himself a great reader, book-collector, and transcriber. Wherever a leaf was missing from a printed volume, I found its place supplied by a pen-and-ink copy of what was gone, in a hand almost like copperplate. Here is a book published, without date, by N. Fischer, of Amsterdam, being a collection of verses in Dutch, French, English, German, and Latin, descriptive of the most remarkable events in the Bible, with many good engravings. Taking up a very musty fusty tome, I find it is the life and acts of Dr. Faustus. A woman enters the cell at this moment most opportunely with a bowl of fresh milk, which helps to wash down the dust that had escaped from its leaves into my throat.

"Here, again, is an old manuscript containing ballads, lullabies, and charades. Here is a copy of a saga, never printed; entitled *Barði Birtu og Skarfi Skinu*, relating the doings of some of the ancient dwellers in these parts, before Thangbrand came to drub them into Christianity; how that a mystic light was seen hovering over Gravarós three nights running, and how a man gifted with second sight, upon being consulted thereon, said it portended a coming change of religion; and how all the bonders round soon became Christians, save and except the functionary of the heathen temple. Whereupon the converts tumbled the temple about his ears, and showed him how his gods were no gods, but mere idols of wood and stone. By the by, I can not hear that any such mysterious light has been seen, since the Romish priests have come to convert the country. So the portents are not encouraging for them. Meantime, Thorsten has rumaged out of the dust and cobwebs a beautiful written copy of the *Jónsbók*, the book of laws, sent by King Magnus Lagabæter of Norway to Iceland. As is often the case with Icelandic manuscripts, the paper was very brown. This is due, I am told, to the ink, which was a decoction of willow sprigs, etc.; which, though black and bright at first, dried very slowly, and in process of time gave the above tint to the paper. This prize, which I acquired for a small consideration, was sold to the bibliomanist by one Magnus, who assured him that it was '*eldgammel*,' at least three hundred years old. A beautifully illustrated exam-

ple of this book may be seen at the Museum in Copenhagen.

"And now, Thorsten," said Snorri coaxingly, "just recite to us a bit out of one of the sagas; the stranger wishes to satisfy himself, whether your memory really is so good as he has heard it is." Thorsten seemed to have become quite a different being, all life and animation, the moment he got among his books, like that giant of the classic mythology, who acquired a fresh lease of vital energy the moment he touched his mother earth. His wrinkled face was flushed, and his eye lit up with a new lustre, and he gave a strange look of conscious pride and humility mixed—if that is a bull it must be taken by the horns and removed in the second edition—"What is it to be then?" he asked. "From *Grettisaga*," replied I; "there, where he is murdered," holding the book in my hand to verify his accuracy. Off the old fellow started, reciting the very words of the saga with extreme volubility. Snorri then tried him in the *Eyrbyggja* saga, the *Laxdæla* saga, and the *Svarfadal* saga, with the same result; and "now a bit of *Njála*," said I; and away went the reciter at the same rapid pace. In short, he was not to be posed. The *Landnæma* was the only saga he did not profess to remember; and no wonder, for it contains some three thousand names of persons, and fourteen hundred names of places, and is often merely a dry catalogue. This was all very remarkable; but Snorri informed me that he is not the only man in the neighborhood gifted with these extraordinary powers of memory."

The human life in this strange, wild island, is of the most extraordinary description; but it is also singularly romantic and beautiful. Readers and lovers of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, you might find it all rather realized there than in the famed *Bermoothes*. Rely upon it, that every house has its ancient and fish-like smell—you may, we fear, see some creatures not unlike a Caliban; while the princely Prospero seems here to wave his wand and extort from nature her wonders. Here is more than the tricky Ariel; nor is it difficult to conceive, in some caves, the wild whispers chanting, "Come unto these yellow sands." More than this, the isle is full of noises. But I shall be giving altogether too romantic a conception of things.

It is difficult to give a right conception of the Icelanders' home. You might think it a most cheerless, wretched place. Iceland is poor compared to Ireland; but Iceland knows nothing of the misery of the Irish hut.

There are few villages, as we should regard them—houses grouped together. Frequently several families may be found

in one farm. The *tun* is carefully walled round with blocks of lava, and within this inclosure, in the winter, are all the human and other creatures. There is a brisk fire, but this gives the principal light to the house. There is a queer mixture of scythes and saddles, dried cods' heads, and the side of colt, which is said to taste like veal. Overhead—stores of moss and angelica, coffee and sugar-candy, old clothes and spinning-jennies, fishing-nets and cradles—in the one a litter of kittens, and in the other the hope of the family—strings of wet stockings, and dogs at every step. Up the ladder is the dormitory, running the whole length of the house—the entire establishment sleeping together, and any other strangers that may drop in. Compared with our notions of comfort, it looks very wretched. During the long winter, the care of the cattle and the sheep, which are kept in the house, depends on the men. During this season they never get beyond the parish church; but they seldom fail there if it be possible to attend. Then there are fabricators in iron, and in copper and wood, necessary. Some of the men are wonderfully expert as silversmiths. They prepare hides for shoes, and ropes of hair or wool. Then comes the Icelandic *evening*. All people can read in Iceland. There is an universal spirit of intelligence. They are also, perhaps, the finest calligraphists, or writers, in Europe. Their writing is really often as fine as copper-plate. As the night sets in, in every farm, in the winter, between three and four in the evening, the lamp is trimmed and hung up, and all the members of the family take their places, while one is selected from the rest who reads aloud to all. Do you ask what they read by that Icelandic lamp? Why, let us tell you, that the veneration for the sacred Scriptures is perhaps greater in Iceland than in any other country in Europe. The Bible is the companion of the Icelandic lamp; and, indeed, Iceland does illustrate how the Bible possesses the power to make life tolerable, and even charming, in the most adverse, not to say even wretched circumstances. It is often not till near midnight that the sacred readings begin. They read the Psalms, they sing—the whole family joining in devotions. So the *morning* devotions are performed by the lamp. When the Icelandic awakes he salutes no person till he has

saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of his being; then steps to the house and says to the family: "God grant you a good day."

But Iceland is the land of poetry—it is the land of *Sagas* and *Eddas*; and with these the winter hours are wiled away. All the stories told by Grimm—all those so industriously collected by Dasent, have been received there from age to age, and are received there still. Histories and mythologies, to recite which would seem to stamp any Englishman learned, are the familiar talk by the Icelandic lamp—the stories of Asmundr, the stories of Seamundr, and of Thor. Then there are those who recite, and they never become weary of reciting or hearing recited, the rhythmic sagas. This is an untrodden field of literature almost with us—those alliterative chants, in themselves a rough and rugged music, in which the old Sea-kings still live.

Lord Dufferin's translation of Hacon will be known to our readers. We quote it, for it vividly presents the Icelandic saga:

#### "KING HACON'S LAST BATTLE.

##### I.

"All was over: day was ending  
As the foeman turned and fled.  
Gloomy red  
Glowed the angry sun descending;  
While round Hacon's dying bed,  
Tears and songs of triumph blending,  
Told how fast the conqueror bled.

##### II.

"'Raise me,' said the King. We raised him—  
Not to ease his desperate pain;  
That were vain!  
'Strong our foe was—but we faced him:  
'Show me that red field again.'  
Then, with reverent hands, we placed him  
High above the bloody plain.

##### III.

"Silent gazed he; mute we waited,  
Kneeling round—a faithful few,  
Staunch and true—  
Whilst above, with thunder freighted,  
Wild the boisterous north-wind blew,  
And the carrion-bird unsated,  
On slant wing around us flew.

##### IV.

"Sudden on our startled hearing,  
Came the low breathed, stern command—  
'Lo! ye stand?  
Linger not, the night is nearing;  
Bear me downward to the strand,  
Where my ships are idly steering  
Off and on, in sight of land.'



## V.

"Every whispered word obeying,  
Swift we bore him down the steep,  
O'er the deep,  
Up the tall ship's side, low swaying  
To the storm-wind's powerful sweep,  
And—his dead companions laying  
Round him—we had time to weep.

## VI.

"But the King said—'Peace! bring hither  
Spoil and weapons—battle-strown,  
Make no moan;  
Leave me and my dead together,  
Light my torch and then—begone.'  
But we murmured, each to other,  
'Can we leave him thus alone?'

## VII.

"Angrily the King replieth:  
Flash the awful eyes again,  
With disdain—  
'Call him not *alone* who lieth  
Low amidst such noble slain;  
Call him not *alone* who dieth  
Side by side with gallant men.'

## VIII.

"Slowly, sadly, we departed:  
Reached again that desolate shore,  
Nevermore  
Trode by him, the brave true-hearted—  
Dying in that dark ship's core!  
Sadder keel from land ne'er parted,  
Nobler freight none ever bore!

## IX.

"There we lingered, seaward gazing,  
Watching o'er that living tomb,  
Through the gloom—  
Gloom! which awful light is chasing—  
Blood-red flames the surge illumine!  
Lo! King Hacon's ship is blazing;  
'Tis the hero's self-sought doom.

## X.

"Right before the wild wind driving,  
Madly plunging—stung by fire—  
No help nigh her—  
Lo! the ship has ceased her striving!  
Mount the red flames higher—higher!  
Till—on ocean's verge arriving,  
Sudden sinks the Viking's pyre—  
Hacon's gone!"

It would be too much to expect them not to be *superstitious*, amid such scenery, belonging to such a race; and they will talk to you very credulously of things which might have been. They have a strange familiarity with beasts; seals they call King Pharaoh's people, who were drowned in the Red Sea; they still form a human community at the bottom of the ocean, only their outer man is disguised by those wraptascal seal-skins. Once a year they cast them, and romp

about like sailors after a long voyage; and if you can surprise them, and carry off a skin, the owner of it continues man or woman for the term of his or her natural life. Once on a time a peasant saw lots of them at their revels, and secured the skin of a charming young lady, and he made her his wife. They had two children—lived happily. The skin he kept in his strong box, and always carried the key in his pocket; but one Christmas day he put on his best clothes and went out; his wife stopped at home; he had left the key in his pocket; when he returned he found the chest open, the bride gone; she never came again; only a beautiful seal used to swim near the shore and bring the children pearls.

The raven is another of these weird creatures. The farm of Skiderstadin: all its inhabitants lived in sin, and forgot God; all except a gentle girl, the best and gentlest; she never thought of herself, but of doing good to others, among the rest a *raven*, who had his nest close at hand. One Sunday, farmer and men were at work, the raven came, hopped several paces before the girl; she followed; just then down thundered the rock, and overwhelmed the farm and all its ungodly inhabitants; all except the girl; the raven saved her; destruction could not come nigh her. But we should think this raven song more in keeping:

"Hark! the raven at the lattice  
Croaketh, hark! so dearly,  
'From your board, good-man, a morsel,  
Just a morsel give to me.'

"Answers good man, wrathfully,  
'Hence, avaunt! you rascal daw;  
Scant of grace and ugly are ye,  
Evil bird of crooked claw.

"'Stay a moment! hast thou any  
News to tell me? tell it quick!  
'From your board, good-man, a morsel,  
Just a morsel let me pick.

"'Early on the fells this morning,  
Early I was on the leas,  
Spied a lamb, half-dead and frozen,  
Resting faintly on its knees.

"'Joyous sight it was to look at—  
Such a dainty meal in store!  
From your board, good-man, a morsel,  
Just a morsel give—no more.

"'In its side a hole so deftly  
To the heart with bill I tore;  
Straight the feeble knees 'gan falling—  
Sank the lambkin in its gore.'

"Raven, croaking at the lattice,  
Live you shan't an instant longer;  
Horrid, greedy, loathly raven,  
Cursed be your cruel hunger!"

"Scythe-shaft seizing, from the cottage  
Out the good-man runs amain,  
Smites to death the ugly raven  
Croaking at the window-pane."

Such are the Icelanders—their traditions, their ways. Even among the peasants are those who are famous scholars—men expert in many languages and in many thoughts. Some of their ways may not seem of the cleanest; and, although they are very fond of kissing strangers, it is a severe ordeal, and from all women to be shunned, with every feeling of respect. Mr. Hooker very ungallantly says:

"Before going out of the house, I was anxious to make some trifling present to the mistress of it—a little, dirty, ugly old woman, by no means free from cutaneous diseases. I presented to her a snuff-box; but her modesty would at first only allow her to suppose that I meant the contents of it for her. As soon, however, as she was made to understand that the box also was to be included in the gift, I had the mortification to find myself, before I was aware of it, in the embraces of this grateful old lady, from which I extricated myself with all possible haste, and performed a most copious ablution at the nearest stream."

*Snuff-taking* is prodigious. It is, perhaps, one of the most disagreeable features among the generality of Icelanders, both men and women, that their nostrils are always covered with the precious dust; no wonder, for their mode of taking it is, to hold the head back, insert into one of the nostrils the mouth of the box; thus, by two or three gentle shakes, a sufficient quantity is admitted into the nose to produce the desired effect. In the higher circles, living is pleasant. A favorite dish is sago, claret, and raisins; this is their soup. Very popular, also, are waffles, or pancakes; and, to do them honor, waken them at what time you may in the night, for shelter or for help, there is ever a hearty welcome; the everlasting coffee is always ready, or a bowl of skier, or milk. Their open-handed hospitality contrasts wondrously with the niggardly meanness

recorded by travelers in the Southern States of America.

"Sir George Mackenzie gives the following strongly-drawn picture of an Icelandic house, which, unfortunately, is applicable to too many of them: 'The thick turf walls, the earthen floors, kept continually damp and filthy, and the personal uncleanness of the inhabitants, all unite in causing a smell insupportable to a stranger. No article of furniture seems to have been cleaned since the day it was first used, and all is in disorder. The beds look like receptacles for dirty rags; and, when wooden dishes, spinning-wheels, and other articles are not seen upon them, these are confusedly piled up at one end of the room. There is no mode of ventilating any part of the house; and, as twenty people sometimes eat and sleep in the same apartment, very pungent vapors are added, in no small quantity, to the plentiful effluvia proceeding from fish, bags of oil, skins, etc. A farmhouse looks more like a village than a single habitation. Sometimes several families live inclosed within the same mass of turf. The cottages of the lowest order of people are wretched hovels—so very wretched that it is wonderful how any thing in the human form can breathe in them.'—*Travels in Iceland*, p. 115.

This seems very wretched; but our memory can rest on more pleasant scenes. As to the Icelandic, he is happy:

"Thus every scene his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart.  
Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms;  
And as the babe, when scaring winds molest,  
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,  
So the wide whirlwind and the torrent's roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more."

But, for the present, we bid farewell to Iceland. It is, no doubt, a mystery. Its domed mountains are all hollow; they have poured forth their fire and lava torrents till they are empty; the Surtshuller caverns are an illustration of this—they are the solution of the mystery. It is full of marvels, and nothing more marvelous than the happiness of its people. It is a wondrous land, where the sun shines at midnight, and where he leaves the people altogether for almost months in the year. Yet, even in that darkness, the Sun of Righteousness shines with healing in his wings.

From the London Eclectic.

## PURITAN WOMANHOOD.\*

THIS very interesting work we had proposed to make the subject of a much longer notice than we have any space for this month; but just as we were closing our last sheet we alighted upon a singularly intolérant and truthless review of the work, in the pages of the *Athenæum* for December twenty-first. Poor Mr. Anderson! We have no acquaintance with him, or with any kith or kin of his or his publishers; but we profoundly commiserate his feelings upon the perusal of the attack of the celebrated literary grunter. We determined to introduce the volumes to the notice of our readers this month, in order, if possible, to the measure of our influence, to check the influence of the fearfully excited state of feeling beneath which the writer was moved. The opinions of the writer upon historical things may be gathered if we quote at length the passage we refer to. When reviewers themselves become indecent, they are put beyond the pale of those courtesies which usually compel a respectful silence with reference to contemporary opinions:

"But the rancor of Mr. Anderson's temper does not reach its full height till it is roused by the recollection of the Act of Uniformity—'that grievous persecution of Black Bartholomew,' as Dissenters are wont to call it. It is not enough for him to shed tears of commiseration over the two thousand ejected clergy, 'who were generally the most orthodox, learned, and devoted ministers of the Church,' but he must also calumniate the pious scholars who were promoted to the places left vacant by the Nonconformists. 'That so large a number of ministers should voluntarily sacrifice their livings, with all their prospects of advancement in the Church, and should expose themselves and their families to poverty, contempt, and persecution, rather than do violence to their consciences, presented, indeed, an example of self-immolating devotion to duty honorable to the Puritan character and commendatory of the Christian faith. But the ejection of so many excellent ministers, and the filling of their places

with ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous men, was deeply injurious to the cause of religion at the time, and the melancholy effects are felt by the Church of England even at the present time.' Such are the words of Mr. Anderson, who, besides being an appointed minister of a Christian persuasion, makes loud professions that he is a champion of religious tolerance."

Such is the opinion of the *Athenæum*: the ejection of Black Bartholomew was not persecution! Most merciful literary dictator! There are very few of the dicta of the *Athenæum* which bear receiving without very much independent examination; but in all matters where religion or religious freedom are concerned we beg to caution our readers against this paper. Indeed, a certain writer, not very extreme in his opinions and expressions where Puritan opinions and practices were to be avowed or defended—one Lord Macaulay—has been far more "ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous" than Mr. Anderson. There was an age when two sparrows were sold for a farthing. We have no doubt that this writer would sell all the religious opinions in the world for the same price. It is not difficult to see the price at which he appraises them. He belongs to an order of men who are not led by any of the ordinary opinions of honesty of purpose; he is one of a noble and singular race, able, with the immortal Dixon, to wreath a laurel for the mendacity of Bacon, till it is hid behind a mass of rhetorical foliage, and to wreath a crown of thorns and contempt for the magnanimity of the Howes and Owens, and Baxters, Caryls, Alleines, and Gales—a singularly able and very distinguished editor. Well, the ejected Nonconformist ministers are known; and for those who filled their places, they also are known. Has not Lord Macaulay made them live to us if it were necessary, in the pages of his history? and even in the present number of the *Eclectic*, does not the portrait of Dr. Warner, sketched by Mr. Thackeray, realize most

\* *Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.* By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON, author of the *Ladies of the Reformation*, *Ladies of the Covenant*, etc. In 2 vols. London: Blackie & Son.

of the clergymen of the age of the first princes of the house of Hanover and the latest Stewarts? And have we not the humor of Fielding with Parson Trulliber? And have we not the satires of Bishop Hall?

These volumes of Mr. Anderson fill a vacant niche in the annals of Puritanism. It was very natural that the biographer of the ladies of the Reformation and the Covenant, should commemorate the heroines of Puritanism. As yet their memories have not been grouped together. The fine, free spirit of the writer of the *Athenæum* would have included the Countess of Derby in these biographies; a lion-hearted woman, truly; and a bitter persecutor. This was not necessary. It is enough to fulfill the idea of the biographer, and to honor that royal womanhood which fostered in innumerable families the spirit of piety and patriotism. The women of the household of Cromwell—his mother, his wife, and daughters—that eccentric, amazon-like woman, Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, in whom the grandfather seemed to survive, or live again; Lucy Hutchinson; Margaret Baxter, the mighty Puritan's beautiful and noble wife; those hallowed martyrs, the Lady Alicia Lisle, condemned to the stake, but mercifully beheaded, for giving bread and a poor shelter to a traitor; and Elizabeth Gaunt, actually burnt for the same crime—hard measure for giving a cup of cold water to a supposed wandering, houseless beggar. Passionless dilettantes, like the writer of the *Athenæum*, Bombalette, think all this is right enough—perhaps could themselves have been the judge to condemn, or the traitor to eat the bread and give the information. But a man, with sympathies like our author, might be pardoned if he felt rancor here; though not one word that looks like rancor have we been able to discover in his volumes. The wife of John Bunyan, and the friend of Bunyan, Agnes Beaumont, furnish interesting sketches. Nor has the writer confined himself to the women of our own country; Mrs. Bradstreet, Mrs. Winthrop, and the women of Puritanism in America, receive also some notice in the first volume. Those readers who know Mr. Anderson's previous volumes, will not expect a lively or pictorial style; but every life is interesting. Bombalette, whom we have already quoted, is a most un-

comfortable reviewer; thus we read, in the notice of Lady Vere, that "it is composed of cumbrous passages from letters that, dragged from the obscurity and quiet of the State papers and Birch's mss., are, to no good purpose, now, for the first time, printed." Further on we read:

"The materials out of which Mr. Anderson has composed his two volumes are, for the most part, to be found in biographies and biographical collections that are well known to all persons conversant with modern English literature. As a book-maker he advances no claim to originality, but honestly mentions the shelf and the drawer from which he has taken each ingredient for his hotch-potch. It would, therefore, be as unfair to blame him for errors not his own, as it would be out of place to give him praise for the more or less interesting pieces of information which he has taken, without labor, from other investigators."

These are rather irreconcilable opinions. In the article a good deal is said about "wondering lies," and an attempt is made to kill one so called in the frequently alleged genealogical relationship between the families of Charles Stewart and Cromwell. The writer may look nearer home for some of these houseless wanderers. The paragraph quoted above is contradicted by the preceding snarl at the authorities for the life of Lady Vere; but indeed, there is not a word of truth in the criticism. Without showing elaborate erudition and research, the volumes do show extensive reading, and refer "to books and biographical collections," which, so far from being well known to all persons conversant with "modern English literature," are many of them only to be met with by an acquaintance with books and papers, discoverable after much diligent and painstaking examination; they show a thorough acquaintance with the history and literature of the period. We very heartily commend this "hotch-potch" to the notice of our readers. It is a most animating recital of the lives of those whose names we have indicated, and many others; and it is none the less entertaining, because sometimes, by hitherto unpublished or but little known letters and narratives, the subject of the story has been compelled to become an autobiographer.

We have referred to the sketch of Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, and Dr. Watts's friend. We are at issue



here with Bombalette again. Bombalette thinks this is the best memoir of the collection; it is nothing of the sort. Mr. Anderson has not in this availed himself of all the materials he might have found; but those to whom this remarkable creature has been hitherto unknown, will read of her with great interest. She occupied a comparatively humble and uninfluential position; but she was in character, as compared with her grandfather, exactly what Elizabeth was as compared with Henry VIII. What think our readers of these following little anecdotes? Her veneration for Cromwell was unbounded:

"Inspired with this enthusiastic devotion to the memory of her grandfather, and inheriting no small portion of his courage, she valiantly defended his reputation, especially his saintship, against whoever should assail it. Her friends, giving way to her foibles, or laughing at them, did not choose to enter into disputation with her. But she frequently met with strangers who were loud in casting aspersions on his memory. In such cases she was not the woman to sit in timid silence, and hear her grandfather calumniated. Her wrath was excited, and she resented every such attack as a personal injury.

"On one occasion, when she was traveling in a London stage-coach in company with two gentlemen to whom she was an entire stranger, the conversation turned upon Cromwell, whose character and conduct were criticised with much acrimony by the two gentlemen. Impatient at hearing the indignities done to the honored name of her grandfather, she, after her usual manner, took up with great spirit, the argument in his defense, and extolled him with all the rapture to which she was prompted by her enthusiastic admiration of his virtues and graces. She tried to make it clear to her opponents that he was a man of consummate patriotism and piety. But by all her rhetoric she failed to carry conviction to their minds. One of them in particular became extremely hot and violent against Cromwell, whom he branded with every term of opprobrium, deriding his pretensions to patriotism and sanctity, and stigmatizing him as a cold-blooded traitor and tyrant. This virulence she thought was very insolent, and to her it was very provoking. She pronounced the imputations to be false and calumnious. But the more she defended her grandfather, the more outrageous was her opponent in his abuse. She became in a corresponding degree excited, and the controversy increased in vehemence. If toward the end of the stage, the violence of the dispute was abated, this arose rather from exhaustion of breath than from the want of wrath or of words to prolong it. After they had alighted from the coach, and had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Bendish advanced to the gentleman who had been her principal opponent in the controversy, and politely requested that she might be per-

mitted to speak with him apart. 'Surely, madam,' he replied, and they withdrew to another apartment; upon which she told him, with great composure, 'that he had in the grossest manner belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood that flowed in her veins would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but that she could fire a pistol as well as he, and she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honor of her family, insisting that if he would not incur the charge of cowardice, he should not make her sex the pretense for declining to accept her challenge.' The gentleman, as might be supposed, was amazed at the remarkable strain of this address, but on discovering her relationship to the man he had reviled, of which before he was ignorant, and perceiving that the controversy had now assumed a somewhat serious aspect, he had good sense enough to soften down. 'Notwithstanding,' he immediately replied, 'all that I have said in disparagement of the character of Oliver Cromwell, who I now understand to have been your grandfather, he unquestionably possessed many great qualities which I honor as much as you or any one, and had I known or suspected your relation to him, I would certainly not have said one word on the subject to give you offense. I regret having wounded your feelings by the asperity with which in the heat of contradiction I may have treated his memory, and I sincerely ask your pardon for my rudeness.' By this apology he succeeded in appeasing her resentment; and they prosecuted the remainder of their journey together with a degree of friendly feeling and good humor, if not of mutual confidence. But in the course of the conversations that followed, Cromwell's character was not again brought under discussion."

This anecdote almost contradicts what Mr. Anderson says further on:

"Under all circumstances, Mrs. Bendish possessed the uncommon power of maintaining great mental equanimity. Gloomy and distressful impressions seldom dwelt long upon her mind. 'Serve the Lord with gladness,' 'Rejoice evermore,' were her mottoes. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of her lot, whether afflictions or calamities befell her, or whether her affairs were prosperous, she made all equally matter for rejoicing. The former, not less than the latter, had been sent by God, in wisdom, mercy and love. If prosperity smiled upon her, it awakened her gratitude. If adversity spread its dark cloud around her—and her lot was more generally adverse than prosperous—this awakened even a profounder gratitude in her mind, because she believed that disappointments, vexations, and afflictions were necessary parts of the merciful discipline of Providence; and such were the effects of her religious sentiments on her uncommonly elastic mind, that her spiritual joy, like the thermometer, usually rose the higher the greater the heat

of the furnace of affliction into which she was cast. Her religious sentiments were rigidly Calvinistic; and being little troubled with doubts about her election to the kingdom of heaven, of which indeed she was usually as certain as of her own existence, this became to her a fountain of never-failing joy, under all the sufferings of life."

"One of her schemes was the grazing of cattle. She attended the neighboring fairs to sell and buy her cattle, traveling in a single horse chaise. In these journeys scope was afforded for the display of some of the peculiar traits of her character—her courage and her fervent, undoubting trust in the protection of Providence. She traveled by night as readily as by day, and was never deterred by bad roads or bad weather, or by her unacquaintance with the road. In encountering the perils of these journeys, it would be to state only a part of the truth to say that she was perfectly fearless—to encounter them afforded her positive enjoyment. She has been heard to say that in the darkest night, in a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was totally unacquainted, while overtaken by the most dreadful thunderstorm, she has not only maintained her calmness and presence of mind, but been perfectly happy, singing some one or other of the Psalms, and believing beyond a doubt that her chaise was surrounded by guardian angels. This strong apprehension of a protecting Providence rising into an invincible courage, while springing originally from faith in God, was doubtless nourished and invigorated by the peculiar ardor of a singularly enthusiastic temperament."

"These visits she paid at nine, or ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and she generally said till about one o'clock in the morning. Yet late as were these hours, and unseasonable as they were accounted in those sober days, such was the respect and deference which she universally commanded, that she always received a kind and friendly welcome. None of her friends ever presumed to disturb her in her habits by complaining of this, or of other similar irregularities, as to which she had a license conceded to her which would not have been conceded to any other person. On her paying these visits, her dress, though in a fashion of her own, and always plain, was yet becoming and graceful. 'Splendid indeed she never was,' says Doctor Brookes; 'her highest dress being a plain silk; but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a Quaker's color; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood or scarf, that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time, and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing I suppose could have induced her to wear one. Yet there was something in her person, when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any stranger that entered the room wherever she was, though the

company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance.' When in the society of her friends she would drink wine freely; but her memorialists record, what we are happy to learn, that she never partook to excess. The aid of wine was not necessary to impart a charm to her conversation, which without any such exciting cause was sprightly, animated, emphatic, and racy, pervaded by strong masculine sense, great dignity of manner, and a most engaging address. She especially delighted to expatiate on the olden times of her grandfather; and to hear her speak about them was extremely interesting, from the much curious information illustrative of them, which she had always at command, and from the many memories connected with them, that were awakened, as her friends witnessed her manner, and looked upon her countenance, which so strikingly resembled that of her revered ancestor. Religion was also a theme on which she delighted to converse, and when this became the topic of conversation she was observed to kindle into rapture. After mutual interchange of thought and feeling with her friends, especially if religion had been the subject of their discourse, she was generally so elated that seldom would she depart, though it were twelve o'clock at night or later, without joining with them in singing a psalm. She then would take her leave, and proceed with great hilarity to her home, which was often at a considerable distance.

"In making these visits she was mounted on an old mare, which had been, for many years, the trusty companion of her peregrinations and adventures. The mare, it would appear, was distinguished, like her mistress, by sundry peculiarities and freaks, which were as well known at Yarmouth as the vagaries of the old lady. On this mare she generally rode, till toward the close of life, when, feeling the increasing infirmities of age, she got her persuaded, though with some difficulty, to draw a chaise, in which she seated herself with genuine dignity. She would never allow a servant to accompany her in these nightly excursions. Her loneliness afforded her scope to indulge in her musings and eccentricities, upon which the presence of an attendant would have been a disagreeable intrusion. And she had no fear of danger. God, she said, was her guard, and she would have no other. About one o'clock in the morning, the hour to which her visits were usually protracted, she mounted on the mare, or placed herself in the chaise, and started for home. No sooner had she taken her seat and all was right, than the faithful animal, obedient to the word of command, began to move, while Mrs. Bendish began to sing in merry mood a psalm of David, or one of Watts's hymns, in notes rather loud than melodious, thus bidding defiance to the imaginary specters of the night—a greater proof of heroism than may at first sight be supposed, for our worthy forefathers were far from being free from a superstitious dread of danger from this imaginary source. 'This,' says Hewling Luson, in de-

scribing her journeys homeward from his father's house, 'I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, the one gently trotting, the other loudly singing, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.'

We have quoted at length from the sketch of this interesting and remarkable woman, especially because we believe hers is now almost a forgotten name; and these extracts appropriately represent the character of these two very delightful volumes, and are, therefore, a reply

to the *Athenæum*. They are written in a very calm, and subdued, and Christian spirit. In conclusion, we may say we never estimated the reviewer's office and function very highly. A reviewer may be useful in pointing attention to the admirable and excellent; but when he forgets his business, and simply uses his pages as a channel for indecent accusation and malevolent falsehood and calumny, readers need to be cautioned. If we ever sin in this way, we trust some strong hand will condescend to punish us.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## L A P I D A R I E S   O F   T H E   U R A L .

THE geographical student is of course familiar with the chain of the Ural, which in the Tartar language signifies girdle, denominated by the Russians *Kammen-noï-Porgas*, the "Girdle of Rocks." It runs nearly north and south, almost on the confines of Europe and Asia, and though it attains to no great elevation, its loftiest pinnacle not exceeding sixteen hundred feet in height, is perhaps, on account of its productions, one of the most remarkable ranges of mountains in the world. From the city of Kasan, eastward for many hundred miles, the country rises so as to constitute in fact, though not in appearance, an immense table-land, with a mean elevation of eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Very extraordinary phenomena are discovered in portions of this tract, where deep valleys have been formed by depressions or sinkings of the earth, occasioned by the existence, far below, of an endless series of caverns, whose roofs sometimes suddenly collapse, and precipitate into the gulf thus formed the whole superincumbent mass of rocks and earth, with the forests, villages, and streams which previously covered and beautified its surface. How these subterranean hollows were formed, whether by the mining operations of

some forgotten races of men, or by the slow and subtle action of water kept perpetually flowing by telluric heat, may possibly never be explained; but the whole structure of our planet in that part of its surface abounds with unresolved problems, which will remain to exercise the scientific activity of future generations.

The soil to a great depth is impregnated with copper, throughout an area of a hundred thousand square miles, while iron and lead, silver, platina, and gold present themselves at intervals, alternating with the rarest gems, diamonds and rubies, topazes, beryls, and emeralds, chalcedonies and sapphires, onyxes, jaspers, and agates of gigantic proportions. Had this exhaustless source of national wealth existed near the center of a civilized empire, it would probably have led to the erection of a metropolis superior to all the great capitals on record. Egyptian Thebes owed its splendor and magnificence to the vicinity of the quarries of sandstone at Hajjar Silsils, and of granite at Assouan; but these are mere handfuls of rocks compared with the mighty quarries of the Ural, presenting hundreds of miles of porphyry and granite, sienite and crystal, quartz and malachite, interspersed

with gems, auriferous sands, and cubes of virgin gold. Far as this wild region now lies beyond the limits of European civilization, it is incessantly traversed, mapped out, and studied by scientific travelers, whose imaginations are inflamed by the prodigious blaze of riches which they know to exist every where beneath their feet. Already, east and west, north and south, the approaches to these mountains are inhabited by people superior in dress, manners, comforts, and dwellings to those of any other portion of the Russian empire. Great lines of well-constructed roads, radiating from the mines, stretch away toward China and Eastern Turkestan, on the one hand; and toward Perm, Kasan, Moscow, and Nishnii-Novgorod, on the other. Here, during the summer months, the stranger frequently encounters the gold and platinum caravans, the several divisions of which usually meet at Ekaterinburg on Lake Iset, in the month of March, and journeying slowly westward, reach the vast fair of Nishnii about July, and St. Petersburg much later. Close upon the heels of these caravans come others with tea from the Chinese frontier, or with bear-skins, wolf-skins, ermine, and sable from Northern Siberia.

What effects the social changes now going on in Russia may produce in the population of the mining districts, it is impossible to foresee; but up to this time, the owners of many of the noblest mansions in Ekaterinburg have been serfs, the property of nobles residing at Moscow or St. Petersburg, or traveling in Southern Europe. We can hardly realize to ourselves, by the utmost stretch of fancy, such a state of society. With slavery, we habitually associate ideas of sordid toil, a timid gait, cringing manners, coarse food, the lash, the knout, straw, rags, and hovels. In Russia, the man who is the property of another, and, theoretically, on a level with his cattle, may often be seen dressed in costly furs, inhabiting a splendid dwelling, dining off silver and gold plate, and waited upon by hosts of domestics, who watch his nod as if he were a prince. Yet all these things may melt away, like the component parts of a mirage, at the touch of the aristocratic owner, who may sell this superb epicure, together with his wife and children, or reduce him in a moment to the condition of the most

indigent peasant, working from half-past four o'clock in the morning, with little intermission, till seven at night, for less than a penny a day. Still, the owners of the serfs are too much alive to their interests to amuse themselves by accomplishing such a transformation, which would be killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Satisfied that they are able, whenever it pleases them, to achieve such an act of tyranny, they are generally wise enough to abstain from the exercise of their power, and to leave these industrious slaves in the enjoyment of the profits which they derive from skill and enterprise; yet, as examples of a caprice so insane and reckless are not wanting, the wealthy serfs, however enviable their condition may appear, are incessantly haunted in secret by apprehensions of this calamity.

Of course, the Ural lapidaries are, like most of their neighbors, serfs. Taste, it is said, they possess in the cutting and engraving, though not in the setting of gems. But what is this taste? Has it any analogy to that which, in ancient Greece, influenced the gem-engraver, when he sculptured on the face of amethyst or ruby exquisite forms of beauty, goddesses, nymphs, or heroes, engaged in epic achievements or religious ceremonies? The stones commonly engraved for seals are amethyst, crystal, and jasper, though the Siberian traders often prefer seals in gold or other metals, which they love to display in their ice-bound homes, under smoking roofs, reeking with the smell of caviare or dried fish. The passion for precious stones is supposed to be an accompaniment of barbarism, because it is found in its greatest strength among eastern nations, who have not made great progress in civilization; but we must distinguish between the predilections of barbarians, who may be said to heap up jewels on their persons that they may suggest ideas of grandeur in those around them, and the love of precious stones for their intrinsic beauty. On entering Ekaterinburg, the traveler is almost immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, with trays of precious stones suspended before them, and the gems are offered for sale at comparatively low prices. These street-dealers are employed by lapidaries, who purchase the stones at a cheap rate, and cut and polish them on their own account;



or by the merchants who work the mines, and adopt this humble method of disposing of the produce of their excavations. Among the most favorite ornaments displayed for sale on these trays, a majority are made of jaspers of different colors, which are in great request throughout Russia. Occasionally, a fine topaz is seen, but the name of this gem is liberally bestowed on various kinds of crystal, which have no claim whatever to be so denominated. Perhaps the most beautiful produce of the Ural mines is the sapphire, a stone of the richest celestial blue, not of one uniform color like glass, but varied with lighter and darker hues, disposed like diminutive clouds over the face and through the body of the gem, which is of the softest and most delicate transparency. It was through a large flake of sapphire that the Arabian prince looked, until, as the rays of light converged and played upon his eyes, he fancied himself to be gazing upon the interior of paradise. In fact, as your sight penetrates into the innermost parts of the sapphire, if you omit to notice its dimensions, you may easily imagine you are looking into the summer sky.

It is not, however, at Ekaterinburg that you behold, in all their lustre and variety, the jewels of the Ural, but at the great mart of Nishnii-Novgorod, where the wealthy dealers in gems arrange them for sale in tempting contrasts, placed in the most advantageous light, relieved against a background of gold, or some other substance calculated to bring out all their beauty. As far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, merchants from Meshed, Bokhara, and Samarcand, penetrated as far north as Siberia, and took back with them, in exchange for the silks and perfumes of Southern Asia, jewels wherewith to adorn the arms and bosoms of their ladies, and the scepters and crowns of their princes. At a later period, the ciphers, mottoes, and fanciful devices engraved on the seals of the Russians, have suggested to the inhabitants of Mohammedan countries ideas of talismanic influences. These nations, at once ignorant and fanciful, invariably attach a mysterious signification to unknown characters, especially when impressed on precious stones, in the countries of the unbelievers. We were once shown, as a talisman of the greatest potency, a regimental button

of an English soldier who had fallen on the field of Aboukir.

To revive the taste for precious stones in the more polished countries of Europe, it will be necessary that they should pass from the domain of female ornaments and princely pomp into that of art, which implies an immense advance in civilization. The men who anciently distinguished themselves in this department of art have had their names transmitted to posterity with those of great sculptors and painters. Thus, the artist who engraved the head of Sextus Pompeius is known to have been Agathangelus; Evodus engraved the head of Julia, daughter of Titus; while a man of the unmusical name of Gnaeus gave birth to the most sublime specimen of the art in the head of the young Hercules, engraved on a sapphire, preserved in the Strozzi cabinet at Rome. In the British Museum collection of engraved gems, there is a carnelian, bordering for richness of color upon the ruby, with a female figure in intaglio, which, when held up to the light, exhibits the form in as great perfection as could be represented by a statue five feet high. We remember seeing a beryl at Naples, with a figure of Venus rising out of the sea—probably a copy of the famous Venus Anadyomene, which, for the perfection of beauty, equaled the loveliest of the twelve statues of that goddess in the Museo Borbonico. Few stones were more rarely engraved in antiquity than the ruby; partly on account of its hardness, but partly also because it was itself more rare. We have, however, seen a figure of Victory on a ruby not quite so large as the thumb-nail, which might dispute the palm of excellence with the above-mentioned head of Hercules. Held up between the eye and the sun, the goddess appeared to dilate and throw out a glory around her, which displayed her form in all its majesty, with a proud triumphant countenance turned slightly toward the spear, to intimate it was with that she had accomplished her work. Within the periphery of a stone of similar dimensions, no less than twenty-six figures, in appropriate attitudes, and engaged in characteristic actions, have been engraved by a Greek artist, whose labors only become visible in all their delicacy by the aid of a powerful microscope,

which demonstrates that they could not have been wrought without the assistance of that instrument, supposed to have been unknown to the ancients. Another artist represented a chariot drawn by four horses in full gallop, and directed by a charioteer, on a gem so small that it could be covered by the wing of a fly. This delicate and beautiful branch of art was so extensively practiced in Greece, that innumerable galleries all over Europe are now filled with the gems which have been accidentally preserved; and there is seldom an excavation undertaken in Rome, Naples, Athens, Corinth, or any other ancient city, which does not bring to light new and exquisite specimens.

These considerations suggest one of the uses to which the treasures of the Ural may hereafter be applied. We say hereafter, because, notwithstanding that ciphers and mottoes, with certain fantastic devices, are habitually engraved on gems by Russian artists, they exhibit, properly speaking, no approaches to art. Men have indeed appeared, both in Germany and Italy, able to imitate so exactly the gem-engravers of antiquity, that their productions have passed with ordinary judges for genuine antiques. The younger Pichler, for example, engraved, during the last century, on a white transparent carnelian, the figure of a young man bearing a *trochus* or hoop, which, having been stolen from the artist, was sold as an antique, and passed through the hands of a number of connoisseurs without exciting the slightest suspicion, till, by a strange chance, it came again into the possession of the artist himself, who, of course, recognized his own workmanship. It has been a question among antiquaries, whether the ancient gem-engravers executed their work with the wheel, or with fine steel instruments tipped with diamond. From the appearance of some unfinished gems, it seems perfectly evident that the wheel was used, but we must not on that account discard the theory that fine separate instruments were likewise employed. May not the artists have executed the first rough labor with the wheel, and then finished off with a diamond graver? In the Ural, the lapidaries divide the softer stones with iron wheels, but employ copper disks which turn on an axis in cutting the harder, and to intensify their power,

cover them with powdered jasper impregnated with iron. No observer, however, capable of conveying a correct idea of their art has yet visited Ekaterinburg, so that we are compelled to depend for information on the rough untechnical accounts of scientific travelers, wholly unacquainted with the delicate processes of ancient art.

It has often excited surprise that artists in most countries, and in nearly all ages, have exhibited a tendency to religious enthusiasm, and have usually belonged to sects remarkable for the wildness of their doctrines and practices. The fact, however, may easily be accounted for. To excel in art, requires the prevalence of the imagination over most other faculties; and wherever this is the case, the mind is prone to indulge in dreams, and to seek to satisfy its longings by modes of belief and conduct lying out of the common road. So at Ekaterinburg the lapidaries are generally seceders from the orthodox Greek Church, and belong to sects, the members of which, whether with or without reason, are commonly accused of putting out the lights after the performance of their religious worship, and indulging, like some of the early heretics, in excesses and abominations not to be described. In all likelihood, these reports originate in the hostility of the orthodox, who launch against the seceders the weapons of calumny, in revenge for their having quitted the common pale. But no traveler has hitherto been at the pains to clear up these points, though a large portion of the inhabitants of the mining capital have joined the heresy of the lapidaries, and are equally guilty or innocent with them. There is perhaps some probability, that in the gloomy regions in which fortune has stationed them, superstition exerts extraordinary power over the mind, and leads to the performance of fantastic rites and ceremonies analogous to the temper and disposition of the Russians, who, in their proneness to the indulgences of sense, unite the intrepid recklessness of Asiatics with the craft and cunning of Europeans.

No conjecture can probably be made which would approximate to any thing like truth respecting the length of time that will be required to people and civilize Siberia. The government of the Czars has made numerous spasmodic ef-

forts for the purpose of directing eastward the stream of population, but hitherto with no great success, because the laws and institutions of the country, co-operating with the peculiarities of the climate, effectually check the development of any civilizing system. Despotism is a poor nursing-mother to an infant community. Wages such as were paid in England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries would at this moment be thought extravagant at Perm, Ekaterinburg, and Tobolsk. The greatest incentive to industry is consequently wanting, exactly as among the negro races of Africa, who are content, like the inferior animals, with mere existence, because the forms of society to which they find themselves subjected are calculated to insure them nothing more. At present the vast tyranny of Russia is in the throes of change, and the whole world may be said to be looking as anxiously in the hope of beholding some extraordinary political birth. Siberia is included in the circle of these agonies, complete deliverance from which can only be effected by shattering the whole fabric of Russian despotism, and creating a number of independent communities within the present limits of the empire.

There seems, however, to be no reason why independent communities may not yet be created in that part of the world where the Kalmuks, the Kirghis, the Nogais, the Karismians, the Mongols, and the Mantchous, have been at various times at once powerful and exempt from external authority. Many persons seem to anticipate the regeneration of Asia from the Russians, who have lately displayed immense activity on the Amoor and the borders of the Northern Pacific; but nearly every colony they have planted between the Volga and Kamtschatka has proved feeble and sickly, and ultimately died out. An illustration on a small scale of this truth is supplied by the present condition of a palace in the neighborhood of Nevyansk, belonging to the family of Yakoffleff. Built and fur-

nished in the Dutch taste during the reign of Peter I., it has remained ever since uninhabited, though, in obedience to their distant lords, the vassals of the family still keep the edifice in repair, and the furniture in good condition. When a traveler patronized by the government presents himself, he is admitted and entertained with princely magnificence, at the expense of the distant owners, who have never seen their Siberian palace, and can probably form no idea of the splendor and luxuries it contains. The walls are hung with ancient paintings, grim and smoky with age; the cellars are stored with French, Hungarian, and Atlantic wines, and the tables are bountifully supplied with a profusion of game and other delicacies from the forests of the Ural. But the solitude of the vast apartments oppresses the mind, suggesting the idea of decayed grandeur or of a mushroom civilization, scorched into apparent maturity by the arbitrary application of a fierce heat like that of a larch-fire, and then left to wither and fall to pieces unheeded. Should Russia ever possess respectable institutions, its Siberian territories might gradually become inhabited, even under the rule of an emperor. The mineral riches of the earth — the gold, the silver, the platina, the iron, the copper, the marbles, and the endless varieties of precious stones — would of themselves supply an ample revenue, and constitute the nucleus of a respectable system of civilization. Possibly the first step toward such a state of things is now being taken in Russia. Serfdom, virtually, if not actually, is at an end; the slaves are either in insurrection or on the verge of it; the nobles are all but at war with the government; and out of this political and social chaos a new order of things will probably proceed, which may make the Volga the eastern boundary of Russia, give rise to a new metropolis in the Ural, and pour the wealth of its mines through many new channels into Southern Asia.

From the St. James's Magazine.

## TUBULAR RAILWAY, OR PNEUMATIC DISPATCH.

NATURE abhors a vacuum; and where one exists, does its best, by the pressure of the atmosphere, to put an immediate end to so abnormal a condition. In these volunteering days, when every man has his rifle at his elbow, this aversion of our great parent may be simply demonstrated. Wrap tow steeped in oil round the head of the ramrod till it fits accurately into the bore of the weapon, and then insert it at the muzzle. If, by applying the mouth to the nipple, the air in the barrel be now drawn out, a vacuum will be caused, and the pressure of the atmosphere, acting on the outside of the ramrod-head, will instantly force the rod to the end of the barrel. If the hammer be then allowed to fall on the nipple so as to shut out air in that direction, it will be found that this same atmospheric pressure is so perceptible as to prevent the withdrawal of the ramrod from the gun without the exercise of considerable strength. The difficulty must, however, in this case be attributed rather to the awkwardness of the apparatus than to the actual force to be overcome; for, as the weight of the atmosphere is but fifteen pounds on the square inch, the ramrod, from its small superficies, can not have to sustain a pressure of more than five pounds.

Let the rifle-barrel be extended to the length intervening between two specified places, and increase its diameter sufficiently to admit whatever is to be sent along the tube, and we have at once a groundwork for atmospheric propulsion. Traveling by this means was tried experimentally some years before the locomotive took charge of its living burden. As early as 1810, Medhurst, a Danish engineer of eminence, recommended that pipes of comparatively small size should be laid down for the transmission of letters. They were to be attached to a piston fitting into the pipe; and, on the air beyond the piston being exhausted by an air pump, the piston would

rush forward at great speed so long as the vacuum in front of it lasted.

The next invention was Vallance's, of which a working model was exhibited at Brighton in 1827. His proposition was to have a tube similar in principle to Medhurst's, but six feet in diameter, and to make the piston a traveling-carriage, in which passengers should sit. On this system many people were drawn along his tube; yet, whatever its capabilities for locomotion might have been, the travelers of that day had not had experience even of ordinary railway tunnels—too common now with us to excite a momentary fear—and could not bring themselves to tolerate the idea of performing a whole journey in a close pipe, without light, and without communication with the exterior. Such a system might have answered for goods; but was—then at least—out of the question for men and women. In order, therefore, to make atmospheric propulsion available practically, it was necessary to find some method of transferring to passengers and freight outside the tube the motion of the piston, which itself must obviously be within it.

The difficulty was solved by an American gentleman named Pinkus, who patented, in 1835, what he called the Pneumatic Railway. His invention was taken up by Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, of London, who made some improvements in the design, and brought capital to aid in bringing it practically before the world. To these gentlemen belongs, therefore, whatever credit attached to the Atmospheric Railways,\* and, although in the history of science that project must be included in the chapter of failures, we must not on that account refuse to accord them very great credit indeed for a spirited attempt—on which they staked

\* There was an Atmospheric Railway between Paris and St. Germain's, over which we have repeatedly traveled.—ED. ECLECTIC.



large sums of money—to introduce an entirely strange source of locomotion, which, had it succeeded, would have rivaled steam on every railway. Merit can not always command success; nor is failure universally the sign of a weakly-devised scheme. The idea of the atmospheric system was so plausible, and gave such fair promise, that even Robert Stephenson—comprehensive and instantaneous as was his grasp of a subject—was unable to decide whether its good or evil attributes preponderated, until, after seeing it work on the Dalkey line, he had laboriously sifted every particular of its actual operation.

The system of Pinkus, as improved by Clegg and Samuda, comprised an atmospheric tube forty inches in diameter, through which the piston worked, on the air being exhausted before it. Along the top of this tube was a horizontal slit, covered by a leather flap-valve, fastened on one side and free to rise on the other, though, when unused, kept as close down as possible, and well lubricated with grease to preserve it in an air-tight condition. Attached to the piston was a perpendicular piston-rod, connecting it with a railway-carriage running on rails above parallel to the atmospheric tube. The piston-rod raised the valve as it passed; a roller behind immediately replaced it in its former position; and another apparatus dropped a fresh supply of the lubricating compound. The piston extended sufficiently far in front of the piston-rod to prevent the raising of the leather valve admitting air into the exhausted portion of the tube; but a lever was provided to enable the conductor to lift the valve in front of the train, so as, in case of accident, to decrease or destroy the vacuum, and annihilate the motive power. Now, the pressure of the atmosphere on a circular disk forty inches in diameter is about eight and a half tons; and, if a deduction be made for friction, any dead-weight less than the remainder would be overcome by the action of this piston. With the additional assistance of light iron wheels rolling easily on smooth metal rails, of course a far heavier burden than this mere dead-weight could be propelled at great speed by the same pressure on the disk. Theoretically the plan was perfect, and seemed especially adapted to hilly districts, where economy demanded steep gradients

and sharp curves. Such a line was presented admirably between Kingstown and Dalkey, in Ireland, and there, accordingly, the atmospheric tube was first tried. A speed of thirty to forty miles an hour was easily procured, and the trains went over the hills in capital style. Financial and mechanical difficulties appeared, however, from the very beginning. The tube, when exhausted, persisted in leaking slightly at its joints, and greatly at the valve, where the lubricating oil dried up from the sun's heat, and the leather warped. Then the expense of working was also found more considerable than had been anticipated; and the necessity of having duplicate exhausting engines at each end with steam constantly up, lest the failure of one should paralyze the whole traffic, added a heavy item to the capital already invested. The more important tubes laid down on the same principle from London to Croydon, and on the South Devon Railway, with exhausting engines every three miles, only tended to confirm the experience of the Dalkey company. These exhausting engines cost a great sum for maintenance: a large machine of many horses power constantly at work, and a similar engine with steam up ready to work in case of need, might well be thought formidable obstacles to a dividend. Passengers were sufficiently plentiful, but the cost of conveyance so far exceeded that by locomotive engines, while the derangements were so frequent and provoking, that all the companies supporting the principle were at length compelled reluctantly to abandon it, as wholly incapable of contending with the cheaper and more certain locomotive. The only atmospheric railway which survived for a short time this general failure, was a working model which many of my readers, who were juveniles then, will remember to have traversed at the Polytechnic with boyish glee, and not without some danger of an upset into the adjoining canal. Ah! the Polytechnic was a real boys' paradise then, and had not degenerated to its present hybrid state, where Marionettes are as likely to be met with as working steam-engines, and where gayly-dressed dolls rival the diving-bell in attraction.

For several years the question of using the atmosphere for a motive power lay dormant, until, a few seasons ago, the

Electric and International Telegraph Company resorted to it as a speedy method of communicating between the head office in Lothbury and the branch offices at the Stock Exchange and Cornhill. Messages from all parts of Europe, which arrived at the head office, and had to be immediately forwarded to these branch destinations, were so numerous, and so dependent for their value on the most rapid possible transmission, that they would have required a large number of wires connecting the stations, and a considerable staff of telegraphists to work them. The whole of this extra annual expense is saved by the employment of a small pneumatic dispatch-tube, attached to the piston, in which is a felt bag capable of containing a large bundle of written messages as received in Lothbury. A few strokes in the cylinder of an air-pump suffice to exhaust the tube, and the piston, when set at liberty, is quickly shot to the other end; scarcely more time elapsing in the delivery of the messages than would have been necessary for their dispatch downstairs and across the road at Lothbury.

This tube reaches a total length of about three quarters of a mile, and has been found perfectly successful—saving time and labor in a remarkable degree. The great element of its answering, as compared with Messrs. Clegg and Samuda's atmospheric railway, is undoubtedly the fact that the entire work is carried on *within*, and that, consequently, there is no need of any valve or communication with the air outside. Under this condition, the preservation of a vacuum becomes merely dependent on the joints in the pipe being properly secured; and they must be sorry navvies indeed who are unable to lay down and join pipes so that they shall duly exclude the air.

Availing themselves of the principle so successful in this last instance, the Pneumatic Dispatch Company propose to apply it on a larger scale to the relief of the streets of London from much of the parcel and mail-cart traffic. Their design is to lay tubes under the main thoroughfares, to establish suitable exhausting engines, and to run frequent trains of trucks between different parts of the metropolis. For this purpose their tube is to be no longer the small pipe of the Electric Telegraph Company, but a tunnel-shaped channel of cast-iron, two feet nine inches

in height, and averaging two feet five inches in width. Rails will be fixed in the bottom corners for the passage of the trucks with as little friction as possible. The trucks themselves are iron vehicles, ingeniously formed so that their bodies shall occupy the whole interior of the tube, while the wheels are sunk into the sides, and have free play on the rails below, without interfering in any way with the complete filling of the tube by the carriage.

The success of this scheme, in a mechanical sense, has been amply proved at the experimental works which the company have instituted on the river margin adjoining the Battersea station of the Brighton railway. For just a quarter of a mile by the side of the stream may now be observed a black, sinuous object, more like a ribbed worm than any thing else, sometimes completely buried, then rising a few feet, and again curving out of sight. This is their experimental tube, of the size which the actual apparatus is intended to have. At its Nine Elms end, in a small shed, is the steam-engine for working it, accompanied with barometers to show the pressure exerted within the tube, and other necessary appliances. To those fond of elegant machinery it must be no small treat to be permitted to view the occasional operation of this remarkable machine. The pipe is so laid as to represent at different parts the curves and inclines of leading London streets; the slope of Snow Hill occurring in one part, that of Holborn Hill in another. Several curves of more or less sharpness are inserted to prove the capability of the trucks surrounding them without hindrance—a feat they perform in a really marvelous manner in the case of the last and sharpest curve, which is made with a radius of no more than forty feet.

Resort is not had to the air-pump for the exhaustion of this tube, the means adopted being simply the centrifugal motion of the air in a large hollow wheel, or double fan, revolving rapidly, and driving every thing, air and dust included, from the center toward the circumference. This wheel consists of two sheets of iron, each twenty-one feet in diameter, three feet apart at their center, but approaching at the circumference to within a few inches of each other. It receives a rotary and very rapid motion through

the agency of as exquisite a little high-pressure steam-engine as ever left the factory of Messrs. Boulton and Watt. "She's a sweet little thing!" said the engineer in charge; "we can work her to a'most any power;" a capability which, we may hope, for the sake of spectators, that worthy mechanic does not test too severely. The ordinary power, however, of the engine is stated to be fifteen horses.

On the end being closed by an iron door, and communication opened with the hollow wheel, if the latter be set in motion, the air at its center is by centrifugal force driven in successive whirls to the circumference, whence it is thrown forth into the atmosphere. This action is very apparent, even with slow revolutions of the wheel, if a handkerchief be held at any point near the open exterior of the disk; and when the rotation is rapid, the draft is so great that it is even difficult for a man to stand his ground against it. As the air originally at the center is forced outward, a fresh supply is sucked in until, with very little delay, the whole tube is exhausted, or at least subjected to a partial vacuum. When the engine is working at its full power the disk is able to exhaust the tube now laid at Battersea (a quarter of a mile) in from twenty to thirty seconds. Immediately the end of one truck is inserted in the farther extremity of the tube, it begins to be sucked toward the exhausting apparatus at the near end, and, together with other carriages attached to it, travels subterraneously to its destination at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour.

Let us now station ourselves in the engine-house, with the great revolving fan creating such a whirlwind that the sound of the voice is entirely drowned in the roar. The attendants are watching a signal, which is moved when the train reaches a point about thirty yards away: the instant that signal records its approach, the valve is shut, while the trap-door closing the end of the tube is opened and the trucks, having accomplished the last few yards through the momentum previously acquired, emerged gently from their dark route into the open air. The sensation of seeing these curious vehicles appear, suddenly and quietly, in the midst of the deafening tornado produced by the revolving fan, is very

strange: they glide, seemingly without noise, one after another from their narrow opening, much as a worm might slip stealthily from its hole amid a drenching shower.

Not far different, either, from a worm's speedy withdrawal into his slimy burrow is the appearance of a train of trucks starting on their journey from the opposite end of the experimental tube. Standing in the open to receive their imaginary load, they are pushed forward till the end of the first enters the tunnel and fills it. At a given signal the suction from the other extremity commences; one by one the trucks disappear, and in a few seconds are lost in the black abyss of pipe, through which the eye seeks in vain to penetrate. Though gone from view, they are, however, by no means out of hearing, for the noise these iron springless carriages make as they run, and—to judge by the sound—jolt over the rails, is very considerable. The long, cylindrical tube is, moreover, so admirable an acoustic conductor, that even words spoken at one end are distinctly audible, a quarter of a mile off, at the other, provided, of course, the channel be empty. As the train reaches the point where the exhausting process is stopped, a report is heard at the end whence it started similar to, and as loud as, the explosion of a pistol. The cause of this report, unlike any heard at the opposite end, where the action really producing it takes place, has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

So rare an opportunity of testing the sensations of the body under peculiarly unpropitious circumstances was not to be neglected. Who should say what physiological phenomena, what extraordinary experiences, might not be evolved from being shot—feet foremost—through a dark pipe, in which, if any thing happened, there would be no possibility of helping one's self? Alas! there were no such results; the journey was accomplished safely, and with no stronger effect than a considerable shaking. Lying at length on a mattress in the bottom of a truck, a cloak is thrown over the passenger to preserve him from the dust, with which, perhaps from the tube being now but rarely used, the tunnel is disagreeably filled. His conveyance enters its prison; the noise is abundant; the jolting no less so—about what might be felt if lying on the floor of a railway car-

riage, but less than that of an omnibus over a paved road—the idea of time taken in the journey, of course, exaggerated; otherwise no remarkable sensation beyond one of extreme delight at again reaching the light of heaven. The pneumatic dispatch is certainly not the mode of traveling a man with plenty of time at his disposal would select; but where speed is greatly an object, it might be welcome to many—in the absence of a more orthodox railway—as a means of evading the delays of crowded streets. I may mention here that it is part of the design of the company to carry passengers—if they will go.

The first operation which the company proposes to itself is, the establishment of connecting links between the general post-office and the several head offices of the postal districts, with intermediate stations about every half-mile. The western central office, in Bloomsbury, is intended to be the earliest placed in communication with head-quarters. If these tubes answer—as it is confidently anticipated by the projectors that they will—the system will be gradually extended, first to the railway termini, next to the metropolitan suburbs, and lastly, perhaps, by longer routes to more distant towns.

That the arrangements will give satisfaction, in a mechanical point of view, can not be doubted: how far their success will extend as a pecuniary speculation is a question for very careful consideration. The carts and vans used for postal purposes in the metropolis cost eleven thousand pounds annually, and this sum the directors would reckon upon receiving. The railway small parcels are computed to produce thirty-eight thousand pounds a year to the agents delivering them: of this, too, the company calculates on taking to itself a handsome share. Then there is the internal delivery of parcels and small packages through the Parcels Delivery Company, the carriers, the porters, and a hundred other channels, from which a fair revenue must almost certainly be derived, especially as the Pneumatic Dispatch Company intend assuming the functions of commissionaires, in addition to those of carriers. In their estimate the directors would add to all this the profit arising from conveyance of passengers. What that gain may be, I decline to calculate, as I also decline to receive

with any faith their calculations on the subject. Working men may, as they expect, avail themselves of this means of transporting themselves from their suburban homes to building or other business in different parts of London; and men of all grades may possibly be glad at times of so rapid a mode of reaching their occupation or their pleasure; but there must certainly be the contrary chance that few or none will be disposed to trust themselves to a journey in a recumbent, helpless posture, though a dark, cavernous hole, subject, in idea at least, to invisible misfortunes. That such objections may be unreasonable, I do not deny; for, in point of fact, the danger will be infinitely less than that encountered in a railway tunnel, and, indeed, the way of traveling generally would be as safe as any rapid description of motion devised by man well could be. Collisions are impossible, from the very principle of the invention. A break-down would involve no worse catastrophe than delay and temporary imprisonment in a dark cell; for the exhaustion of air is never sufficient to cause suffocation, and the trucks could in a short time be pushed or drawn by mechanical force to the nearest station. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and it is perfectly possible that once testing the anticipated discomfort of a pneumatic subterranean journey, passengers might be willing to submit to the darkness, the jolting, and disagreeable sensations, for the sake of such speedy exit at a distant point.

All these are sources of income necessarily difficult to compute until some section of the work be really open. On the other hand, the cost of apparatus and construction must be heavy, and shareholders should carefully balance accounts between probable investments and probable returns before any large outlay is incurred. Still, all must wish well to this very ingenious, and indeed beautiful design. It would, if boldly carried out, effectually relieve London streets of much troublesome light traffic, and would afford at once to shopkeepers and customers the advantage of immediate communications in all directions. This generation will indeed have seen strange things in its days: Railways spread throughout the land, subjugating fire and water to the service of man; Electricity raised invisibly from the earth, and only allowed



to return to it after surrendering him its power as his obedient familiar, bearing his messages with celerity that would astonish Puck himself, albeit that sprite could

"Put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes:"

Even Earth has been called to account, and a precious and useful metal evolved from smelted clay. Lastly, to complete the victory over the ancient elements, Air is made to subserve the purposes of commerce, and to rival the most agile steed in its submissive power of producing motion.

From the London Review.

# S U B S E C I V Æ B R O W N . \*

It has been said that a man might as well have no name at all, as only be called John Smith; and the like may be said of John Brown. It is amazing that remembering names are a capital in trade, parents do not more conscientiously realize their responsibility. Those John Browns are every where. How can they have any individuality or social being? It is the same with our literature as with our professions, it is thronged with the Browns. True, they are not all Johns. First and foremost, we have the famous Norwich physician, dear old Sir Thomas; and we have the nasty Brown, who never rises in literature beyond the dignity of *Tom*; and we have "Estimate Brown, and Capability Brown, and Simon Brown, and Brown the Brunonian;" and we have Pastoral Browne, and Brownist Brown; and we have Brown the great pudding-eater of Kent; and then the lamented chemist, Samuel Brown. And we have the tough old martyr Ossawatimie Brown—a witness and a martyr we will maintain him to be, although not one of the wisest; but martyrs usually are not very wise. We have the Bishop Brown, author of the *Analogy*, and Self-Interpreting Brown, of Haddington, the ancestor of our present author, whose memory he prizes so highly; and we have preachers and physicians innumerable named Brown; and in this very book

we have John Brown the father, and John Brown the son. We therefore think that we are guilty of no impertinence in giving, as a distinctive patronymic to our author, the designation he has adopted for his book. A man can scarcely hope for immortality by the name of John Brown; but he may walk down to posterity with tolerable individuality by the epithet of Subsecivæ Brown.

The volumes of Dr. Brown are the most delightful of desultory volumes—just the books for charming the hours of people who have not too much attention to spare, and who desire the results and pleasures of learning without its toils. They are full of wisdom, and freshness, and fun. Choice little pieces of manifold reading are set in the frame of strong and probing language. Anecdotes, innumerable and new, most of them personal, give the reader the shock of hearty laughter, and leave behind a pleasant, unconscious healthfulness like that we receive from a long walk in the country. The physician who can turn his idle hours to such account as the author of these volumes, must not only be a singularly-gifted man; but, we may be sure, that if he is not enlarging his own practice, he is doing what is even far better—he is adding to the health of society; he is doing his best to make many natures whole. Wisdom is conveyed frequently in conversational hints; and we trust we do no injustice to the *Horæ* of Dr.

\* *Horæ Subsecivæ*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D., F.R.S.E. A Second Series.

Brown when we place them beneath the class of conversational literature. They have much in them of the very best order of *ana*; a page would refresh many a mental or moral invalid. We do not see any great amount of professional, gold-headed-cane dignity; the boots of our author's style do not creak. Some readers might say that occasionally he is content to appear even rather slipshod: but then, how else would the reader see an idle man? and if we do catch our writer in his dressing gown, he is at ease in his study. We never find him wanting in self-respect, nor ever deficient in cheerful urbanity. He talks to us like a muscular man, and a strong and competent scholar, and has a way of favoring us with pleasant little snatches of classical reading or criticism, in the most communicative and instructive style, delightfully removed from pedantry, and never imposing the necessity for such attainments on his readers. The paper on "Presence of Mind, or Happy Guessing," is a good illustration of this. It is but a succession of wisely-told anecdotes on nearness of the *Noûs*, or the combination of power and promptitude in character. Here is an illustration of the want of this *Noûs*:

"That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well-educated surgeon, attached to a regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of 'satisfaction.' One fell shot in the thigh, and in half an hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol's ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend's life and his own—for he shot himself that night."

And here are illustrations of the possession of this *Noûs*:

"One more instance of nearness of the *Noûs*. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right."

"I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a

particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this; not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master-power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope."

"Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense, (she told me the story herself,) on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant-girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, 'I've forgotten that key again, I declare;' and, leaving the candle burning, and the door open, she went down-stairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!"

Of another order is the following classification of qualifications for a physician; indispensable qualifications also for other than physicians:

"The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words, *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, *Efficax*. *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange, and keep knowledge; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what it is worth, of choosing and rejecting, of judging; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three, capacity, perspicacity, sagacity to account, in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you had received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *mancus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than proteine would be itself if any one of its four elements were amissing."

He has the happiest way of turning to account anecdotes, which may be gathered plentifully from the volumes: here is one of William Nicholson, the poet, the author of that extraordinary ballad full of weirdness, the "Aiken Drum":

"There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer, in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake, he still heard the strains.

He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes, and walked across the field, every thing but that strange wild melody, still and silent in this the 'sweet hour of prime.' As he got nearer the 'beasts,' the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun 'glintin' on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—an Orpheus, an Orpheus. What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: 'Me and this quarry are lang acquaint, and I've mair plesure in pipin to thae daft cows, than if the best ledies in the land were figurin away afore me.'

The author enjoys a laugh at his profession, and is not offended if his readers laugh with him:

"It is told of another of our Gallic brethren, that having discovered a specific for a skin disease, he pursued it with such keenness on the field of the patient's surface, that he perished just when it did. On going into the dead-house, our conqueror examined the surface of the subject with much interest, and some complacency—not a vestige of disease or life—and turning on his heel, said: '*Il est mort guéri!*' Cured indeed! with the disadvantage, single, but in one sense infinite, of the man being dead; dead, with the advantage, general, but at best finite, of the *scaly letter* being cured."

Laughing at the orthodox in the schools of physic, the homeopaths must allow him to have his joke at their expense:

"Many years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying: 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight.' In ten days Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. 'Where was it?' 'I took it, sir.' 'Took it! what have you done with it?' 'I ate it, sir! you told me to take it!' We once told this story to a homeopathic friend, adding: 'Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure.' 'Well,' said my much-believing friend, 'there is no saying.' No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable."

The following gives to our author a fine text for a very useful sermon, in—  
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roducing the paper, "With Brains Sir."

"Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?" said a brisk dilettante student of the great painter. 'With brains, sir,' was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colors and their mixtures the better."

Again:

"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, 'God me that length,' indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; 'and I grewed the rest mysel.' This was before Topsey's time, and is wittier than even 'Spects I grewed,' and not less philosophical than Descartes' *nihi* with Leibnitz's *nisi* as its rider."

Our author is a Landseer in his affection for dogs, and his power of painting them. He is able to know the true human feeling, that they are fellow-mortals, and sometimes one thinks even something more; he could enter into the feeling so eloquently expressed by Ruskin, and especially apply it to his dogs. "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity; a flash of strange light through which their life looks out, and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul." The story of "Rab and his Friends," is one of the most perfect and varied pieces of its compass any where to be met with; but the Doctor has had a very extensive canine acquaintance—we had almost said of every variety of canine character, but we are reminded that the characters of dogs are as various as the characters of men. Some of these acquaintance are far from respectable, they have a very medical-student air about them, and look as doubtful as the members of that distinguished, but not universally respected class.

"Jock was one of these sad ne'er do weels, he was insane from his birth; at first *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-colored; mother's name Vamp, (Vampire,) and his father's Demon. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog pass-

ing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the mange, by strangling an ancient monkey, or 'puggy,' the pet of the minister—who was a bachelor—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod.

"Toby was a more decent dog. He had, it would seem, an inbred vulgar air, but he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humor as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!) forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was no where to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced, of course.

"One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry-door. The second Psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open; then, after a

long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and, not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and any thing more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet, and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the 'minister's man,' to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit."

Our author thinks—

"Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and the crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. . . . And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed—is always for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."

A faithful attachment to dogs and an entrance into their humor is usually the companion of a like attachment to mankind. Dr. Brown quotes—and we see, in all his quotations, what ought always to be seen in a quotation, but which is seen so seldom—his evident relish in it—he quotes the touching saying of Sir Walter Scott: "The misery of keeping a dog, is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?" Our author has a keen glance for men and characters and things; his essays reveal much of that noblest power of man—imagination; that *communis sensus* of the faculties; our readers will remember many illustrations of this in the first series of the *Horæ Subsecivæ*—how happy this is of Hobbes of Malmesbury, "like a bear in his arctic cave, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that sullen heart, a palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong, but below Zero—we admire much his intrepid air, keen and clean teeth, his clear eye, his matchless vigor of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary



mistake of absolute cold for heat, frozen mercury, burning as well as molten gold—we would try to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian.”

It is this power which enables our writer to interest so much with his notes on art; he speaks to the sympathies of spectators; he is not an art critic, but possesses, in a great degree, the power to tell the story of a picture—there are many of these very well worth reading, which, however, suggest the thought of being added to fill up the volume; he does not concern himself with the painter's art, but he enters into the poetry and meaning of the picture—thus Paul Delaroche's—

“Cromwell regarding the dead body of Charles I. This last is a truly great and impressive picture—we hardly know one more so, or more exactly suited for art. The great Protector, with his well-known face, in which ugliness and affection and power kept such strange company, is by himself in a dark room. And yet not by himself. The coffin in which Charles, his king, is lying at rest, having ceased from troubling, is before him, and he has lifted up the lid and is gazing on the dead king—calm, with the paleness and dignity of death—of such a death, upon that fine face. You look into the face of the living man; you know what he is thinking of. Awe, regret, resolution. He knows the full extent of what has been done—of what *he* has done. He thinks, if the dead had not been false, any thing else might have been forgiven; if he had but done this, and not done that; and his great human affections take their course, and he may wish it had been otherwise. But you know that having taken his gaze, and having let his mind go forth in its large issues, as was his way, he would again shut that lid, and shut his mind, and go away certain that it was right, that it was the only thing, and that he will abide by it to the end. It is no mean art that can put this into a few square inches of paper, or that can raise this out of any ordinary looker-on's brain. What a contrast to Napoleon's smooth, placid face and cold eyes, that rough visage, furrowed with sorrow and internal convulsions, and yet how much better, greater, worthier, the one than the other! We have often wondered if they had met at Lützen, or at some of the wild work of that time, what they would have made of each other. We would lay the odds upon the Brewer's Son. The intellect might not be so immense, the self-possession not so absolute, but the nature, the whole man, would be more powerful, because more in the right and more in sympathy with mankind. He would never try an impossible thing; he would seldom do a wrong thing, an outrage to human nature or

its Author; and for all that makes true greatness and true courage, we would not compare the one with the other. But to return to our artist.”

It is this which enables our author to sketch with this strength and vigor of hand, pencil and coloring, the preaching of Dr. Chalmers:

“We remember well our first hearing of Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. ‘Calm was all nature as a resting wheel.’ The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sun-light—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; every where were to be seen the gathering people, ‘sprinklings of blithe company;’ the country-side seemed moving to one center. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

‘He had a hardness in his cheek,  
He had a hardness in his eye.’

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but we were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look upon him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a ‘big one of ourselves,’ he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity; how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, ‘Death reigns.’ He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—every where, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—every thing added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible

statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, 'Death is a tremendous necessity'—he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out: 'Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save.' Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging toward the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape—we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

"We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice—that tremendous necessity."

The most delightful gem of the present volume is the long letter to Dr. Cairns, upward of a hundred pages, out of the book of four hundred, devoted to a portrait of the author's father, the celebrated John Brown, of Edinburgh. It is a beautiful monograph, on a father's memory. Why can we not have such biographies? Not we believe so much because we have not men who might be the subjects of them, but principally because biographers stretch a canvas so large that concentration of interest and effect are lost to the reader, being lost sight of to the writer. If readers and relatives could content themselves with a hundred instead of five hundred pages, much every way might be gained. The paper to which we refer,

deserves a mention as honorable; it ought to secure a fame and name as lasting for its subject and its writer, as the beautiful little lifelets of Isaac Walton. We should like to see it printed by itself, and then we should like to see a copy in the hands of every student for the Christian ministry. We need more pastors and teachers, molded on the model of John Brown; at present, the Christian ministry, in many directions, seems to be running to seed, without conserving itself.

Looking over what we have written, we find we have done little but praise this, or, rather, we may say, these "*Hora*," for we have referred to the first as well as to last. We fear we have laid ourselves open to the charge of indiscriminate approval; yet we could, did space allow, break a lance with our author upon some of his verdicts; indeed, our Physician, no doubt, loves and hates in a lump, he does not parcel out his affections; of this we have many proofs; but we have, indeed, received so much pleasure, that we are not minded to be very discriminating. These volumes are, certainly, almost alone as desultory literature, and in reading them we have had just the kind of pleasure we have experienced when kept waiting in a rarely selected library, and, taking down volume after volume, were gratified to find that some judicious reader had underlined or annotated. They are among the most delightful, comprehensive, and scholarly that the press has for a long time produced; we may apply to them the words of our author's favorite poet, Tennyson:

"For Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three  
sisters

That doat upon each other; friends to man—  
Living together under the same roof."

We have quoted so much we fear to quote more; every reader will, of course, go through this volume for himself; but there is one other extract we must do ourselves and our readers the pleasure of presenting to them. It is called, "Her last half-crown."

"Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, 'Come in,' and, looking toward the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. 'Are ye Hugh Miller?' 'Yes,' 'Mary Duff wants ye.' 'What does she want?' 'She's deein.' Som misty recollection of the name made him a

once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got into the Old Play House Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was 'best maid,' and he 'best man.' He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

"Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through

the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, 'That's her!' vanished. By the light of a dying fire, he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer, became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. 'Are you Mary Duff?' 'It's a' that's o' me, Hugh.' She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and silently returned to his own home by the way he came, musing deeply on the sad mutations which occur in human life."

From the St. James's Magazine.

## A B O A T S O N G .

FOR THE NAVAL RESERVE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Lift her along—  
Stout hearts and strong!  
Let our oars fall in time

To the rhyme  
Of our song!

Old England's mighty seamen,  
The masters of the deep,  
Have left to us—their sons, my lads—  
Their ancient sweep to keep;  
To make our bright flag honored  
Alike by friend and foe,  
As far as Ocean's waters roll—  
As far as breezes blow!

Then three cheers for our Queen:  
And three cheers for our Land;  
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!  
And three times three  
For the British Flag,  
That floats on the breeze above us!

Give her good way—  
Light hearts and gay!  
And our oars in their beat  
Shall repeat

The old lay!

Old England's mighty vessels  
But wait the voice of war  
To spread their grand wings on the gale,  
And wake their thunder's roar;  
And England's foes again should find,  
Amid the battle's smoke,  
The same staunch English wooden walls—  
The same stout hearts of oak.

Then three cheers for our Queen:  
And three cheers for our Land:  
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!  
And three times three  
For the British Flag,  
That floats on the breeze above us!

Steadily swing—  
Hearts for a King!  
And our oars in their chime  
Shall keep time

As we sing!

Old England's mighty Charter,  
It still remains the same:  
Oppression still her standard hates—  
Still Freedom loves her name!  
And calmly still her people

In God repose their trust,  
Nor change the Peace they love for War—  
Save when that War is just!  
Then three cheers for our Queen:  
And three cheers for our Land:  
And three cheers for the hearts that love us!  
And three times three  
For the British Flag,  
That floats on the breeze above us!

Lift her along—  
Stout hearts and strong!

While our oars in their beat  
Still repeat  
The old song!  
Three cheers for our Queen:  
Three cheers for our Land:  
Three cheers for the hearts that love us!  
And three times three  
For the dear old Flag,  
That floats on the breeze above us!

[NOTE. A little change in words might render this a fitting song to Yankee Land and the old Flag of Stars and Stripes.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

From Titan.

## A LEAF FROM THE SECRET HISTORY OF RUSSIA.\*

### THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

SOME hours after the death of the Empress Catherine, her son, the Emperor Paul, ordered Count Rostoptchine to put the seals upon her papers. He was himself present at the arrangement of these papers. Among them was found the celebrated letter of Alexis Orloff, in which, in a cynical tone, and with a drunken hand, he announced to the Empress the assassination of the husband, Peter III. There was also a manuscript, written entirely by the hand of Catherine herself, and inclosed in a sealed envelope, bearing this inscription: "To his Imperial Highness, the Cæsarewitch and Grand Duke Paul, my beloved son." Under this envelope was the manuscript of the memoirs which we have published.

The manuscript terminates abruptly toward the close of the year 1759. It is said that there were with it some detached notes, which would have served as materials for its continuation. Some persons affirm that Paul threw these into the fire; but nothing certain is known upon this point. Paul kept his mother's manuscript a great secret, and never intrusted it to any one but the friend of his childhood,

Prince Alexander Kourakine. The prince took a copy of it. Some twenty years after the death of Paul, Alexander Tourgenieff and Prince Michael Worontzoff obtained copies from the transcript of Kourakine. The Emperor Nicholas having heard of this, gave orders to the secret police to seize all the copies. Amongst them was one written at Odessa, by the hand of the celebrated poet Pouschkin. A complete stop was now put to the farther circulation of the memoirs.

The Emperor Nicholas had the original brought to him by the Count D. Bloudoff; read it, sealed it with the great seal of state, and ordered it to be kept in the imperial archives, among the most secret documents.

To these details, which I extract from a notice communicated to me, I ought to add that the first person who spoke to me on the subject was Constantine Arsenieff, the preceptor of the present Emperor. He told me, in 1840, that he had obtained permission to read many secret documents relative to the events which followed the death of Peter I., up to the reign of Alexander I. Among these documents, he was authorized to read the memoirs of Catherine II. (At that time he was teaching the Modern History of Russia to the Grand Duke, the heir presumptive.)

\* *Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II., written by Herself.*—With a Preface by A. HERZEN. Trübner & Co.



During the Crimean War, the archives were transferred to Moscow. In the month of March of 1855, the present Emperor had the manuscript brought to him to read. Since that period one or two copies have again circulated at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is from one of these that we now publish the Memoirs. As to their authenticity, there is not the least room to doubt. Besides, it is only necessary to read two or three pages of the text to be quite satisfied on the point.

We have abstained from all corrections of the style, in every case in which it was not evident that the copy presented some fault of transcription.

Passing to the Memoirs themselves, what do we find?

The early years of Catherine II.—of that woman-emperor, who occupied for more than a quarter of a century all contemporary minds, from Voltaire and Frederick II., to the Khan of the Crimea and the Chiefs of the Kirghis—*her young days described by herself!* . . . . What is there for the editor to add to this?

In reading these pages, we behold her entering on the scene, we see her forming herself to that which she afterward became. A frolicsome girl of fourteen, her head dressed "*à la Moïse*," fair, playful, the betrothed of a little idiot, the Grand Duke, she has already caught the disease of the Winter Palace—the thirst of dominion. One day, while "perched" with the Grand Duke upon a window-sill, and joking with him, she saw Count Lestocq enter; "Pack up your things," he said, "you are off for Germany." The young idiot seemed but little affected by the threatened separation. "It was pretty nearly a matter of indifference to me also," says the little German girl; "*but the crown of Russia was not so*," adds the Grand Duchess.

Here we have, in the bud, the Catherine of 1762!

To dream of the crown, however, was quite natural in the atmosphere of that court; natural not only for the betrothed of the heir-presumptive, but for every one. The groom Biren, the singer Rasoumowsky, the Prince Dolgorouky, the plebeian Menchikoff, the oligarch Volynski—every one was anxious for a shred of the imperial mantle. The crown of Russia, after Peter I., was a *res nullius*.

Peter I., a terrorist and reformer, before all things, had no respect for legitimacy.

His absolutism sought to reach even beyond the tomb. He gave himself the right of appointing his successor, and instead of appointing him, he contented himself with ordering the assassination of his own son.

After the death of Peter, the nobles assembled for deliberation. Menchikoff put a stop to all discussion, and proclaimed as empress his old mistress, the widow of a brave Swedish dragoon, slain upon the field of battle, the widow of Peter also, to whom Menchikoff had resigned her "through devotion" to his master.

The reign of Catherine I. was short. After her, the crown passed from head to head as chance directed; from the once Livonian tavern-keeper, to a street-boy (Peter II.); from this street-boy, who died of small-pox, to the Duchess of Courland, (Anne;) from the Duchess of Courland to a Princess of Mecklenburg, (wife of a prince of Brunswick,) who reigned in the name of an infant in a cradle, (Ivan;) from this boy, born *too late* to reign, the crown passed to the head of a woman born *too soon*—Elizabeth. She it is who represents legitimacy.

Tradition broken, the people and the state completely separated by the reforms of Peter I., *coups d'état* and palace revolutions were the order of the day; nothing was fixed. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, when retiring at night, knew not under whose government they should awake in the morning; they consequently took but little interest in changes, which, after all, did not essentially concern any but a few German intriguers, become Russian ministers, a few great nobles grown gray in perjury and crime, and the regiment of Preobrajensky, which disposed of the crown like the Pretorians of old. For all others, every thing remained unchanged. And when I say others, I speak only of the nobles and officials; for as to the great silent people—that people prostrate, sad, stupefied, dumb—it was never thought of. The people was beyond the pale of the law, and passively accepted the terrible trial which God had sent it, caring little for the specters which mounted with tottering steps the ascent to the throne, gliding like shadows, and disappearing in Siberia, in the dungeons. The people was sure to be pillaged in any case. Its social condition, therefore, was beyond the reach of accident. What a strange period! The imperial throne, as we have

elsewhere said, was like the bed of Cleopatra. A crowd of oligarchs, of strangers, of panders, of minions, led forth nightly an unknown, a child, a German; placed the puppet on the throne, worshiped it, and, in its name, gave the knout to all who presumed to question the arrangement. Scarcely had the chosen one time to become intoxicated with the delights of an exorbitant and absurd power, and to condemn his enemies to slavery or torture, when the succeeding wave raised up another pretender, and the chosen of yesterday, with all his followers, was engulfed in the abyss. The ministers and generals of one day were the next on their way to Siberia, loaded with chains.

This *busfera infernale* carried away people with such rapidity, that there was not time to get accustomed to their faces. Marshal Munich, who had overturned Biren, rejoined him on a raft, stopped upon the Volga, himself a prisoner, with chains on his feet. It is in the struggle of these two Germans, who disputed the empire of Russia as if it had been a jug of beer, that we may retrace the true type of the *coups d'état* of the good old times.

The Empress Anne died, leaving the crown, as we have just said, to a child only a few months old, under the regency of her lover Biren. The Duke of Courland was all-powerful. Despising every thing Russian, he wished to civilize us with the lash. In the hope of strengthening himself, he destroyed, with a cold-blooded cruelty, hundreds of men, and drove into exile more than twenty thousand. Marshal Munich got tired of this; he was a German as well as Biren, and, besides, a good soldier. One day the Princess of Brunswick, the mother of the little Emperor, complained to him of the arrogance of Biren. "Have you spoken on this subject to any one else?" asked the Marshal. "I have not." "Very well, then; keep silent, and leave every thing to me." This was on the 7th of September, 1740.

On the 8th, Munich dined with Biren. After dinner, he left his family with the Regent, and retired for a moment. Going quietly to the residence of the Princess of Brunswick, he told her to be prepared for the night, and then returned. Supper came on. Munich gave anecdotes of his campaigns, and of the battles he had gained. "Have you made

any nocturnal expeditions?" asked the Count de Læwenhaupt. "I have made expeditions at all hours," replied the Marshal, with some annoyance. The Regent, who was indisposed, and was lying on a sofa, sat up at these words, and became thoughtful.

They parted friends.

Having reached home, Munich ordered his aid-de-camp, Manstein, to be ready by two o'clock. At that hour they entered a carriage, and drove straight to the Winter Palace. There he had the Princess awakened. "What is the matter?" said the good German, Anthony Ulrich, of Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, to his wife. "I am not well," replied the Princess. And Anthony Ulrich turned over and slept like a top.

While he slept, the Princess dressed herself, and the old warrior conferred with the most turbulent of the soldiers in the Preobrajensky regiment. He represented to them the humiliating position of the Princess, spoke of her future gratitude, and, as he spoke, bade them load their muskets.

Then leaving the Princess under the guard of some *forty* grenadiers, he proceeded with *eighty* others to arrest the chief of the state, the terrible Duke of Courland.

They traversed without impediment the streets of St. Petersburg; reached the palace of the Regent; entered it; and Munich sent Manstein to arrest the Duke in his bed-chamber, living or dead. The officers on duty, the sentinels, and the servants, looked on. "Had there been a single officer or soldier faithful," says Manstein, in his memoirs, "we were lost." But there was not one. Biren, perceiving the soldiers, endeavored to escape by creeping under the bed. Manstein had him forced out: Biren defended himself. He received some blows from the butt-ends of their muskets, and was then conveyed to the guard-house. The *coup d'état* was accomplished. But something stranger still was soon to follow.

Biren was detested; that might explain his fall. The new Regent, on the contrary—a good and gentle creature, who gave umbrage to no one, while she gave much love to the Ambassador Linar—was even liked a little from hatred to Biren. A year passed. All was tranquil. But the court of

France was dissatisfied with an Austro-Russian alliance which the Regent had just concluded with Maria Theresa. How was this alliance to be prevented? Nothing easier. It was only to make a *coup d'état*, and expel the Regent. In this case, we have not even a marshal revered by the soldiers, not even a statesman. An intriguing physician, Lestoeq, and an intriguing ambassador, La Chétardie, are sufficient to carry to the throne Elizabeth, daughter of Peter I.

Elizabeth, absorbed in pleasures and petty intrigues, little thought of overturning the government. She was led to believe that the Regent intended to shut her up in a convent. She, Elizabeth, who spent her time in the barracks of the guards, and in licentious excesses, . . . better make herself Empress! So also thought La Chétardie; and he did more than think; he gave French gold to hire a handful of soldiers.

On the 25th of November, 1741, the Grand Duchess, dressed in a magnificent robe, and with a brilliant cuirass on her breast, presented herself at the guard-house of the Preobrajensky regiment. She exposed to the soldiers her unhappy condition. They, reeking with wine, cried out: "Command, mother, command, and we will slaughter them all!" The charitable Grand Duchess recoils with horror, and *only* orders the arrest of the Regent, her husband, and their son—the *baby-emperor*.

Once again is the old scene repeated.

Anthony Ulrich, of Braunschweig, is awakened from the most profound slumber; but this time he can not relapse into it again, for two soldiers wrap him up in a sheet, and carry him to a dungeon, which he will leave only to go and die in exile.

Again is the *coup d'état* accomplished.

The new reign seems to go on wheels. And, once more, nothing is wanting to this strange crown . . . but an heir. The Empress, who will have nothing to do with the little Ivan, seeks one in the episcopal palace of the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck. It is the nephew of the Bishop whom she selects, a grandson of Peter I., an orphan, without father or mother, and the intended husband of the little Sophia Augusta Frederica, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbat-Bernburg, who resigned all these sonorous and illustrious

titles to be called simply . . . *Catherine II.*

And now, after all that has been said, let the reader picture to himself what must have been the nature of the medium into which destiny had cast this young girl, gifted, as she was, not only with great talent, but also with a character pliant, though full of pride and passion.

Her position at St. Petersburg was horrible. On one side was her mother, a peevish, scolding, greedy, niggardly, pedantic German, boxing her ears, and taking away her new dresses to appropriate them to her own use; on the other, the Empress Elizabeth, a coarse and grumbling virago, never quite sober, jealous, envious, causing every step of the young Princess to be watched, every word reported, taking offense at every thing, and all this after having given her for a husband the most ridiculous Benedict of the age.

A prisoner in the palace, she could do nothing without permission. If she wept for the death of her father, the Empress sent her word that she had grieved enough: "That her father was not a king, that she should mourn him longer than a week." If she evinced a friendship for any of her maids of honor, she might be sure the lady would be dismissed. If she became attached to a faithful servant, still more certain was it that that servant would be turned away.

Her relations with the Grand Duke were monstrous, degrading. He made her the confidante of his amorous intrigues. Drunk from the age of ten, he came one night, in liquor, to entertain his wife with a description of the graces and charms of the daughter of Biren; and as Catharine pretended to be asleep, he gave her a punch with his fist to awaken her. This booby kept a kennel of dogs, which infested the air, at the side of his wife's bed-chamber, and hung rats in his own, to punish them according to the rules of martial law.

Nor is this all. After having wounded and outraged nearly every feeling of this young creature's nature, they began to deprave her systematically. The Empress regards as a breach of order her having no children. Madame Tchoglo-koff speaks to her on the subject, insinuating that, *for the good of the state*, she ought to sacrifice her scruples, and concludes by proposing to her a choice be-

tween Soltikoff and Narichkine. The young lady affects simplicity, and takes both—nay, Poniatowsky into the bargain; and thus was commenced a career of licentiousness in which she never halted during the space of forty years.

What renders the present publication of serious consequence to the imperial house of Russia is, that it proves not only that this house does not belong to the family of Romanoff, but that it does not even belong to that of Holstein-Gottorp. The avowal of Catherine on this point is very explicit—the *father of the Emperor Paul is Sergius Soltikoff*.

The Imperial Dictatorship of Russia endeavors in vain to represent itself as traditional and secular.

One word more before I close.

In perusing these Memoirs, the reader is astonished to find one thing constantly lost sight of, even to the extent of not appearing any where—it is *Russia and the people*. And here is the characteristic trait of the epoch.

The Winter Palace, with its military and administrative machinery, was a world of its own. Like a ship floating on the surface of the ocean, it had no real connection with the inhabitants of the deep, beyond that of eating them. It was the *state for the state*. Organized on the German model, it imposed itself on the nation as a conqueror. In that monstrous barrack, in that enormous chancery, there reigned the cold rigidity of a camp. One set gave or transmitted orders, the rest obeyed in silence. There was but a single spot within that dreary pile in which human passions reappeared, agitated and stormy, and that spot was the domestic hearth; not that of the nation, but that

of the state. Behind that triple line of sentinels, in those heavily ornamented saloons, there fermented a feverish life, with its intrigues and its conflicts, its dramas and its tragedies. It was there that the destinies of Russia were woven, in the gloom of the alcove, in the midst of orgies, *beyond* the reach of informers and of the police.

What interest, then, could the young German Princess take in that *magnum ignotum*, that people *unexpressed*, poor, semi-barbarous, which concealed itself in its villages, behind the snow, behind bad roads, and only appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg like a foreign outcast, with its persecuted beard and prohibited dress—tolerated only through contempt.

It was only long afterward that Catherine heard the Russian people seriously spoken of, when the Cossack Pougatcheff, at the head of an army of insurgent peasants, menaced Moscow.

When Pougatcheff was vanquished, the Winter Palace again forgot the people. And there is no telling when it would have been once more remembered, had it not itself put its masters in mind of its existence, by rising in mass in 1812, rejecting, on the one hand, the release from serfdom offered to it at the point of foreign bayonets; and, on the other, marching to death to save a country which gave it nothing but slavery, degradation, misery, and the oblivion of the Winter Palace.

This was the second *memento* of the Russian people. Let us hope that at the third it will be remembered a little longer.

A. HERZEN.

ARE THE GRAPES SOUR?—The subjoined letter has been addressed to the *Daily News*:

"SIR: Being here for a day or two, I have observed in your paper of yesterday (which fell in my way this morning) an account of a meeting of Finsbury electors, in which it was discussed whether I should be invited to become a candidate for that borough. It may save some trouble if

you will kindly allow me to confirm the sensible gentleman who doubted at that meeting whether I was 'quite the sort of man for Finsbury.' I am not at all the sort of man, for I believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a parliamentary representative of that place, or any other under the sun. I am, etc.,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 21st, 1861."



## A D R E A D F U L G H O S T .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh! such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter, in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual, quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and can not, by any possibility, make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little thick-headed, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to err, even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the evil one tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he *can* know every thing.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of the community; in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it was to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the

family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business," such as literary persons like myself continually get, and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since, though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*—affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day, when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illuminated the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which al-

ready warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a hungry, weary traveler, a tea-dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room, except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the paneled wall.

It was a large full-length portrait, very well painted—the sort of portrait of which one says at once, “What a good likeness that must be!” It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body; and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful soul this must have been; one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

“I suppose that must be the poor Doctor,” said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the gentle benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. “You never saw him, Charles?”

“No; but this is exactly the sort of a man he must have been.”

And our conviction on the matter was so strong, that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely-healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman—pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appeared to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their lost father; and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes (she had, dear soul! two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been

frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been—how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned!

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imagination, my wife's too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her but she was watching either our hostess, or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture! It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing every thing, observing every thing, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling; for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate; I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself; but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the center of which stood a lamp—one of those reading-lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They

seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us—choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters, yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when looking up at the picture, from which, for the last half-hour, I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive; now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvas as if in bass-relief or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face—such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural—statuesque, yet still preserving the tints, of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil-painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-like figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice; but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least—was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room,

my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fireside.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait—identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure, I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless—endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protesilaus:

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him; and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance:

“I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?”

It was *him* then—summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed; that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way—as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to like;" the books that she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day; in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common-sense and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came; apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful undertone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations of these strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedding days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—— and Sir B. C.—— had had a quarrel, and every body said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on, to all of which, the figure listened with its immovable silence—its settled, changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of

the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die—has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be any thing, or worth any thing, it must be a very different life from this—with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply-beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly specter, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I can not tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare-dream this mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it; we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and con-



vulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and inquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. —," naming our name, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good-night."

The appearance bent upon us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good-night—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had traveled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me like a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before *that chair*; I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the Figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly charming, dignified courtesy, of the old school, for which, every body said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which a year ago I would have traveled five hundred miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I shrieked out; and my wife woke me from what was, thank heaven only a dream. . . . .

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was conveying us through the dead of night to visit that identical family whom I have been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny fire-side, as you horribly describe. What a blessing that such things can not be."

"Ah!" replied I—"though, as Imlac says in *Rasselas*, 'that the dead can not return, I will not undertake to prove;' still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary, when I leave you, remember I don't wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables and knocking about chairs, delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it."

"And Charles," said the little woman, creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fire-side after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

## SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS AND CNIDUS.

AMONGST the most valuable and interesting additions which have been made in our day to the collections of ancient art belonging to the country are unquestionably the sculptured remains, the result of the excavations conducted by Mr. C. T. Newton, when Vice-Consul at Mitylene, on the site and in the neighborhood of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, now known by the Turkish name of Budrum, in Asia Minor. These works are of the date of the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era—the very best period of Greek art; and their interest and value to the connoisseur and the student of art can not be overrated, being superior to that of many of the collections which now fill the spacious avenues of the British Museum. Unfortunately, however, though they arrived in the course of the years 1857 and 1858, no space has as yet been provided for their display; and they have consequently ever since been huddled away out of sight in a temporary glass shed erected for the purpose under the portico of the building. In now drawing attention to the fact, we do so in the hope that we may partly be the means of inciting the government and the trustees of the Museum, to some effort to make provision for the exhibition of these treasures—treasures long sought and coveted by all the enlightened governments of Europe—in the course of the great gathering of the industrial and artistic intelligence which is to take place this year. It is well known that at different periods the government of France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria have sent expeditions of men of science and learning in search of the site of this stately tomb, justly dignified as one of the seven wonders of the world; and though fate decreed that its discovery should be the result of British intelligence, skill, and enterprise; yet, having possessed ourselves of the exquisite remains which rewarded our researches, we should justly incur the reproach of selfishness and barbarous ingratitude if we refused to participate the enjoyment of their inspection with our foreign visitors

assembled together in the one common cause of the promotion of art. But we will not further urge a suggestion, the importance of which will, we trust, be acknowledged and practically acted upon by those having authority in the matter.

This justly celebrated tomb was erected about the year 355 B.C., by Queen Artemisia to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, or rather of Halicarnassus; the word Mausoleum being derived from his name. Mausolus died immensely rich, and his queen, who was tenderly attached to him, and inconsolable at his death, resolved to expend all the treasure he left to her upon the production of a monument which should surpass any thing of the kind that had yet been seen.

Pliny gives an account of the details of the building, and of its position on the shore of the harbor of Halicarnassus. He describes the building as being surrounded by thirty-six columns, and surmounted by a pyramid tapering to a point by twenty-four steps, and with a marble chariot on the summit. The whole height was one hundred and forty feet, and the length on the north and south sides sixty-three feet, the two fronts being somewhat less; the total circumference of the site, four hundred and eleven feet. Four of the most eminent sculptors of antiquity were employed to adorn the sides—Scopas working on the eastern side, Bryaxis on the north, Timotheus on the south, and Leochares on the west. In addition to these a fifth sculptor, Pythis, was employed to execute the marble *quadriga*, by which the whole mausoleum was surmounted.

Nothing is known of the state of the structure for the first four centuries after it was built; but from the commencement of the Roman empire we find it constantly mentioned—as by Martial and Lucian in the first century, Pausanias in the second, Gregory of Nazianzus in the fourth century, by Constantine Porphyrogenetus in the tenth century, who states it to be still standing in his day; by Eudocia in the eleventh, and by Eus

tathius in the twelfth century. The last says of it: "It was and is a wonder."

It is not known when it commenced falling into ruin. A general impression is that it owes its original destruction to an earthquake. In 1404, however, the Knights of Rhodes took possession of Halicarnassus, where they built the Castle of St. Pietro, from which the modern name Budrum is a Turkish corruption. Fontanus, the historian of the siege of Rhodes, which occurred in his time, distinctly states that the fortress was constructed out of the materials of the mausoleum. But a considerable portion of the tomb must have existed in the year 1472, as Cepio, who visited Budrum during the expedition of Pietro Mocenigo, noticed it among other ruins in the town. The Castle of St. Pietro was twice subsequently repaired—in 1480 and 1522—and it is probable that on these occasions the sculptures visible above the ordinary surface of the ground were broken up and used as building materials. For ages afterward the very site of this celebrated structure remained a mystery until the discoveries fortunately made by Mr. Newton, and which were commenced in December, 1856. We have not space to go into the details of Mr. Newton's official communications on the subject addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ambassador at Constantinople, and copies of which were forwarded to the Earl of Clarendon and the Earl of Malmesbury during their respective tenures of office as secretaries for Foreign Affairs. It is fair to state, however, that Mr. Newton, previous to his going to the East, had been employed during twelve or thirteen years in the British Museum, where he not only acquired a great taste for ancient sculpture and a knowledge of the history of the principal works in it, but had especially directed his attention to the long-debated question of the site of the tomb of Mausolus. It happened fortunately that Mr. Newton was subsequently appointed Vice-Consul at Mytilene, whence he had excellent opportunities of prosecuting his inquiries upon his favorite subject of study. Having at length discovered the spot, which accurately corresponded with the indications given by Pliny, upon a promontory stretching out into the Archipelago; and the necessary means having been placed at his disposal by the British government,

he procured the aid of some sappers and miners at Malta, and at once commenced his excavations. After considerable labor, and the removal of twelve houses built by Turkish peasants upon the site, a corner of the foundation was discovered composed of green ragstone. On the eastern side were found the fragments of a Persian warrior, busts, and a great variety of fragments of columns of the Ionic order, and here and in other parts various other remains too numerous to be stated in detail.

One very important matter settled by Mr. Newton's discoveries was as to the plan of the tomb, about which there had been much discussion and many theories, based upon the scanty data left by Pliny. From a communication addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated April third, 1857, it appears that the whole area anciently occupied by the building is a parallelogram, of which the western side measures one hundred and ten feet, and the southern one hundred and twenty-six feet, the entire circumference being reckoned at four hundred and seventy-two feet. The whole of this quadrangle is cut out of the native rock to depths varying from two to sixteen feet below the surface of the surrounding fields. Where the rock has failed at the sides the line of cutting is continued as a wall formed of large oblong blocks. The whole of the quadrangle within these lines has been paved with large flags of green-stone one foot thick. It is evident from this statement that the tomb itself, stated by Pliny to have been sixty-three feet in length from east to west, and somewhat shorter from north to south, was contained within a larger area, forming a court or precinct around it, and inclosed probably by an outer wall.

We will now speak of a few of the principal remains discovered and transmitted home by Mr. Newton.

Foremost in importance is a noble statue nearly perfect, though consisting of upward of fifty fragments, and supposed to be that of King Mausolus. This figure is nearly ten feet high, is draped in a tunic and *himation*, and stands in a quiescent, dignified attitude. The character of the head is held by some to resemble the ideal portraits of Alexander the Great, on the coins of Lysimachus, and in several extant marble busts. The face is slightly bearded, the features massive and finely

formed, and the expression full of majesty, intelligence, and thought. The drapery is admirably composed, and executed in the highest style of the best period of Greek art. The fragments of this statue were found in an excavation beyond the northern boundary of the tomb. Having been executed about the year 350 before Christ, we have in it probably the most ancient example of Greek portrait statuary which has yet been discovered.

Another colossal statue, representing a female standing, has been restored as far as possible, though, unfortunately, still wanting a head. It not improbably formed a companion to the preceding in the same group, in which case it would not be an unreasonable conjecture to assign it as that of Artemisia, the founder of the mausoleum. The cast of the figure is noble and easy; the drapery gracefully, nay, grandly, disposed. From the remains of that portion still visible on the shoulders, it appears that the *peplus*, or shawl, which forms the only garment superadded to the tunic, was carried over the head like a veil; and this circumstance, according to Mr. Hawkins, in his report to the trustees of the British Museum, (to which we are indebted for much of the material of this article,) precludes the possibility of connecting with the body the fine head, of which a photograph was sent over by Mr. Newton, and which has no covering but a cap."

The next sculpture we notice is the fragment of an equestrian figure, supposed by Mr. Newton to be that of an Amazon. The rider is draped in a short tunic and *anaxyrides*, or trowsers—a costume which in Greek vase paintings is usually given to Amazons. Mr. Hawkins, however, remarks that in sculpture the legs of these female warriors are generally left bare, "probably from an artistic feeling which delighted to contrast the delicacy of their feminine modeling with the ruder limbs of their male opponents." He therefore thinks it "probable that the draped torso here remaining is that of a man in Asiatic costume, similar to that of the Persians sculptured on the frieze of the Temple of Wingless Victory at Athens." But, whatever it represents, this figure is an admirable specimen of the purest and most informed Greek art, fairly entitled to be placed in the same category as the pedimental figures of the Parthenon; "the

body of the animal, modified in form by the throwing back of the weight upon the haunches in rearing, exhibits a subtle observation of anatomical structure."

There are a series of slabs supposed to have formed part of the frieze at the top of the columns forming the four sides of the mausoleum. These slabs were found on the eastern portion of the building, and may therefore be safely attributed to Scopas. The subject of them was the Battle of the Amazons. The various groups, which are full of spirit, speak sufficiently for themselves, and hardly demand description. Two or three other friezes were found, regarding the position of which there is only conjecture, and one of them is in relief. Another appears to represent a chariot; and three portray the Battle of the Centaurs.

Finely-sculptured lions, a leopard, and other animals, were also brought to light. Amongst others were portions of colossal horses, noble in design and perfect in execution. They probably formed a part of the marble quadriga by which the mausoleum was surmounted.

Whilst in this neighborhood, Mr. Newton went over to Cnidus, (famous for the statue of Venus by Praxiteles,) and received information from an intelligent Greek from Calymnos "that he had seen on a promontory a little to the east of Cnidus a colossal marble lion, similar to those found at Budrum, but on a larger scale." Accordingly, this spot was explored in the first instance by Mr. Pullan, and the noble ruin discovered. Mr. Newton truly describes it as a magnificent example of colossal Greek sculpture, worthy to be compared with the finest remains from Halicarnassus. Its dimensions are ten feet in length and six feet in height from the base to the crown of the head. The body is crouching, the head turned round to the right in the same manner as the lion is represented on many of the Greek coins. It was generally in fine condition; but being found lying on the right side, the left being exposed to the weather, the surface had suffered in some degree, though not to an extent to destroy the main anatomical markings, which retain their original boldness. The entire lion has been sculptured out of one block of Parian marble, with the exception of the fore-paws, which had been united to the body by a joint, and are lost. A part







Engraved on Steel

for the Edifice

by Geo. E. Porino.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

of the lower jaw and a hind-leg are also wanting. Mr. Newton states: "The original of the design of the artist is presented to the eye with a completeness seldom to be met with in those examples of Greek sculpture which have been preserved to us. No attempt has been made to imitate the natural form of the eye, in the place of which is a deeply-recessed cavity. It is a question whether eyes of metal or of vitreous paste were inserted in these cavities, or whether the deep shadows thus created under the overhanging brows were not designed, when viewed at a distance, to convey to the spectator an impression equivalent to that produced by the living eye. Such a mode of representation by equivalents was adopted by the ancient artists whenever mere mechanical imitation failed to reproduce in art the effect of an object in nature, and this is particularly the case in the treatment of the eye, in the representation of which much variety may be remarked in different branches of ancient art.

This fine piece of sculpture was discovered on the slope of a cliff on a bold headland, opposite to Cape Crio, overlooking the sea, with Cnidus in the distance. On the summit of the cliff were the ruins of an ancient tomb of Doric architecture; and Mr. Newton considers that the lion originally stood at the top of this structure. Mr. Newton hazards the suggestion that the date of this tomb may be assigned to the half-century be-

tween 350 and 400 B.C. During this period, Cnidus was a republic, and Mr. Newton is of opinion that "the erection of so sumptuous and conspicuous a tomb to the memory of a private individual seems inconsistent with the jealous spirit of the ancient commonwealths before the age of Alexander the Great. It is more likely that the tomb is a *polyandrium* or public monument, erected to commemorate a number of citizens slain in battle." During the period above suggested, two events of the kind occurred sufficiently important to have given occasion for such a work—the repulse of the Athenians in their attack on Cnidus, B.C. 412, and the defeat of the Lacedæmonians by Conon in a sea-fight off this place B.C. 394; but it is not certain that any Cnidians took part in the latter engagement.

Thanking Mr. Newton for his discovery of the lion (which is only one of many trophies sent home from the same site) and his suggestions concerning it, we can not but acknowledge its importance as another example of the Greek mode of treatment of animal life, in which simplicity and grandeur equally prevailed. We have here the true ideal of the king of the forests; and we can not help thinking that its noble outline and expression might be studied with advantage by the accomplished painter intrusted with the modeling of the long-promised lions for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

## THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

HAVING presented our readers in the previous number of the *ECLECTIC* with a portrait of his majesty, the present King of Prussia, we embellish the present number with a beautiful portrait of the Queen. An account of the coronation of their majesties was given in our last issue, with a biographical sketch which had brief allusion to the Queen also. We only subjoin a brief record of her majesty in this number, to accompany and ex-

plain the portrait, and refer the reader to pages 403 and 404 of this volume.

The Princess Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, Queen of Prussia, was born September thirtieth, 1811. She is the daughter of Charles Frederick, late Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, and sister of the reigning Grand Duke. She is the mother of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, to whose eldest daughter he

was married with great splendor in London, January twenty-fifth, 1858. A full account of the magnificent nuptial ceremonies is given in Volume XLIII. of this work, at which the now Queen of Prussia was present.

The coronation ceremonies at Königsberg in October last, when the original of the portrait became Queen of Prussia, were gorgeous and worthy of the occasion.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## S C I E N C E A N D A R T .

As the year advances, the great International Exhibition grows more and more into the proportions of a great fact. In clear weather, strollers in Hyde Park can see the domes of the vast building rising in the southern sky, and hear a multitudinous noise of hammers; and vehicles may be seen on the way to Brompton laden with elements of the forthcoming display. France, it is said, will outdo her former effort, and present such a spectacle of art and manufacture, taste and design, as will astonish all beholders. Among the contributions from our Australian colony of Victoria will be an obelisk, dead gilt, forty-two feet in height, and ten feet square at the base, intended to represent the eight hundred tons of gold raised within that colony in the ten years 1851-1861; a quantity worth one hundred and four million pounds sterling. Among the objects of art there will appear the bronze statue of Wedgewood, which has been recently cast to be set up as a memorial of the eminent potter at Etruria in the Potteries, after the close of the Exhibition.

The Horticultural Society are striving to improve their opportunity, and have announced eight shows to be held during the season, at which two thousand guineas will be given away in prizes. The shows are to comprise not flowers merely, but useful things, cereals and edible roots, whereby it is hoped alimentary resources may be increased. There is talk of a further attraction in the shape of a visitation by foreign bands of military music, among whom, by permission of the Emperor of Austria, will appear

the famous Wellington Band from Vienna. The last part of the *Proceedings* of the Horticultural Society contains a report on one hundred and eighteen varieties of cucumbers grown in the garden at Chiswick in 1861. This large number will probably surprise most readers; it was, however, resolved by experiment into thirty-four sorts only which are fit for cultivation. The best of the non-glaucous sorts is Carter's Champion; and the best of the glaucous bears the name of Dr. Livingstone.

Dissatisfaction has been often expressed at the length of time which elapses between the reception of American news at Queenstown and the arrival of the telegrams in London, especially as the news is current in Liverpool before it is known in the metropolis; and the consequence is, that a new telegraph line is to be established from Queenstown to London direct, crossing Ireland to Wexford, and thence by submarine cable to Milford Haven. The cable is to be of the kind manufactured by Messrs. Silver, coated with India-rubber, which, as experience proves, is a better insulator than gutta-percha. By the completion of this line, as we hear, American news will be known in London five hours earlier than at present.

The Warrior is now going to sea in earnest, and ere long it will be known how she has behaved in a voyage from England to the Mediterranean. Some such test as this was required before a conclusive opinion could be given as to her seaworthiness, or her steaming or sailing qualities. It is said that a change



in the method of steering is essential for ships of such great length and weight, and that it will be found needful to place a rudder at the head as well as the stern. This method answers well in the long transport-vessels recently introduced on the Indus and other rivers in India. There is some talk of doing the steering by one of Armstrong's hydraulic machines, which is perfectly under control, and being worked by cold water, involves no risk of explosion. Another proposition is to light the inside of the great ship with gas, and to make the electric light available for signals. The suggestion of these improvements shows that progress will be made in the building and fitting of what some future poet will describe as our iron walls. Papers on the subject have been read at the United Service Institution; and Mr. Samuda has brought a paper before the Institution of Civil Engineers, "On the Form and Materials for iron-plated Ships."

As regards the materials for ship-building, there is something fresh to be said. We hear from the other side of the Atlantic of iron containing an alloy of manganese and zinc, which is so hard that no file will touch it; while here, at Sheffield, results have been arrived at in the manufacture of iron and steel, which a few years ago would have been thought incredible. Mr. Bessemer now casts an ingot of steel, which when hammered and rolled to the required length, is converted into a railway bar, weighing eighty-four pounds to the yard, superior in quality to case-hardened or steel-faced bars. These latter are liable to crack and laminate, but the homogeneous steel, as Mr. Bessemer's metal is called, is tough and ductile, and has a tensile strength of forty tons to the square inch. It is the opinion of practical men, that all the railways in the kingdom will, in course of years, be relaid with steel rails. A beginning has been made on some lines at stations and places where the wear is greatest; and the steel rails, after nearly a year of service, are found to be scarcely inferior to new. Ordinary rails and points, in similar circumstances, require renewing four times a year. The places referred to are the Pimlico station, some parts of the London and North-western, and of the Caledonian Railway. This exceedingly durable metal will no doubt be properly

considered in the new course of experiments on the strongest material for ships' sides about to be instituted; and it ought not to be lost sight of in discussions on the means of lessening the risk of railway traveling. The Society of Arts have given an evening to the consideration of railway management, as looked at from the passengers' point of view; and *The Quarterly*, in a long article, has helped to keep the question afloat.

Among the operations carried on at Sheffield, Mr. Bessemer has shown that the manufacture of great guns is a comparatively quick process. He filled his "converting vessel" with melted pig-iron at twenty minutes past eleven in the forenoon; in thirty minutes, it was converted into fluid steel, and cast in an iron mold four feet long, and sixteen inches square, from which it was taken and forged while still hot; and at seven o'clock in the evening the gun was shaped, and ready for the boring-mill.

It appears that cast-steel bells are growing more and more into use. In Russia and Canada, where the winters are intensely cold, cast-steel bells are preferred for churches and public buildings, as they do not crack when struck even with the temperature below zero; a degree of cold which is often fatal to ordinary bells.

What Mr. Bessemer has done for iron, Mr. Ransome, of Ipswich, has done for stone. His experiments and method of preserving building-stone have been for some time before the public; he has now gone a step further, and has succeeded in manufacturing an indestructible stone from a mixture of sand, chalk, and other substances moistened with silicate of potash. The clay-like substance thus produced is formed into bricks or slabs; these are washed over with a solution of chloride of calcium, and the operation is complete. No baking or drying is necessary; the bricks and slabs harden to the utmost degree, and without warping or twisting. So, if a thin coat be spread on any exposed surface with a trowel, and similarly treated, it hardens in the same way. Dr. Frankland, F.R.S., a first-rate authority, states that Mr. Ransome's stone is harder and more durable than any building-stone now used, except some of the granites and primary rocks.

Dr. McVicar has written a paper to

show that geometrical laws may be applied to biological science as well as to astronomy; and to illustrate his argument he brings forward the various forms assumed by animals during hybernation, the forms in which animal and vegetable organisms are developed and matured, and shows how widely the spherical form prevails. The sphere exposes the smallest number of its parts to external influences and secludes and protects within itself the largest number. Animals, during sleep, and hybernation, assume an approximation to a spherical form; hence, from these and other phenomena, the Doctor considers that he demonstrates his argument, and the value and applicability of geometry in the science of life.

The important paleontological question which has been much discussed of late by naturalists is now attracting attention in the far north. Professor Karl von Baer, member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, has laid a paper before that learned body, on the extinction of animal species from the physiological and non-physiological point of view, and particularly on the disappearance of species cotemporary with man. Those who have paid attention to this important subject will be able to form some notion of the significance of the Professor's proposition. Another paper by the same hand is on a new project for the establishment of oyster-beds on the Russian shores of the Baltic, from which we gather that Russia is about to imitate the good work which has been so successfully begun in England and France in the acclimatization and multiplication of fish.

M. Struve, the Russian astronomer-royal, declares that the great arc of the meridian measured in Russia will have to be remeasured before its exactitude will satisfy the requirements of modern science, because, during the measuring, no allowance was made for the disturbing effects of mountain masses on the instruments employed. This disturbing effect was hardly considered until a few years ago, when Archdeacon Pratt, of Calcutta, investigated it, and communicated the results to the Royal Society in elaborate papers which have been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. We also

hear that the Indian arc, surveyed by Colonel Lambton, will have to be remeasured, with instruments of the present day, which are better fitted for the work than were those manufactured half a century ago. Sir Andrew Waugh's report on the latest operations in India has just been published as a blue-book; in looking through it, we notice a particular concerning cost which is worth attention. The surveying of the mountain regions of the Himalaya was accomplished at a cost of eight shillings a square mile; a sum remarkably insignificant when the danger and difficulty of the work are taken into consideration. Astronomy will ere long make a further advance in India, for the parliamentary grant of one thousand pounds to the Astronomical Society, is to be expended in establishing a hill-observatory near Poonah.

The Swedish exploring expedition to Spitzbergen has confirmed the observations of Sir John Ross and Sir Leopold McClintock, that animal life is to be found in the Polar Sea at a depth of twelve hundred and fifty fathoms. The old maps and charts of the latitudes explored, which proved very erroneous, have been rectified; and proofs were found that the Gulf-stream actually touches upon that far northern island. At last Australia has been crossed from south to north; after the sacrifice of many daring adventurers, a small party of four, led by Mr. Burke, traveled all the way from Melbourne to the sea in the Gulf of Carpentaria. But the tale of their enterprise ends sadly. They found a country of grass, wood, and water, and proved that the interior desert or swamp so long assigned to the unexplored inner regions of Australia, has no existence; they showed a practicable way from sea to sea, and returned to the rendezvous to perish of starvation. The mismanagement or neglect which led to the catastrophe reminds us painfully of the terrible disappointment that awaited Captain Franklin and his few miserable companions on their arrival at Fort Confidence from their dreary walk across the Barrens from the Coppermine river.

From the London Times.

## MAUSOLUS AND HIS MAUSOLEUM.

DURING the last few years we have been hearing bit by bit of the excavations and discoveries in Asia Minor, and visitors to the British Museum have been puzzled by unsightly wooden sheds which interfere with the architecture of Smirke. Few persons are aware that the wooden sheds contain the relics of an architecture the most famous in history, and that the diggings at Halicarnassus have brought to light one of the wonders of the world. A complete account of what has been discovered is now put before the public in a magnificent work which will be examined with avidity by every scholar and by every lover of art. It would be an exaggeration to say that the treasures of art which we have obtained from the tomb of Mausolus are of equal importance with the Elgin Marbles or the sculptures of Nineveh, but they are second only to these acquisitions; and the work of discovery and description which Mr. Newton has undertaken and completed under the patronage of the government is an honor, not only to himself, but also to the country. His volumes will have their place in all the great European libraries. One of the Seven Wonders of the World that had been lost has been in effect found; and we in England, who are consulting about princely monuments, are suddenly enabled to look upon the most splendid memorial of classical antiquity.

The title of Mr. Newton's work, although quite correct, is too general. What of it relates to Cnidus and Branchidæ is of the nature of an appendix. The principal portion of it is devoted to Halicarnassus, and by Halicarnassus is meant almost entirely the tomb of Mausolus, which was built there. About half of the plates, and about three fourths of the descriptive portion of the work, are devoted to the Mausoleum, and it is the Mausoleum that will be the center of attraction. All the known facts connected with

it are given in a bird's eye view. Mr. Newton has, first of all, compiled very carefully the Carian history in which Mausolus played his part. Then all that is known with regard to the building of his monument is placed before us. Its history through successive ages is minutely followed, until at length it is broken into fragments, its site is unknown, and Achmet, Omar, and Fatima build their houses upon its ruins. Finally, we have a full history of the manner in which the celebrated tomb was discovered, and its treasures acquired by the British government. From the data thus obtained, the architect, Mr. Pullan, proceeds to restore the building, placing it before us not merely in its general effect, but also in the utmost detail.

The history of the Carian Satrap Mausolus is interesting; but, after all, the great event of his career, is that he died. His statue has been found, in many fragments, it is true; but the fragments are so complete that only the arms and one foot are wanting. The head is complete enough to afford a good idea of the man, although the artist may have attempted to give to the portrait somewhat of the heroic character. His was evidently a strong, firm nature, very calm and very acute, with penetrative gaze, and sensuous, not sensual, lips. His wife was his sister Artemisia, and to her is usually given the entire credit of having raised the tomb to Mausolus, who died B.C. 353. It is not improbable, however, that the great Satrap may, in conformity with a custom which has not been uncommon among Eastern dynasties, have himself commenced to build the famous monument. Be this as it may, his wife and sister Artemisia, who succeeded to his scepter and ruled with a vigor worthy of himself, decreed to Mausolus the most magnificent funeral obsequies, and diversified her military occupations by attention to the stately pyramid which was to contain her husband's remains.

She died in two years, and did not live to see it finished. Her death is attributed to grief, but it may be doubted whether one who displayed so much political vigor and military prowess as she did could be a victim of melancholy; and the story of her overwhelming grief may be rather an inference from the splendor of her husband's tomb than a fact for which there is direct evidence. It is enough, however, for us, that the tomb was built; that its fame spread far and wide, and is likely to live in languages forever; that it was still standing in the tenth, and even in the twelfth century; and that, after having fallen into ruin, its marble blocks and sculptures being used in the fifteenth century by the Knights of St. John for the Castle of St. Peter, it has now again been brought to light, and at least ideally rebuilt, by the liberality of the British government, and by the zeal of British travelers.

The wish had often been expressed by archaeologists and students of art in England that the reliefs and other relics, of the Mausoleum, which were known to exist at Budrum, might be rescued from certain destruction and brought to England; but it was not until 1846 that any thing was done to carry the wish into effect. Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) then obtained a firman authorizing the removal of the marbles from the castle walls. The good work thus begun was slowly prosecuted. Slabs were sent to England; interest was excited; travelers went to explore; and at last, in 1855, Mr. Newton went Budrum, and discovered in the walls of the castle, not only reliefs, but colossal lions—sculptures in the round, which could, on historical evidence, be proved to belong to the school of Scopas. With increased desire he returned, in 1856, to explore still further; and in 1857, aided by royal engineers and sappers, he dug into the earth,

and laid bare the ruins of the Mausoleum on their ancient site. The story of his excavations hither and thither is very curious. By little and little the mighty structure could be traced. Here was a column, there a frieze, and there again a fine statue. We have said that the effigy of Mausolus himself was discovered, though it was in more than sixty pieces. All the architectural members of the monument were painted; the colors being pure red and blue. If we understand rightly, where the marble remained white, it was toned down with varnish and wax; but the grounds of sculpture and ornament were all blue, (ultramarine,) while flesh were represented by a dun red, drapery and armor were touched up with various tints, and moldings were picked out with red. This is an instructive statement, both for architects and sculptors, and may supply some further materials for a discussion as to the uses of color. Nor is this the only point of interest to the artist. The character of the sculpture is marked, and indicates a school very different from that of Phidias, though in its own sphere very great. There is more of the real in it—less of the ideal; more of animation and action; more, perhaps, also of voluptuous beauty and of animal passion. As a whole, indeed, these remains are intrinsically worthy of study. The Wonder of the World was really a wonder. Its relics are a wonder still. From the heads of goddesses to the heads of horses, and from the proportions of a façade to the contour of a small molding, all that these architects and sculptors did is marvelous. More than two millenniums have passed away since they drew their lines and handled their chisels, and it seems as if in art the world stood still. We have not yet surpassed these wondrous carvings, that have for ages been rotting in the ground.



## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE AMERICAN THEOLOGICAL REVIEW for April, 1862.

The opening article, by Dr. Hickok, of Schenectady, is a profound examination of the leading principles of Modern Philosophy, showing its pantheistic tendency, and the remedy. It includes incidentally a defense of his system against the assaults of the *Princeton Review*. Dr. Goodwin, the acute and able Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has a condensed and thorough examination of the subject of Religious Education in Colleges. The third article, by Prof. Lawrence, of East-Windsor, is a full and able analysis of Swedenborg's Theory of the Divine-Human, setting forth its pantheistic leanings in a convincing manner. Prof. Tyler, of Amherst, contributes a valuable Exposition of the Homeric Doctrine of Sin, its Expiation and its Penalty, a valuable contribution to classical studies. Prof. Smyth, of Bowdoin College, in the fifth article, subjects Dr. Hesse's Lectures on the Sabbath to a careful scrutiny; his article is a most excellent Sabbath document. The paper on the Origin of Idolatry, vindicates, in a novel way, the theory that it is to be ascribed to Satan, and that Satan was the object of divine honors. The seventh article is an analysis of the three recent works on the Temporal Power of the Pope, by the Italian Passaglia, the French Protestant Guizot, and the German historian Döllinger. The Review also contains the usual full summary of Theological Intelligence, and notices of new books—among the latter, the three recent works on the Oxford controversy, *Aids to Faith*, *Replies to the Essays*, and *Tracts for Priests and People*.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA. With Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, Corresponding Member of the American Ethnological Society, of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New-York, and of the Boston Society of Natural History. With numerous Illustrations. Pages 531. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1862.

AMONG all the books of African travels and explorations which have been given to the public in the last several years, by different travelers, this volume is, in many respects, the most curious and interesting. Dr. Du Chaillu and his book have occasioned more discussion and criticism in England than is usual. By not a few he has been regarded as a hero of travel, and with great respect and consideration. By others his statements have been severely criticised and called in question. But he seems to have triumphed over his detractors, and maintained his well-earned reputation as an adventurous traveler in the wild and unpeopled regions of Equatorial Africa, as well as extensively among the various nations and tribes of the interior. The journals of this traveler during the four years of his wanderings, are full of exciting and romantic incident. It shows that mankind have much more yet to learn of human history

in untraversed lands. The book also abounds in useful information in regard to the interior of the vast continent of Africa.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XIV. Embracing Words or Names from Reed to Spire. Pages 850, and 8 pages of Index. New-York: D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway. 1862.

WE have received from the publishers the fourteenth volume of this able and valuable work, just issued from the press of the Appletons. It will be seen that this great national work approaches completion. Those who have seen and examined the current volumes will appreciate the well-expended labors of the editors, and in some degree estimate the amount of talent, research, and untiring industry required to prepare, from so many sources, so large a volume as this. We have already commended the current issues of this work, and it can hardly be otherwise than that as soon as the present difficulties are over in our country, a greatly increased demand will be made for this valuable work.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and Edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, etc. Vol. III. Pages 502. Boston: Published by Brown & Taggard. 1862.

WE have received from the publishers another volume of this learned work by that eminent and renowned scholar, Francis Bacon. This volume appears almost entirely written in the Latin Language, and of very beautiful type and dress. This series of volumes, which have been in process of publication for many months, will gratify the eye and the taste of the scholar, and open the great treasures of literary wealth which are found laid up so invitingly in its beautiful pages. The author's name is imperishable. The work is for sale, E. French sole agent, at No. 51 Nassau street, New-York.

LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW. —The water supply of Glasgow, from Loch Katrine, is one of those gigantic undertakings which distinguish the engineering enterprise of our generation. It is a work, its engineer tells us, that surpasses the greatest of the nine famous aqueducts which fed the city of Rome. It is also, we think, a happier conception than the largest of our modern works—the New-York aqueduct. For, with a singular invention of the engineer, this magnificent supply of water is brought to Glasgow for the most part through tunnels cut in the solid rock. In truth, the Glasgow aqueduct may be described as almost one continuous tunnel. The difficulties which had to be surmounted were great. Successive ridges of obdurate rock, separated by deep wild glens and mountain torrents, had to be traversed. The hard schistose

groups, the old red sandstone, and the compact clay slate, which constitute the geological character of the Highland mountains, were bored, blasted, and perforated, to furnish a subterranean passage to the pellucid stream which was destined to cool the parched throat of the gigantic city. It is not often we meet with an example of natural obstacles so ingeniously turned into facilities. The cost was of course enormous, something, we believe, about £800,000 sterling. The very blasting materials—the powder and the tape fuses—cost, on the average, about £2000 per mile. The tunnels were connected by a double series of cast iron pipes, four feet in diameter. The inclination the whole length of 35 miles is about five feet per mile. The quantity of water delivered is from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons per day; that is, from 70 to 80 gallons to each individual of the whole population. The quality of the water is very pure, and so soft, that it is calculated by Mr. Bateman that a saving to the community will be effected in the consumption of such articles as tea and coffee, soap and soda, to the amount of £100,000 sterling in the year. These statistics are in all probability somewhat overcharged; but we must allow for some natural exaggeration on the part of the projectors of so great and successful a work.—*Builder*.

**EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.**—A paper was recently read by Mr. Nunneley, of this town before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, on a remarkable case in which that gentleman had successfully removed the entire tongue, for cancer of the organ, and restored the patient to comfort and apparent health. The man, otherwise of robust constitution and in the prime of life, was wasting under the agony of the diseased tongue, and such difficulty of taking food as threatened soon to destroy life by starvation. The operation of extirpating the diseased member was most severe and painful, and, in fact, involved a series of processes extending over several days; but at the end, and when the tongue was finally removed, so rapid was the recovery that the man ate and enjoyed a good dinner the next day, and continues to this time in vigorous health. But what will perhaps still more surprise some people is that he can talk without even a stump or a bit of the root of a tongue. He can pronounce every letter of the alphabet, many of them perfectly, (all the vowels,) most of them distinctly. The three there is the most difficulty in are K, Q, and T, which are difficult and indistinct in the order they are named, K being much more so than T. In conversation he can be readily understood, if not hurried or excited.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

#### A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night!  
How wonderfully beautiful and vast!  
Crowded with worlds enswathed in living light—  
Coëval with the immeasurable past!  
With what a placid and effulgent face  
The mild moon travels 'mid her golden isles,  
And on the Earth, asleep in Night's embrace,  
Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles!  
Can I, O God! who tremble here with awe,  
Doubt the Designer, sneer at the design,  
Nor own that all is of thy wisdom, thine,  
Fashioned by thee, and governed by thy law?  
I marvel at the being who can see  
In these, thy mighty works, no evidence of thee!

—*Chambers's Journal*.

**THE VOLCANO OF DJEBEL-DUBBEH.**—A letter from Capt. Playfair describes a visit to this volcano during its recent eruption: "The top of the mountain appeared as if it had been white, but was blackened by the fire. We dug in the ashes about a foot and a half deep before reaching the earth. On the mountain we saw nineteen craters, eighteen of which smoke in the daytime, and at night give light like a lamp. One very large crater, about one hundred fathoms long and fifty broad, burns day and night, and throws out stones as large as — [illegible in the original;] and all these stones are alike. When the stone is thrown up, it ascends in the heavens until it becomes no bigger than a crow, and then it returns to its place and breaks into atoms. When the fire and the stones issue from the crater, they are accompanied by a noise as if of guns. While the stone is in the sky, a rumbling noise is heard, and when it descends it explodes, and another stone ascends in its place. We also saw another wonder at the volcano. About fifteen fathoms from the fire, water rushes out from the ground like the waves of the sea. When the fire comes out, the water is ejected, and ascends to about the height of a man; and then, after the explosion, it returns to the place whence it came. The place where the fire now comes out is called Arooma. The eruption began on the night of Wednesday, the 27th of Shuwal, 1277, (May 8th, 1861.) The name of the mountain is Dubbeh, distant from Edd about as far as a man can walk between early morning and three P.M. The names of the villages which were burnt near the mountain are Moobda and Ramlo. One hundred and six men and women were killed, and their bodies were not found. The number of animals killed is not known. The distance from the foot of the mountain to the summit is about two hours' walk."

**THE PRINCESS ALICE.**—The treaty for the marriage of the Princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse has been published. It settles £30,000 on the Prince and Princess, for their joint lives, giving it, after the decease of both, in equal shares among their children, if any. In the event of there being no children, the capital is to go, after the death of both, as the Princess herself may appoint, and, in default of appointment, to her next of kin. Besides this sum, a life-income of £6000 a year is given to the Princess for life, to her sole and separate use. The Grand Duke of Hesse engages in return to give a jointure to the Princess in case she is left a widow, of from £2000 to £4000 a year, according to the circumstances of the case—the former, if Prince Louis were to die before he becomes immediate successor to the Dukedom; the latter, if he be the immediate successor at the time of his death.

**LADY HOLLAND.**—During my residence in London, in 1840, I went, one evening, to pay a visit at Holland House. Lord Holland was dining out—I do not recollect where. I found Lady Holland alone in that long library where, above the books, portraits are placed of the celebrated politicians, philosophers, and writers who had been the friends and habitual visitants of the family. I asked Lady Holland if it often happened that she found herself thus alone. "No," she replied, "but very seldom; but when it occurs I am not without resources;" and, pointing to the portraits, she observed: "I entreat the friends you see there to descend from above; I know the place that each preferred, the arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit. They come; I find

myself again with Fox, Romilly, Mackintosh, Sheridan, and Horner; they speak to me, and I am no longer by myself." And this haughty, imperious, and capricious woman, who, in the midst of the triumph she had won by her beauty and talents, retained the reputation of coldness and egotism, appeared, as she thus spoke, to be visibly and sincerely affected. From this incident I have preserved a favorable impression of her.—*Memoirs, by M. Guizot.*

**A WONDERFUL LOCK.**—There is now in course of manufacture, at Wolverhampton, a new patent keyless lock, having 244,140,625 combinations. This lock is the invention of Count Kersolon, a Frenchman, but is now the property, in this country, of a Mr. Loysell. It has five rollers, and each roller is marked with twenty-five letters of the alphabet. If the letter at which it is set should not be discovered, the exhausting of all the variations necessary in that case to the opening of the lock would require an immense expenditure of time. It is intended to place one of these locks upon some iron safes that are being made for exhibition at the forthcoming World's Fair. In one of the safes is proposed to place the sum of £500, which is to fall to the lot of the person who may be fortunate enough to effect an opening of the safe.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

**TELEGRAPHIC CIPHER.**—At the Great Exhibition at Florence, last year, Prof. Giusti exhibited a few lines written in cipher, to which was added an announcement that he who should succeed, while the exhibition lasted, in reading these lines, should be entitled to a prize consisting of a work of art in ivory, of the value of 20,000 francs, to be executed by Prof. Giusti himself, the subject to be at the successful competitor's own choice. A sealed packet, deposited with the royal commission, contained the interpretation of those mysterious lines. The inventor had expressly announced that even the persons of his acquaintance, to whom he had revealed the nature of his system, should be admitted to compete for the prize. The exhibition closed without any candidate for the prize presenting himself; and at length, on the fifth instant, Prof. Giusti, in the presence of the Gonfaloniere of Siena, and a number of distinguished inhabitants of that town, explained the contents of his secret writing, and gave the key of the cipher, which consisted in taking out two letters which meant nothing, and arranging the remaining letters in squares like those of a chess-board, when they might be read off with ease. The advantages of his system are: 1. Simplicity, because the sender writes his dispatch in the common way, and then renders it unintelligible by the addition of one or more signs only known to the person who is to receive it; 2. The impossibility of deciphering the writing without the key, even when the system is known; 3. The facility with which the sender may send the same dispatch to different persons, and yet render each copy unintelligible to all but the one person to whom it is individually addressed, by merely changing the key—that is, the letters to be suppressed. A copy of the cipher has been sent to the King of Italy, who has expressed his admiration of the system.—*Letter from Italy.*

**PROF. TINDALL**, in one of his recent lectures on light, at the Royal Institution, stated that it had been proved, by computation, that light traveled through space at the rate of 192,000 miles in a sec-

ond, and that it came to us from the sun in seven minutes and a half, while it would take a cannon-ball fifteen years to perform the journey. An express-train, traveling night and day, would require three weeks to go round the earth; light would do it in the interval between two puffs of the engine.

**THE** two hundred miles of submarine cable for the new Telegraph to India Company has been manufactured and shipped by Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co., within the month stipulated. It is stated that Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co. have tendered to the English government to lay a cable from Milford Haven to Halifax, by July, 1862, for £700,000, guaranteeing its efficiency for one year.

**JOHN RANDOLPH**, the American statesman, was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction, and among other remarks said: "I passed by your house lately, Mr. Randolph." "Did you? Well, I hope you always will," was the reply.

**PHYSIC**, for the most part, is but a substitute for exercise or temperance.

**A** word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

**MEN** love women for their natures—not their accomplishments; for their warm feelings, strong sympathies, gentle hearts, and fond dispositions—not for their mental acquirements; and more men of genius marry, and are happy, with women of very common-place understandings, than ever venture to take brilliant wives, and enjoy a showy misery.

**THE PORTRAIT OF CLEOPATRA.**—Perhaps the most interesting of all portraits on ancient coins is that of the famous Cleopatra. Those who look for beauty will be disappointed, but the history of the Queen of Egypt would lead us rather to suppose that she was a woman of great charm of manner and the most highly educated mind. On the silver coin which bears her head and Mark Antony's, she has certainly a face more remarkable for intellect and determination than for beauty.

**THERE** is a great difference between the happiness enjoyed with the approbation of conscience, and that which is felt without or against it.

**THE** desire of power to excess caused angels to fall; the desire for knowledge to excess caused man to fall; but in charity, or love, is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.

**HUSBAND AND WIFE.**—Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and perfections to the end of their lives.

**A** MAN proves himself fit to go higher, who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is, nor yet above it.

**A CONCERT OF MONKEYS.**—We stopped our boat one day for our accustomed midday rest in the cool shade of one of these stately forests, where there was a beautifully-variegated group of hills, with tufts of timber and gaudy prairies sloping down to the river on the opposite shore. Our men had fallen asleep, as usual, in the boat, and I said to my friend Smyth, who, with myself, was seated on top of the bank: "How awfully silent and doleful it seems!—not the sound of a bird or a cricket can be heard! suppose we have some music." "Agreed," said Smyth; and raising the old Minie, he fired it off over the water. Sam followed with three cracks, as fast as they could be got off! The party in the boat were all, of course, upon their feet in an instant, and we sat smiling at them. Then the concert began—a hundred monkeys could be heard chattering and howling, treble, tenor, and base, with flats and sharps, with semitones and baritones and falsettos, whilst five hundred at least were scratching, leaping, and vaulting about amongst the branches, and gathering over our heads, in full view, to take a peep at us. We sat in an open place, that they might have a full view of us, and we rose up to show ourselves at full length, that their curiosity might be fully gratified. With my opera-glass, which I took from my pocket, I brought all these little inquisitive, bright-eyed faces near enough to shake hands, and had the most curious view of them. I never before knew the cleanliness, the grace, and beauty of these wonderful creatures until I saw them in that way, in their native element and unrestrained movements. Where on earth those creatures gathered from in so short a time, in such numbers, it was impossible to conceive; and they were still coming. Like pigeons, they sat in rows upon the limbs, and even were in some places piled on each other's backs, and all gazing at us. To give the inquisitive multitude a fair illustration, I fired another shot—and another! and such a scampering I never saw before! in half a minute every animal, and every trace and shadow of them were out of sight; nor did they come near us again.

**HABIT MAKES EVERY THING EASY.**—Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give a child a habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element into which he can not breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Brougham*.

Those are the most valuable that are the most serviceable; and those are the greatest, not that have the most talents, but that use those they possess the most usefully.

**HOW TO LIVE.**—As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of love.

**A RAILWAY IMAGINATION.**—A smart chap with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they open the equinoctial line.

Philosophical happiness is, to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is, to want much and enjoy little.

**THE POSTAGE OF LETTERS.**—The postage of letters, now so important a branch of the revenue, was first established in the short reign of Richard the Third. The plan was originally formed in the reign of his brother Edward, when stages were placed at the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war which had arisen with the Scots; but Richard commanded in the expedition, and it is more to his sagacity and talents that the merit of the invention ought to be given. In the reign of the latter the practice was extended over the greater part of the kingdom.

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly; and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

**HEATED APARTMENTS.**—Generally speaking, during winter, apartments are too much heated. Clerks in offices, and other persons of sedentary occupations, when the rooms in which they sit are too much heated, are liable to cerebral congestion and to pulmonary complaints. In bedrooms, and particularly those of children, the temperature ought to be maintained rather low; it is even prudent only rarely to make fires in them, especially during the night. In addition to keeping up only a moderate temperature, the windows of all rooms, whatever the weather, ought to be opened for a time every day, so as to renew the air.

**UNMARRIED LADIES.**—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

It isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal; they should also be *well-tempered*.

One of the consequences of good breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.

As when a blind man is nigh unto a rose its sweetness heraldeth its beauty; so when thou savorest humility, be sure thou art nigh unto merit.

A French marquis meeting Voltaire, said to him, "Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said that I had no wit at all?" "My lord," answered Voltaire, "there is not a word of truth in all the matter. I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty; and I never had occasion to tell any body that you had no wit at all."

**STRANGE BUT TRUE.**—In building a house you raise it, and in pulling it down you raze it also.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth.

JUN 24 1949



